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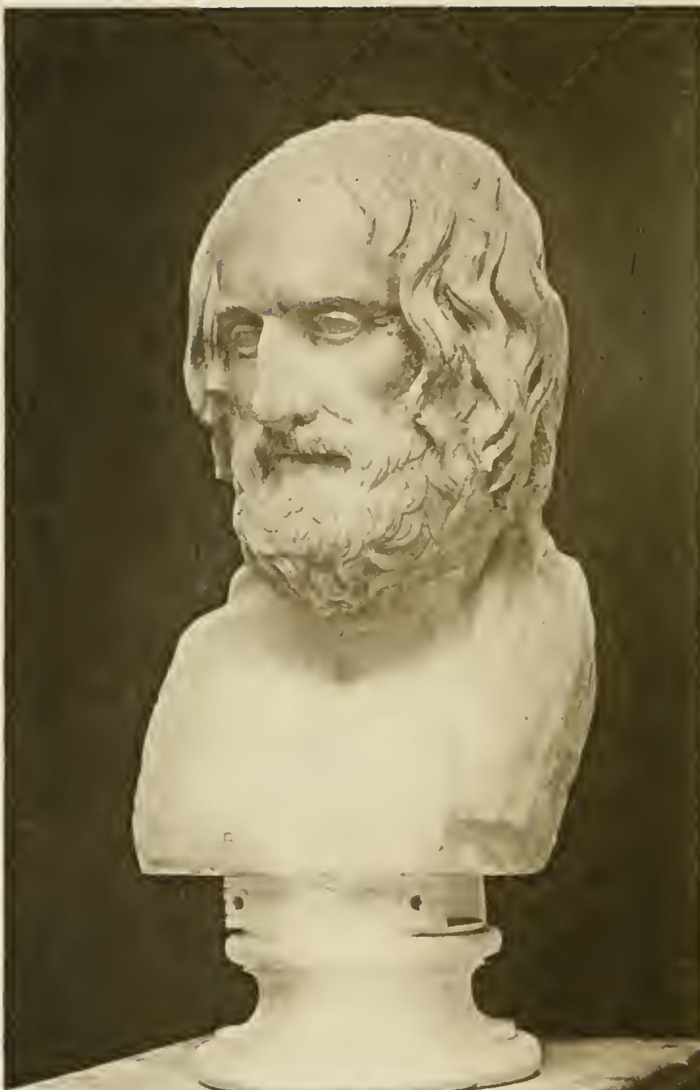
EDITED BY

E. CAPPS, PH.D., LL.D. T. E. PAGE, LITT.D.
W. H. D. ROUSE, LITT.D.

EURIPIDES

I

First printed 1912.
Reprinted 1916, 1920, 1925.



EURIPIDES.

BUST IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES.

EURIPIDES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
ARTHUR S. WAY, D.Lit.

IN FOUR VOLUMES

I

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS
RHESUS HECUBA
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY
HELEN

LONDON : WILLIAM HEINEMANN
NEW YORK : G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
MCMXXV

Printed in Great Britain.

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INTRODUCTION

THE life of Euripides coincides with the most strenuous and most triumphant period of Athenian history, strenuous and triumphant not only in action, but in thought, a period of daring enterprise, alike in material conquest and development, and in art, poetry, and philosophic speculation. He was born in 480 B.C., the year of Thermopylae and Salamis. Athens was at the height of her glory and power, and was year by year becoming more and more the City Beautiful, when his genius was in its first flush of creation. He had been writing for more than forty years before the tragedy of the Sicilian Expedition was enacted; and, *felix opportunitate mortis,* he was spared the knowledge of the shameful sequel of Arginusae, the miserable disaster of Aegospotami, the last lingering agony of famished Athens. He died more than a year before these calamities befell.

His father was named Mnesarchides, his mother Kleito. They must have been wealthy, for their son possessed not only considerable property (he had at least once to discharge a "liturgy,"[1] and was "proxenus," or consul, for Magnesia, costly duties both), but also, what was especially rare then, a valuable library. His family must have been well-born, for it is on record that he took part as a boy in certain festivals of Apollo, for which any one of mean birth would have been ineligible.

He appeared in the dramatic arena at a time when it was thronged with competitors, and when it must have been most difficult for a new writer to achieve a position. Aeschylus had just died, after being before the public for 45 years: Sophocles had been for ten years in the front rank, and was to write for fifty years longer, while there were others, forgotten now, but good enough to wrest the victory from these at half the annual dramatic competitions at least. Moreover, the new poet was not content to achieve excellence along the lines laid down by his predecessors and already marked with the stamp of public approval. His genius was original, and he

[1] Perhaps the expense, or part-expense, of equipping a war-ship.

followed it fearlessly, and so became an innovator in his handling of the religious and ethical problems presented by the old legends, in the literary setting he gave to these, and even in the technicalities of stage-presentation. As originality makes conquest of the official judges of literature last, and as his work ran counter to a host of prejudices, honest and otherwise,[1] it is hardly surprising that his plays gained the first prize only five times in fifty years.

But the number of these official recognitions is no index of his real popularity, of his hold on the hearts, not only of his countrymen, but of all who spoke his mother-tongue. It is told how on two occasions the bitterest enemies of Athens so far yielded to his spell, that for his sake they spared to his conquered countrymen, to captured Athens, the last horrors of war, the last humiliation of the vanquished. After death he became, and remained, so long as Greek was a living language, the most popular and the most influential of the three great masters of the drama. His nineteenth-century eclipse has been followed by a reaction in which he is recognised as

[1] "He was baited incessantly by a rabble of comic writers, and of course by the great pack of the orthodox and the vulgar."—MURRAY.

presenting one of the most interesting studies in all literature.

In his seventy-third year he left Athens and his clamorous enemies, to be an honoured guest at the court of the king of Macedon. There, unharassed by the malicious vexations, the political unrest, and the now imminent perils of Athens, he wrote with a freedom, a rapidity, a depth and fervour of thought, and a splendour of diction, which even he had scarcely attained before.

He died in 406 B.C., and, in a revulsion of repentant admiration and love, all Athens, following Sophocles' example, put on mourning for him. Four plays, which were part of the fruits of his Macedonian leisure, were represented at Athens shortly after his death, and were crowned by acclamation with the first prize, in spite of the attempt of Aristophanes, in his comedy of *The Frogs*, a few months before, to belittle his genius.

His characteristics, as compared with those of his two great brother-dramatists, may be concisely stated thus :—

Aeschylus sets forth the operation of *great principles*, especially of the certainty of divine retribution, and of the persistence of sin as an ineradicable plague-

taint. He believes and trembles. Sophocles depicts *great characters*: he ignores the malevolence of destiny and the persistent power of evil: to him "man is man, and master of his fate." He believes with unquestioning faith. Euripides propounds *great moral problems*: he analyses human nature, its instincts, its passions, its motives; he voices the cry of the human soul against the tyranny of the supernatural, the selfishness and cruelty of man, the crushing weight of environment. He questions: "he will not make his judgment blind."

Of more than 90 plays which Euripides wrote, the names of 81 have been preserved, of which 19 are extant—18 tragedies, and one satyric drama, the *Cyclops*. His first play, *The Daughters of Pelias* (lost) was represented in 455 B.C. The extant plays may be arranged, according to the latest authorities, in the following chronological order of representation, the dates in brackets being conjectural: (1) *Rhesus* (probably the earliest); (2) *Cyclops*; (3) *Alcestis*, 438; (4) *Medea*, 431; (5) *Children of Hercules*, (429–427); (6) *Hippolytus*, 428; (7) *Andromache*, (430–424); (8) *Hecuba*, (425); (9) *Suppliants*, (421); (10) *Madness of Hercules*, (423–420); (11) *Ion*, (419–416); (12) *Daughters of Troy*, 415; (13) *Electra*, (413);

(14) *Iphigeneia in Taurica,* (414–412); (15) *Helen,* 412; (16) *Phoenician Maidens,* (411–409); (17) *Orestes,* 408; (18) *Bacchanals,* 405; (19) *Iphigeneia in Aulis,* 405.

In this edition the plays are arranged in three main groups, based on their connexion with (1) the Story of the Trojan War, (2) the Legends of Thebes, (3) the Legends of Athens. The *Alcestis* is a story of old Thessaly. The reader must, however, be prepared to find that the Trojan War series does not present a continuously connected story, nor, in some details, a consistent one. These plays, produced at times widely apart, and not in the order of the story, sometimes present situations (as in *Hecuba, Daughters of Troy,* and *Helen*) mutually exclusive, the poet not having followed the same legend throughout the series.

The Greek text of this edition may be called eclectic, being based upon what appeared, after careful consideration, to be the soundest conclusions of previous editors and critics. In only a few instances, and for special reasons, have foot-notes on readings been admitted. Nauck's arrangement of the choruses has been followed, with few exceptions.

The translation (first published 1894–1898) has been revised throughout, with two especial aims,

closer fidelity to the original, and greater lucidity in expression. It is hoped that the many hundreds of corrections will be found to bring it nearer to the attainment of these objects. The version of the *Cyclops*, which was not included in the author's translation of the Tragedies, has been made for this edition. This play has been generally neglected by English translators, the only existing renderings in verse being those of Shelley (1819), and Wodhull (1782).

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ARGUMENT

W HEN *the hosts of Hellas were mustered at Aulis beside the narrow sea, with purpose to sail against Troy, they were hindered from departing thence by the wrath of Artemis, who suffered no favouring wind to blow. Then, when they enquired concerning this, Calchas the prophet proclaimed that the anger of the Goddess would not be appeased save by the sacrifice of Iphigeneia, eldest daughter of Agamemnon, captain of the host. Now she abode yet with her mother in Mycenae; but the king wrote a lying letter to her mother, bidding her send her daughter to Aulis, there to be wedded to Achilles. All this did Odysseus devise, but Achilles knew nothing thereof. When the time drew near that she should come, Agamemnon repented him sorely. And herein is told how he sought to undo the evil, and of the maiden's coming, and how Achilles essayed to save her, and how she willingly offered herself for Hellas' sake, and of the marvel that befell at the sacrifice.*

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AGAMEMNON, *captain of the host.*

OLD SERVANT *of Agamemnon.*

MENELAUS, *brother of Agamemnon, husband of Helen.*

CLYTEMNESTRA, *wife of Agamemnon.*

IPHIGENEIA, *daughter of Agamemnon.*

ACHILLES, *son of the sea-goddess Thetis.*

MESSENGER.

CHORUS, *consisting of women of Chalcis in the isle of Euboea, who have crossed over to Aulis to see the fleet.*

Orestes, infant son of Agamemnon, attendants, and guards of the chiefs.

SCENE: In the Greek camp at Aulis, outside the tent of Agamemnon.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ὦ πρέσβυ, δόμων τῶνδε πάροιθεν
στεῖχε.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

στείχω. τί δὲ καινουργεῖς,
Ἀγάμεμνον ἄναξ ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

σπεύσεις ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

σπεύδω.
μάλα τοι γῆρας τοὐμὸν ἄυπνον
καὶ ἐπ᾽ ὀφθαλμοῖς ὀξὺ πάρεστιν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τίς ποτ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἀστὴρ ὅδε πορθμεύει ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Σείριος ἐγγὺς τῆς ἑπταπόρου
Πλειάδος ᾄσσων ἔτι μεσσήρης.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὔκουν φθόγγος γ᾽ οὔτ᾽ ὀρνίθων
οὔτε θαλάσσης· σιγαὶ δ᾽ ἀνέμων
τόνδε κατ᾽ Εὔριπον ἔχουσιν.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Night. A lamp burning in Agamemnon's tent. OLD SERVANT *waiting without.* AGAMEMNON *appears at entrance of tent.*

AGAMEMNON

Ancient, before this tent come stand.

OLD SERVANT (*coming forward*).

I come. What purpose hast thou in hand,
Agamemnon, my king?

AGAMEMNON

And wilt thou not hasten?

OLD SERVANT

I haste.
For the need of mine eld scant sleep provideth—
This eld o'er mine eyelids like vigilant sentry is placed.

AGAMEMNON

What star in the heaven's height yonder rideth?

OLD SERVANT

Sirius: nigh to the Pleiads seven
He is sailing yet through the midst of heaven.

AGAMEMNON

Sooth, voice there is none, nor slumberous cheep
Of bird, nor whisper of sea; and deep
Is the hush of the winds on Euripus that sleep.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

τί δὲ σὺ σκηνῆς ἐκτὸς ἀΐσσεις,
Ἀγάμεμνον ἄναξ;
ἔτι δ' ἡσυχία τῇδε κατ' Αὖλιν,
καὶ ἀκίνητοι φυλακαὶ τειχέων.
στείχωμεν ἔσω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ζηλῶ σέ, γέρον,
ζηλῶ δ' ἀνδρῶν ὃς ἀκίνδυνον
βίον ἐξεπέρασ' ἀγνὼς ἀκλεής·
τοὺς δ' ἐν τιμαῖς ἧσσον ζηλῶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

καὶ μὴν τὸ καλόν γ' ἐνταῦθα βίου.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τοῦτο δέ γ' ἐστὶν τὸ καλὸν σφαλερόν·
καὶ τὸ πρότιμον
γλυκὺ μέν, λύπῃ δὲ προσιστάμενον.
τοτὲ μὲν τὰ θεῶν οὐκ ὀρθωθέντ'
ἀνέτρεψε βίον, τοτὲ δ' ἀνθρώπων
γνῶμαι πολλαὶ
καὶ δυσάρεστοι διέκναισαν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἄγαμαι ταῦτ' ἀνδρὸς ἀριστέως·
οὐκ ἐπὶ πᾶσίν σ' ἐφύτευσ' ἀγαθοῖς,
Ἀγάμεμνον, Ἀτρεύς.
δεῖ δέ σε χαίρειν καὶ λυπεῖσθαι·
θνητὸς γὰρ ἔφυς. κἂν μὴ σὺ θέλῃς,
τὰ θεῶν οὕτω βουλόμεν' ἔσται.
σὺ δὲ λαμπτῆρος φάος ἀμπετάσας
δέλτον τε γράφεις
τήνδ' ἣν πρὸ χερῶν ἔτι βαστάζεις,
καὶ ταὐτὰ πάλιν γράμματα συγχεῖς
καὶ σφραγίζεις λύεις τ' ὀπίσω,

OLD SERVANT

Yet without thy tent, Agamemnon my lord,
Why dost thou pace thus feverishly?
Over Aulis yonder is night's peace poured:
They are hushed which along the walls keep ward.
Come, pass we within.

AGAMEMNON

I envy thee,
Ancient, and whoso unperilled may pace
Life's pathway unheeded and unrenowned:
But little I envy the high in place.

OLD SERVANT

Yet the life of these is glory-crowned.

AGAMEMNON

Ah, still with the glory is peril bound.
Sweetly ambition tempteth, I trow;
Yet is it neighbour to sore disquiet.
For the Gods' will clasheth with man's will now,
Wrecking his life: by men that riot
With divers desires, whom one cannot content,
Now is the web of a life's work rent.

OLD SERVANT

Nay, in a king I love not this repining.
Atreus begat thee, Agamemnon, not
Only to bask in days all cloudless-shining:
Needs must be joy and sorrow in thy lot.
Mortal thou art: though marred be thy designing,
Still to fulfilment is the Gods' will brought.

Thou the star-glimmer of thy lamp hast litten,
Writest a letter—in thine hand yet grasped,—
Then thou erasest that which thou hast written,
Sealest, and breakest bands as soon as clasped;

ῥίπτεις τε πέδῳ πεύκην, θαλερὸν
κατὰ δάκρυ χέων,
καὶ τῶν ἀπόρων οὐδενὸς ἐνδεῖς
μὴ οὐ μαίνεσθαι.
τί πονεῖς; τί νέον περὶ σοί, βασιλεῦ;
φέρε κοίνωσον μῦθον ἐς ἡμᾶς.
πρὸς δ' ἄνδρ' ἀγαθὸν πιστόν τε φράσεις·
σῇ γάρ μ' ἀλόχῳ τότε Τυνδάρεως
πέμπει φερνὴν
συννυμφοκόμον τε δίκαιον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐγένοντο Λήδᾳ Θεστιάδι τρεῖς παρθένοι,
Φοίβη Κλυταιμνήστρα τ' ἐμὴ ξυνάορος
Ἑλένη τε· ταύτης οἱ τὰ πρῶτ' ὠλβισμένοι
μνηστῆρες ἦλθον Ἑλλάδος νεανίαι.
δειναὶ δ' ἀπειλαὶ καὶ κατ' ἀλλήλων φόνος
ξυνίσταθ', ὅστις μὴ λάβοι τὴν παρθένον.
τὸ πρᾶγμα δ' ἀπόρως εἶχε Τυνδάρεῳ πατρί,
δοῦναί τε μὴ δοῦναί τε, τῆς τύχης ὅπως
ἅψαιτ' ἄθραυστα.[1] *καί νιν εἰσῆλθεν τάδε,*
ὅρκους συνάψαι δεξιάς τε συμβαλεῖν
μνηστῆρας ἀλλήλοισι καὶ δι' ἐμπύρων
σπονδὰς καθεῖναι κἀπαράσασθαι τάδε,
ὅτου γυνὴ γένοιτο Τυνδαρὶς κόρη,
τούτῳ συναμυνεῖν, εἴ τις ἐκ δόμων λαβὼν
οἴχοιτο τόν τ' ἔχοντ' ἀπωθοίη λέχους,
κἀπιστρατεύσειν καὶ κατασκάψειν πόλιν
Ἕλλην' ὁμοίως βάρβαρόν θ' ὅπλων μέτα.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐπιστώθησαν, εὖ δέ πως γέρων
ὑπῆλθεν αὐτοὺς Τυνδάρεως πυκνῇ φρενί,
δίδωσ' ἑλέσθαι θυγατρὶ μνηστήρων ἕνα,
ὅποι πνοαὶ φέροιεν Ἀφροδίτης φίλαι.

[1] Hemsterhuys: for ἄριστα of MSS.

Castest to earth the pine-slip, ever streaming
  Tears from thine eyes; nor lacketh anything
Of madness in thy mien despairful-seeming.
  What is thy grief, thy strange affliction, king?

Come, let me share thy story: to the loyal
  Thou wilt reveal it, to the true and tried,
Whom, at thy bridal, with the dower royal
  Tyndareus sent to wait upon thy bride.

AGAMEMNON

Three daughters Leda, child of Thestius, bare,
Phoebe, and Clytemnestra mine own wife,
And Helen. Wooing this last, princes came
In fortune foremost in all Hellas-land.
With fearful threatenings breathed they murder, each
Against his rivals, if he won her not.

Then sore perplexed was Tyndareus her sire,
How, giving or refusing, he should 'scape
Shipwreck: and this thing came into his mind,
That each to each the suitors should make oath,
And clasp right hands, and with burnt sacrifice
Should pour drink-offerings, and swear to this:—
Whose wife soever Tyndareus' child should be,
Him to defend: if any from her home
Stole her and fled, and thrust her lord aside,
To march against him, and to raze his town,
Hellene or alien, with their mailed array.
So when they had pledged them thus, and cunningly
Old Tyndareus had by craft outwitted them,
He let his daughter midst the suitors choose
Him unto whom Love's sweet winds wafted her.

ἡ δ᾽ εἵλεθ᾽, ὅς σφε μήποτ᾽ ὤφελεν λαβεῖν,
Μενέλαον. ἐλθὼν δ᾽ ἐκ Φρυγῶν ὁ τὰς θεὰς
κρίνων ὅδ᾽, ὡς ὁ μῦθος Ἀργείων ἔχει,
Λακεδαίμον᾽, ἀνθηρὸς μὲν εἱμάτων στολῇ
χρυσῷ τε λαμπρὸς βαρβάρῳ χλιδήματι,
ἐρῶν ἐρῶσαν ᾤχετ᾽ ἐξαναρπάσας
Ἑλένην πρὸς Ἴδης βούσταθμ᾽, ἔκδημον λαβὼν
Μενέλαον· ὁ δὲ καθ᾽ Ἑλλάδ᾽ οἰστρήσας δρόμῳ
ὅρκους παλαιοὺς Τυνδάρεω μαρτύρεται,
ὡς χρὴ βοηθεῖν τοῖσιν ἠδικημένοις.
τοὐντεῦθεν οὖν Ἕλληνες ᾄξαντες δορί,
τεύχη λαβόντες στενόπορ᾽ Αὐλίδος βάθρα
ἥκουσι τῆσδε, ναυσὶν ἀσπίσιν θ᾽ ὁμοῦ
ἵπποις τε πολλοῖς ἅρμασίν τ᾽ ἠσκημένοι.
κἀμὲ στρατηγεῖν δῆτα Μενέλεω χάριν
εἵλοντο, σύγγονόν γε. τἀξίωμα δὲ
ἄλλος τις ὤφελ᾽ ἀντ᾽ ἐμοῦ λαβεῖν τόδε.
ἠθροισμένου δὲ καὶ ξυνεστῶτος στρατοῦ,
ἥμεσθ᾽ ἀπλοίᾳ χρώμενοι κατ᾽ Αὐλίδα.
Κάλχας δ᾽ ὁ μάντις ἀπορίᾳ κεχρημένοις
ἀνεῖλεν Ἰφιγένειαν ἣν ἔσπειρ᾽ ἐγὼ
Ἀρτέμιδι θῦσαι τῇ τόδ᾽ οἰκούσῃ πέδον,
καὶ πλοῦν τ᾽ ἔσεσθαι καὶ κατασκαφὰς Φρυγῶν
θύσασι, μὴ θύσασι δ᾽ οὐκ εἶναι τάδε.
κλύων δ᾽ ἐγὼ ταῦτ᾽, ὀρθίῳ κηρύγματι
Ταλθύβιον εἶπον πάντ᾽ ἀφιέναι στρατόν,
ὡς οὔποτ᾽ ἂν τλὰς θυγατέρα κτανεῖν ἐμήν.
οὗ δή μ᾽ ἀδελφὸς πάντα προσφέρων λόγον
ἔπεισε τλῆναι δεινά. κἀν δέλτου πτυχαῖς
γράψας ἔπεμψα πρὸς δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμὴν
στέλλειν Ἀχιλλεῖ θυγατέρ᾽ ὡς γαμουμένην,
τό τ᾽ ἀξίωμα τἀνδρὸς ἐκγαυρούμενος,

She chose—O had she never chosen him!—
Menelaus. Then from Phrygia he who judged
The Goddesses, as Argive legend tells,
To Sparta came, his vesture flower-bestarred
Gleaming with gold, barbaric bravery,
Loved Helen, and was loved, stole her and fled
To Ida's steadings, when from home afar
Menelaus was. Through Hellas frenzy-stung
He sped, invoking Tyndareus' ancient oath,
Claiming of all their bond to help the wronged.

Thereat up sprang the Hellenes spear in hand,
Donned mail of fight, and to this narrow gorge
Of Aulis came, with galleys and with shields,
And many a horse and chariots many arrayed.
And me for Menelaus' sake they chose
For chief, his brother. Would some other man
Might but have won the honour in my stead!

Now when the gathered host together came,
At Aulis did we tarry weather-bound.
Then the seer Calchas bade in our despair
Slay Iphigeneia, her whom I begat,
To Artemis who dwelleth in this land;
So should we voyage, and so Phrygia smite;
But if we slew her not, it should not be.
I, when I heard this, bade Talthybius
Dismiss the host with proclamation loud,
Since I would never brook to slay my child.
Whereat my brother, pleading manifold pleas,
To the horror thrust me. In a tablet's folds
I wrote, and bade therein my wife to send
Our daughter, as to be Achilles' bride,
Extolled therein the hero's high repute,

συμπλεῖν τ' Ἀχαιοῖς οὕνεκ' οὐ θέλοι λέγων,
εἰ μὴ παρ' ἡμῶν εἶσιν εἰς Φθίαν λέχος·
πειθὼ γὰρ εἶχον τήνδε πρὸς δάμαρτ' ἐμήν,
ψευδῆ συνάψας ἀμφὶ παρθένου γάμον.
μόνοι δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἴσμεν ὡς ἔχει τάδε
Κάλχας, Ὀδυσσεύς, Μενέλεώς θ'. ἃ δ' οὐ καλῶς
ἔγνων τότ', αὖθις μεταγράφω καλῶς πάλιν
εἰς τήνδε δέλτον, ἣν κατ' εὐφρόνης σκιὰν
λύοντα καὶ συνδοῦντά μ' εἰσεῖδες, γέρον.
ἀλλ' εἶα χώρει τάσδ' ἐπιστολὰς λαβὼν
πρὸς Ἄργος. ἃ δὲ κέκευθε δέλτος ἐν πτυχαῖς,
λόγῳ φράσω σοι πάντα τἀγγεγραμμένα·
πιστὸς γὰρ ἀλόχῳ τοῖς τ' ἐμοῖς δόμοισιν εἶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

λεγε καὶ σήμαιν', ἵνα καὶ γλώσσῃ
σύντονα τοῖς σοῖς γράμμασιν αὐδῶ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πέμπω σοι πρὸς ταῖς πρόσθεν
δέλτοις, ὦ Λήδας ἔρνος,
μὴ στέλλειν τὰν σὰν ἶνιν πρὸς
τὰν κολπώδη πτέρυγ' Εὐβοίας
Αὖλιν ἀκλύσταν.
εἰς ἄλλας ὥρας γὰρ δὴ
παιδὸς δαίσομεν ὑμεναίους.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

καὶ πῶς Ἀχιλεὺς λέκτρων ἀπλακὼν
οὐ μέγα φυσῶν θυμὸν ἐπαρεῖ
σοὶ σῇ τ' ἀλόχῳ;
τόδε καὶ δεινόν. σήμαιν' ὅ τι φῄς.

Said with Achaea's host he would not sail,
Except a bride of our house came to Phthia.
Yea, this I counted should persuade my wife,
Such framing of feigned spousals for the maid.

This none Achaean knoweth with me, save
Calchas, Odysseus, Menelaus. Now
That wrong I here revoke, and write the truth
Within this scroll, which in the gloom of night
Thou saw'st me, ancient, open and reseal.
Up, go, this letter unto Argos bear;
And what the tablet hideth in its folds,
All things here written, will I tell to thee,
For loyal to my wife and house art thou.

OLD SERVANT

Speak, and declare, that my tale heard
Ring true beside the written word.

AGAMEMNON

(*Reads*)—"*This add I to my letter writ before:—*
O child of Leda, do thou send
Thy daughter not unto the waveless shore
Of Aulis, where the bend
Of that sea-pinion of Euboea lies
Gulf-shapen. Ere we celebrate
Our daughter's marriage-tide solemnities,
A season must we wait."

OLD SERVANT

Yet, if Achilles lose his plighted spouse,
Will not his anger's tempest swell
Against thee and thy wife? Sure, perilous
Is this!—thy meaning tell.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὄνομ', οὐκ ἔργον παρέχων Ἀχιλεὺς
οὐκ οἶδε γάμους, οὐδ' ὅ τι πράσσομεν,
οὐδ' ὅτι κείνῳ παῖδ' ἐπεφήμισα
νυμφείους εἰς ἀγκώνων
εὐνὰς ἐκδώσειν λέκτροις.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

δεινά γ' ἐτόλμας, Ἀγάμεμνον ἄναξ,
ὃς τῷ τῆς θεᾶς σὴν παῖδ' ἄλοχον
φατίσας ἦγες σφάγιον Δαναοῖς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οἴμοι, γνώμας ἐξέσταν,
αἰαῖ, πίπτω δ' εἰς ἄταν.
ἀλλ' ἴθ' ἐρέσσων σὸν πόδα, γήρᾳ
μηδὲν ὑπείκων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

σπεύδω, βασιλεῦ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μή νυν μήτ' ἀλσώδεις ἵζου
κρήνας, μήθ' ὕπνῳ θελχθῇς.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

εὔφημα θρόει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πάντῃ δὲ πόρον σχιστὸν ἀμείβων
λεῦσσε, φυλάσσων μή τίς σε λάθῃ
τροχαλοῖσιν ὄχοις παραμειψαμένη
παῖδα κομίζουσ' ἐνθάδ' ἀπήνη
Δαναῶν πρὸς ναῦς.
ἢν γάρ νιν πομπαῖς ἀντήσῃς,
πάλιν ἐξόρμα, σεῖε χαλινούς,
ἐπὶ Κυκλώπων ἱεὶς θυμέλας.

AGAMEMNON

His name, no more, Achilles lends,—hath known
Nought of a bride, nor aught we planned,
Nor how to him I have, in word alone,
Given my daughter's hand.

OLD SERVANT

Fearfully, Agamemnon, was this done,
That thou shouldst bring thy child, O King,
Hither, named bride unto the Goddess' son,
Yet a burnt-offering!

AGAMEMNON

Woe! I am all distraught:
I am reeling ruin-ward!
Speed thy foot, ancient, slacking nought
For eld.

OLD SERVANT

I speed, my lord.

AGAMEMNON

Sit thee not down where the forest-founts leap,
Neither be bound by the spell of sleep.

OLD SERVANT

Breathe not such doubt abhorred!

AGAMEMNON

When thou comest where ways part, keenly then
Watch, lest a chariot escape thy ken,
Whose rolling wheels peradventure may bear
My daughter hitherward, even to where
Be the ships of the Danaan men.
For, if thou light on her escort-train,
Then turn them aback, grasp, shake the rein:
To the walls Cyclopean speed them again.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἔσται τάδε.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

κλῄθρων δ' ἐξόρμα.[1]

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

πιστὸς δὲ φράσας τάδε πῶς ἔσομαι,
λέγε, παιδὶ σέθεν τῇ σῇ τ' ἀλόχῳ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

σφραγῖδα φύλασσ' ἣν ἐπὶ δέλτῳ
τήνδε κομίζεις. ἴθι. λευκαίνει
τόδε φῶς ἤδη λάμπουσ' ἠὼς
πῦρ τε τεθρίππων τῶν 'Αελίου·
σύλλαβε μόχθων.
θνητῶν δ' ὄλβιος εἰς τέλος οὐδεὶς
οὐδ' εὐδαίμων·
οὔπω γὰρ ἔφυ τις ἄλυπος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔμολον ἀμφὶ παρακτίαν στρ. α'
ψάμαθον Αὐλίδος ἐναλίας,
Εὐρίπου διὰ χευμάτων
κέλσασα στενοπόρθμων,
Χαλκίδα πόλιν ἐμὰν προλιποῦσ',

ἀγχιάλων ὑδάτων τροφὸν
τᾶς κλεινᾶς 'Αρεθούσας,
'Αχαιῶν στρατιὰν ὡς ἰδοίμαν
ἀγαυῶν τε πλάτας ναυσιπόρους
ἡμιθέων, οὓς ἐπὶ Τροί-
αν ἐλάταις χιλιόναυσιν
τὸν ξανθὸν Μενέλαον
ἁμέτεροι πόσεις

[1] Adopting Nauck's arrangement and reading for ll. 149–152.

OLD SERVANT

Yea, this will I do.

AGAMEMNON

From the gates forth go.

OLD SERVANT

Yet how shall thy wife and thy daughter know
My faith herein, that the thing is so?

AGAMEMNON

Keep thou this seal, whose impress lies
On the letter thou bearest. Away!—the skies
Already are grey, and they kindle afar
With the dawn's first flush, and the Sun-god's car.
Now help thou my strait!

[*Exit* OLD SERVANT.

No man to the end is fortunate,
Happy is none:
For a lot unvexed never man yet won. [*Exit*.

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

I have come to the Aulian sea-gulf's verge, (*Str. 1*)
To her gleaming sands:
I have voyaged Euripus' rushing surge
From the city that stands
Queen of the Sea-gate, Chalcis mine,
On whose bosom-fold
Arethusa gleameth, the fountain divine,—
Have come to behold
The Achaean array, and the heroes' oars
That shall onward speed
A thousand galleys to Troyland's shores.
These two kings lead:
Yea, with prince Menelaus the golden-haired,
As our own lords say,

ἐνέπουσ' Ἀγαμέμνονά τ' εὐπατρίδαν
στέλλειν ἐπὶ τὰν Ἑλέναν, ἀπ'
Εὐρώτα δονακοτρόφου
Πάρις ὁ βουκόλος ἂν ἔλαβε,
δῶρον τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας,
ὅτ' ἐπὶ κρηναίαισι δρόσοις
Ἥρᾳ Παλλάδι τ' ἔριν ἔριν
μορφᾶς ἁ Κύπρις ἔσχεν.

πολύθυτον δὲ δι' ἄλσος Ἀρ- ἀντ. α'
τέμιδος ἤλυθον ὀρομένα,
φοινίσσουσα παρῇδ' ἐμὰν
αἰσχύνᾳ νεοθαλεῖ,
ἀσπίδος ἔρυμα καὶ κλισίας
ὁπλοφόρους Δαναῶν θέλουσ'
ἵππων τ' ὄχλον ἰδέσθαι.

κατεῖδον δὲ δύ' Αἴαντε συνέδρω
τὸν Οἰλέως Τελαμῶνός τε γόνον,
τὸν Σαλαμῖνος στέφανον,
Πρωτεσίλαόν τ' ἐπὶ θάκοις
πεσσῶν ἡδομένους μορ-
φαῖσι πολυπλόκοις,
Παλαμήδεά θ', ὃν τέκε παῖς ὁ Ποσει-
δᾶνος, Διομήδεά θ' ἡδο-
ναῖς δίσκου κεχαρημένον,
παρὰ δὲ Μηριόνην, Ἄρεος
ὄζον, θαῦμα βροτοῖσι,

And with King Agamemnon all these fared
On the vengeance-way,
On the quest of her whom the herdman drew
From beside the river
Of whispering reeds, his sin-wage due,—
Aphrodite the giver,—
Promised, when into the fountain down
Spray-veiled she descended,[1]
When with Hera and Pallas for beauty's crown
The Cyprian contended.
And through Artemis' grove of sacrifice (*Ant. 1*)
Hasting I came,
While swift in my cheeks did the crimson rise,
The roses of shame:
For to look on the shields, on the tents agleam
With arms, was I fain,
And on thronging team upon chariot-team.
There marked I twain,
The Oïlid Aias and Telamon's child,
Salamis' pride.
By the shifting maze of the draughts beguiled
Sat side by side
Protesilaus and he that was sprung
Of Poseidon's seed,
Palamedes: and there, by the strong arm flung
Of Diomede,
Did the discus leap, and he joyed therein;
And hard beside him
Was Meriones of the War-god's kin—
Men wondering eyed him.

[1] In *Andromache*, 284–5, the rival Goddesses are described as bathing in a forest-fountain before coming before Paris for judgment.

τὸν ἀπὸ νησαίων τ' ὀρέων
Λαέρτα τόκον, ἅμα δὲ Νι-
ρῆ, κάλλιστον Ἀχαιῶν.

τὸν ἰσάνεμόν τε ποδοῖν μεσῳδ.
λαιψηροδρόμον Ἀχιλῆα,
τὸν ἁ Θέτις τέκε καὶ
Χείρων ἐξεπόνασεν,
εἶδον αἰγιαλοῖσι
παρά τε κροκάλαις δρόμον ἔχοντα σὺν ὅπλοις·
ἅμιλλαν δ' ἐπόνει ποδοῖν
πρὸς ἅρμα τέτρωρον
ἑλίσσων περὶ νίκας.
ὁ δὲ διφρηλάτας ἐβοᾶτ'
Εὔμηλος Φερητιάδας,
ᾧ καλλίστους ἰδόμαν
χρυσοδαιδάλτους στομίοις
πώλους κέντρῳ θεινομένους,
τοὺς μὲν μέσους ζυγίους,
λευκοστίκτῳ τριχὶ βαλιούς,
τοὺς δ' ἔξω σειροφόρους,
ἀντήρεις καμπαῖσι δρόμων,
πυρσότριχας, μονόχαλα δ' ὑπὸ σφυρὰ
ποικιλοδέρμονας· οἷς παρεπάλλετο
Πηλεΐδας σὺν ὅπλοισι παρ' ἄντυγα
καὶ σύριγγας ἁρματείους.

ναῶν δ' εἰς ἀριθμὸν ἤλυθον στρ. β'
καὶ θέαν ἀθέσφατον,
τὰν γυναικεῖον ὄψιν ὀμμάτων
ὡς πλήσαιμι, μείλινον ἁδονάν.
καὶ κέρας μὲν ἦν
δεξιὸν πλάτας ἔχων

And Laertes' son from the isle-hills far
Through the sea-haze gleaming;
And Nireus, of all that host of war
The goodliest-seeming.

(*Mesode*)

There was Achilles, whose feet are as winds for the storm-rush unreined:
Him I beheld who of Thetis was born, who of Cheiron was trained;
Clad in his armour he raced, over sand, over shingle he strained,
Matching in contest of swiftness his feet with a chariot of four,
Rounding the sweep of the course for the victory:—rang evermore
Shouts from Pheretid Eumelus, and aye with the goad that he bore
Smote he his horses most goodly—I saw them, saw gold-glitter deck
Richly their bits; and the midmost, the car-yoke who bore on their neck,
Dappled were they, with a hair here and there like a snow-smitten fleck.
They that in traces without round the perilous turning-post swept,
Bays were they, spotted their fetlocks: Peleides beside them on-leapt:
Sheathed in his harness, unflagging by car-rail and axle he kept.

(*Str.* 2)

And I came where the host of the war-ships lies,—
A marvel past telling,—
To fill with the vision a woman's eyes
And a heart joy-swelling.
And there, on the rightward wing arrayed,

Φθιώτας ὁ Μυρμιδὼν Ἄρης
πεντήκοντα ναυσὶ θουρίαις.
χρυσέαις δ' εἰκόσιν κατ' ἄκρα Νη-
ρῇδες ἕστασαν θεαί,
πρύμναις σῆμ' Ἀχιλλείου στρατοῦ.
Ἀργείων δὲ ταῖσδ' ἰσήρετμοι ἀντ. β'
νᾶες ἕστασαν πέλας·
ὧν ὁ Μηκιστέως στρατηλάτας
παῖς ἦν, Ταλαὸς ὃν τρέφει πατήρ·
Καπανέως τε παῖς
Σθένελος· Ἀτθίδος δ' ἄγων
ἑξήκοντα ναῦς ὁ Θησέως
παῖς ἑξῆς ἐναυλόχει θεὰν
Παλλάδ' ἐν μωνύχοις ἔχων πτερω-
τοῖσιν ἅρμασιν θετὸν
εὔσημόν τε φάσμα ναυβάταις.

Βοιωτῶν δ' ὅπλισμα ποντίας στρ. γ'
πεντήκοντα νῆας εἰδόμαν
σημείοισιν ἐστολισμένας·
τοῖς δὲ Κάδμος ἦν
χρύσεον δράκοντ' ἔχων
ἀμφὶ ναῶν κόρυμβα·
Λήιτος δ' ὁ γηγενὴς
ἆρχε ναΐου στρατοῦ·
Φωκίδος δ' ἀπὸ χθονός,
Λοκρὰς δὲ τοῖσδ' ἴσας ἄγων
ἦν ναῦς Οἰλέως τόκος κλυτὰν
Θρονιάδ' ἐκλιπὼν πόλιν.

Μυκήνας δὲ τᾶς Κυκλωπίας ἀντ. γ'
παῖς Ἀτρέως ἔπεμπε ναυβάτας

Was Phthia's Myrmidon battle-aid,
Fifty galleys swift for the war,
With the ranks of oars by their bulwarks swayed;
And high on their sterns in effigies golden
The Nereïd Goddesses gleamed afar,
The sign by Achilles' host upholden.

Hard by, keels equal by tale unto these (*Ant.* 2)
Did the Argives gather;
With Talaüs' fosterling passed they the seas,—
Mecisteus his father,—
And with Sthenelus, Capaneus' son, at his side.
And there did the galleys of Attica ride
With the scion of Theseus, the next to the left,—
Ships threescore,—and the peerless pride
Of their blazonry was a winged car, bearing
Pallas, with horses of hooves uncleft,
A blessèd sign unto folk sea-faring.

Boeotia's barks sea-plashing (*Str.* 3)
Fifty there lay:
I marked their ensigns flashing.
Cadmus had they,
Whose Golden Dragon shone
On each stern's garnison;
And Leïtus Earth's son
Led their array.
Galleys from Phocis came;
In Locrian barks, the same
By tale, went Thronium's fame
'Neath Aias' sway.

Atreides' Titan-palace, (*Ant.* 3)
Mycenae, sent

ναῶν ἑκατὸν ἠθροϊσμένους.
σὺν δ' ἀδελφὸς[1] *ἦν*
ταγός, ὡς φίλος φίλῳ,
τᾶς φυγούσας μέλαθρα
βαρβάρων χάριν γάμων
πρᾶξιν Ἑλλὰς ὡς λάβοι.
ἐκ Πύλου δὲ Νέστορος
Γερηνίου κατειδόμαν
πρύμνας σῆμα ταυρόπουν ὁρᾶν,
τὸν πάροικον Ἀλφεόν.

Αἰνιάνων δὲ δωδεκάστολοι *ἐπῳδ.*
νᾶες ἦσαν, ὧν ἄναξ Γουνεὺς
ἆρχε· τῶνδε δ' αὖ πέλας
Ἤλιδος δυνάστορες,
οὓς Ἐπειοὺς ὠνόμαζε πᾶς λεώς·
Εὔρυτος δ' ἄνασσε τῶνδε·
λευκήρετμον δ' Ἄρη
Τάφιον ἦγεν, ὧν Μέγης ἄνασσε
Φυλέως λόχευμα,
*τὰς Ἐχίνας λιπὼν * * * **
νήσους ναυβάταις ἀπροσφόρους.

Αἴας δ' ὁ Σαλαμῖνος ἔντροφος
δεξιὸν κέρας πρὸς τὸ λαιὸν ξύναγε,
τῶν ἆσσον ὥρμει πλάταισιν
ἐσχάταισι συμπλέκων
δώδεκ' εὐστροφωτάταισι ναυσίν· ὡς
ἄϊον καὶ ναυβάταν
εἰδόμαν λεών·
ᾧ τις εἰ προσαρμόσει

[1] Markland: for *Ἄδραστος* of MSS. There is nowhere else any mention of an Adrastus in this connection.

Thronged decks of five-score galleys:
His brother went
As friend with friend, to take
Her, who the home-bonds brake
For alien gallant's sake,
For chastisement.
There, ships of Pylos' king,
Gerenian Nestor, bring
The weird bull-blazoning
That Alpheus lent.

Gouneus, King of Aenian men, (*Epode*)
Marshalled galleys two and ten:
Hard thereby the bulwarks tower
Of the lords of Elis' power,
Whom the host Epeians name:
Eurytus to lead them came;
Led the Taphians argent-oared
Therewithal, which owned for lord
Phyleus' scion Meges, who
From the Echinad Isles, whereto
No man sails, his war-host drew.

Aias, Salamis' fosterling,
Held in touch his rightward wing
With their left who nearest lay:
Helm-obeying keels were they
Twelve, which, marshalled uttermost,
Closed the line that fringed the coast,
As I heard, and now might mark.
Whoso with barbaric bark

βαρβάρους βάριδας
νόστον οὐκ ἀποίσεται,

ἐνθάδ' οἷον εἰδόμαν
ναΐον πόρευμα,
τὰ δὲ κατ' οἴκους κλύουσα συγκλήτου
μνήμην σῴζομαι στρατεύματος.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Μενέλαε, τολμᾷς δείν', ἅ σ' οὐ τολμᾶν χρεών.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄπελθε· λίαν δεσπόταισι πιστὸς εἶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

καλόν γέ μοι τοὔνειδος ἐξωνείδισας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κλαίοις ἄν, εἰ πράσσοις ἃ μὴ πράσσειν σε δεῖ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οὐ χρῆν σε λῦσαι δέλτον, ἣν ἐγὼ 'φερον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐδέ γε φέρειν σε πᾶσιν Ἕλλησιν κακά.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἄλλοις ἁμιλλῶ ταῦτ'· ἄφες δὲ τήνδ' ἐμοί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν μεθείμην.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οὐδ' ἔγωγ' ἀφήσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σκήπτρῳ τάχ' ἆρα σὸν καθαιμάξω κάρα.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἀλλ' εὐκλεές τοι δεσποτῶν θνῄσκειν ὕπερ.

Meets him, from the grapple stern
Never home shall he return.

Lo, the goodly sea-array
That mine eyes have seen to day!
Erst the great war-muster's story
Through mine home rang: now its glory
In mine heart shall live for aye.

Enter OLD SERVANT, *grasping at a letter which* MENELAUS *has snatched from him.*

OLD SERVANT.

Menelaus, this is outrage!—shame on thee!

MENELAUS.

Stand back! Thou art all too loyal to thy lord.

OLD SERVANT

A proud reproach thou castest upon me.

MENELAUS

If thou o'erstep thy duty, thou shalt rue.

OLD SERVANT

'Tis not for thee to unseal the scroll I bare.

MENELAUS

Nor yet for thee to bring to all Greeks bane.

OLD SERVANT

With others argue that; but this restore.

MENELAUS

I will not yield it up!

OLD SERVANT

Nor I let go!

MENELAUS

Soon then my staff shall dash thine head with blood.

OLD SERVANT

Glorious it were in my lord's cause to die.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

μέθες· μακροὺς δὲ δοῦλος ὢν λέγεις λόγους.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὦ δέσποτ', ἀδικούμεσθα. σὰς δ' ἐπιστολὰς
ἐξαρπάσας ὅδ' ἐκ χερῶν ἐμῶν βίᾳ,
'Αγάμεμνον, οὐδὲν τῇ δίκῃ χρῆσθαι θέλει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔα·
τίς ποτ' ἐν πύλαισι θόρυβος καὶ λόγων ἀκοσμία;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὑμὸς οὐχ ὁ τοῦδε μῦθος κυριώτερος λέγειν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

σὺ δὲ τί τῷδ' ἐς ἔριν ἀφῖξαι, Μενέλεως, βίᾳ τ' ἄγεις;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

βλέψον εἰς ἡμᾶς, ἵν' ἀρχὰς τῶν λόγων ταύτας λάβω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μῶν τρέσας οὐκ ἀνακαλύψω βλέφαρον, 'Ατρέως γεγώς;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τήνδ' ὁρᾷς δέλτον, κακίστων γραμμάτων ὑπηρέτιν;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἰσορῶ, καὶ πρῶτα ταύτην σῶν ἀπάλλαξον χερῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὔ, πρὶν ἂν δείξω γε Δαναοῖς πᾶσι τἀγγεγραμμένα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἦ γὰρ οἶσθ' ἃ μή σε καιρὸς εἰδέναι, σήμαντρ' ἀνείς;

MENELAUS

Unhand!—a slave, thou art overfull of words.

OLD SERVANT

Ho, master! outrage!—lo, this man hath snatched
By violence thy letter from mine hand,
Agamemnon, nor will have regard to right!

Enter AGAMEMNON

AGAMEMNON

Ha!
What this tumult at my doors, and this unseemly brawl upstirred?

MENELAUS

Mine the right to speak is—mine before this fellow to be heard.

AGAMEMNON

Wherefore dost thou strive with him, Menelaus, and by violence hale? [MEN. *releases* O.S., *who exit.*

MENELAUS

Look me in the face, that I may make beginning of the tale.

AGAMEMNON

Shall I dread to lift mine eyelids, who of dreadless Atreus came?

MENELAUS

Seest thou this tablet—this, the bearer of a tale of shame?

AGAMEMNON

I behold it,—and from thine hand first do thou surrender it.

MENELAUS

Never, ere I show to all the Danaans that therein is [writ!

AGAMEMNON

How?—and didst thou break my seal, and know'st thou what thou shouldest not?

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὥστε σ' ἀλγῦναί γ', ἀνοίξας, ἃ σὺ κάκ' εἰργάσω λάθρᾳ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ποῦ δὲ κἄλαβές νιν ; ὦ θεοί, σῆς ἀναισχύντου φρενός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

προσδοκῶν σὴν παῖδ' ἀπ' Ἄργους, εἰ στράτευμ' ἀφίξεται.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί δέ σε τἀμὰ δεῖ φυλάσσειν ; οὐκ ἀναισχύντου τόδε ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὅτι τὸ βούλεσθαί μ' ἔκνιζε· σὸς δὲ δοῦλος οὐκ ἔφυν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐχὶ δεινά ; τὸν ἐμὸν οἰκεῖν οἶκον οὐκ ἐᾷς ἐμέ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πλάγια γὰρ φρονεῖς, τὰ μὲν νῦν, τὰ δὲ πάλαι, τὰ δ' αὐτίκα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εὖ κεκόμψευσαι· πονηρῶν γλῶσσ' ἐπίφθονον σοφή.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

νοῦς δ' ὁ μὴ βέβαιος ἄδικον κτῆμα κοὐ σαφὲς φίλοις.
βούλομαι δέ σ' ἐξελέγξαι, καὶ σὺ μήτ' ὀργῆς ὕπο
ἀποτρέπου τἀληθές, οὔτε κατατενῶ λίαν ἐγώ.
οἶσθ' ὅτ' ἐσπούδαζες ἄρχειν Δαναΐδαις πρὸς Ἴλιον,
τῷ δοκεῖν μὲν οὐχὶ χρῄζων, τῷ δὲ βούλεσθαι θέλων,

MENELAUS

Yea, unto thy sorrow brake it, that I know thy secret plot.

AGAMEMNON

Ay ?—and where didst find it ?—Gods, what front of impudence is here !

MENELAUS

Watching if thy child from Argos to the host were drawing near.

AGAMEMNON

What dost thou to spy upon me ? Is not this done shamelessly ?

MENELAUS

Mine own pleasure was my warrant. I am not thy bondman—I.

AGAMEMNON

Is not this outrageous ? Wouldst thou limit in mine house my power ?

MENELAUS

Yea, thy thoughts are shifty, changing ever with the changing hour.

AGAMEMNON

Subtly hast thou glozed the evil ! Hateful is the artful tongue !

MENELAUS

But the treacherous heart, to friends disloyal, is a hoard of wrong.
I would question thee, and do not thou with spirit anger-jarred
Fence aside from thee the truth, nor I will press thee over-hard.
Hast forgotten how thou fain wouldst lead the Greeks to Ilium's shore,
Feignedst not to wish the thing, but in thine heart didst crave it sore,

ὡς ταπεινὸς ἦσθα πᾶσι, δεξιᾶς προσθιγγάνων
καὶ θύρας ἔχων ἀκλῄστους τῷ θέλοντι δημοτῶν,
καὶ διδοὺς πρόσρησιν ἑξῆς πᾶσι, κεἰ μή τις θέλοι,
τοῖς τρόποις ζητῶν πρίασθαι τὸ φιλότιμον ἐκ μέσου;
κᾆτ᾽ ἐπεὶ κατέσχες ἀρχάς, μεταβαλὼν ἄλλους τρόπους
τοῖς φίλοισιν οὐκέτ᾽ ἦσθα τοῖς πρὶν ὡς πρόσθεν φίλος,
δυσπρόσιτος ἔσω τε κλῄθρων σπάνιος. ἄνδρα δ᾽ οὐ χρεὼν
τὸν ἀγαθὸν πράσσοντα μεγάλα τοὺς τρόπους μεθιστάναι,
ἀλλὰ καὶ βέβαιον εἶναι τότε μάλιστα τοῖς φίλοις
ἡνίκ᾽ ὠφελεῖν μάλιστα δυνατός ἐστιν εὐτυχῶν.
ταῦτα μέν σε πρῶτ᾽ ἐπῆλθον, ἵνα σε πρῶθ᾽ ηὗρον κακόν.
ὡς δ᾽ ἐς Αὖλιν ἦλθες αὖθις χὠ Πανελλήνων στρατός,
οὐδὲν ἦσθ᾽, ἀλλ᾽ ἐξεπλήσσου τῇ τύχῃ τῇ τῶν θεῶν,
οὐρίας πομπῆς σπανίζων, Δαναΐδαι δ᾽ ἀφιέναι
ναῦς διήγγελλον, μάτην δὲ μὴ πονεῖν ἐν Αὐλίδι,
ὡς ἄνολβον εἶχες ὄμμα σύγχυσίν τε μὴ νεῶν
χιλίων ἄρχων τὸ Πριάμου πεδίον ἐμπλήσας δορός.
κἀμὲ παρεκάλεις· τί δράσω; τίνα δὲ πόρον εὕρω πόθεν,
ὥστε μὴ στερέντας ἀρχῆς ἀπολέσαι καλὸν κλέος;
κᾆτ᾽ ἐπεὶ Κάλχας ἐν ἱεροῖς εἶπε σὴν θῦσαι κόρην

How to all men wast thou lowly, clasping hands of
amity, [to thee,
Keeping open doors for whoso of the folk would seek
Bidding all accost thee freely, challenging the modest
heart, [mart?
Seeking by thy shifts to buy advancement as in open
Ah, but when thy power was won, thou changedst all
thy mien: no more
Wast thou unto friends of days gone by a friend as
theretofore,—
Inaccessible, and seldom found at home. The noble-
souled
Ought not, raised to high estate, to turn him from
the paths of old,
Nay, but more than ever loyal then unto his friends
should be,
When his power to help is more than ever, through
prosperity.
First therein, where first I found thee base, I visit
thee with blame.
Then, when thou and all the host of Hellas unto Aulis
came, [mayed,
Nought wast thou, at Heaven's visitation utterly dis-
When the wafting breezes failed thee, when the sons
of Danaus bade [in vain.
Send the ships disbanded thence, nor toil at Aulis all
O thy rueful face, thy 'wildered eye, lest thou on
Priam's plain, [pour thy spears!
Thou, the captain of a thousand galleys, ne'er shouldst
"What shall I do?" didst thou ask me. "What
device, and whence, appears, [nown?"
That of lordship I be not bereft, nor lose my fair re-
Then, when Calchas on the altar bade thee lay thy
child's life down

Ἀρτέμιδι, καὶ πλοῦν ἔσεσθαι Δαναΐδαις, ἡσθεὶς φρένας
ἄσμενος θύσειν ὑπέστης παῖδα· καὶ πέμπεις ἑκών,
οὐ βίᾳ, μὴ τοῦτο λέξῃς, σῇ δάμαρτι, παῖδα σὴν
δεῦρ' ἀποστέλλειν, Ἀχιλλεῖ πρόφασιν ὡς γαμουμένην.
οὗτός αὐτός ἐστιν αἰθὴρ ὃς τάδ' ἤκουσεν σέθεν.[1]
κᾆθ' ὑποστρέψας λέληψαι μεταβαλὼν ἄλλας γραφάς,
ὡς φονεὺς οὐκέτι θυγατρὸς σῆς ἔσει. μάλιστά γε.
μυρίοι δέ τοι πεπόνθασ' αὐτό· πρὸς τὰ πράγματα[2]
ἐκπονοῦσ' ἑκόντες, εἶτα δ' ἐξεχώρησαν κακῶς,
τὰ μὲν ὑπὸ γνώμης πολιτῶν ἀσυνέτου, τὰ δ' ἐνδίκως,
ἀδύνατοι γεγῶτες αὐτοὶ διαφυλάξασθαι πόλιν.
Ἑλλάδος μάλιστ' ἔγωγε τῆς ταλαιπώρου στένω,
ἣ θέλουσα δρᾶν τι κεδνόν, βαρβάρους τοὺς οὐδένας
καταγελῶντας ἐξανήσει διὰ σὲ καὶ τὴν σὴν κόρην.
μηδέν' ἄρα χρέους ἕκατι προστάτην θείμην χθονός,
μηδ' ὅπλων ἄρχοντα· νοῦν χρὴ τὸν στρατηλάτην ἔχειν·
πόλεος ὡς ἄρχων ἀνὴρ πᾶς, ξύνεσιν ἢν ἔχων τύχῃ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸν κασιγνήτοισι γίγνεσθαι λόγους
μάχας θ', ὅταν ποτ' ἐμπέσωσιν εἰς ἔριν.

[1] Adopting Paley's arrangement of lines.
[2] Wecklein's punctuation.

Unto Artemis,—the Danaïds so should sail,—with
gladness filled
Blithely promisedst thou to slay thy daughter; yea,
didst send free-willed—
Not constrained, thou canst not say it—to thy queen,
that hitherward
She should send thy child, as who should take
Achilles for her lord:—
Lo, the selfsame sky o'erhead which heard thee then
record thy vow!— [message now,
Now thou turn'st about, art found recasting that thy
Saying thou wilt ne'er be slayer of thy child! So is
it still— [flagging will
Many and many a man is like thee, toileth with un-
Up the heights of power; thereafter from its summit
falls with shame, [themselves to blame,
Some through blindness of the people, some be all
They whose nerveless hands can ward the city not
that they have won. [bemoan:
But, for me, 'tis hapless Hellas most of all that I
Fain she is of high achievement, yet shall caitiff aliens
make
Her a mock, who 'scape her hands for thine and for
thy daughter's sake. [the land,
Ne'er may I for kinship's cause exalt a man to rule
Nor to lead a host! He needeth wisdom who would
men command;
For 'tis his to helm a nation who hath wit to under-
stand.

CHORUS

Fearful 'twixt brethren words of high disdain
And conflict are, when into strife they fall.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

βούλομαί σ' εἰπεῖν κακῶς αὖ, βραχέα, μὴ λίαν ἄνω
βλέφαρα πρὸς τἀναιδὲς ἀγαγών, ἀλλὰ σωφρονεστέρως,
ὡς ἀδελφὸν ὄντ'. ἀνὴρ γὰρ χρηστὸς αἰδεῖσθαι φιλεῖ.
εἰπέ μοι, τί δεινὰ φυσᾷς αἱματηρὸν ὄμμ' ἔχων;
τίς ἀδικεῖ σε; τοῦ κέχρησαι; λέκτρα χρήστ' ἐρᾷς λαβεῖν;
οὐκ ἔχοιμ' ἄν σοι παρασχεῖν· ὧν γὰρ ἐκτήσω, κακῶς
ἦρχες. εἶτ' ἐγὼ δίκην δῶ σῶν κακῶν, ὁ μὴ σφαλείς;
ἢ δάκνει σε τὸ φιλότιμον τοὐμόν; ἀλλ' ἐν ἀγκάλαις
εὐπρεπῆ γυναῖκα χρῄζεις, τὸ λελογισμένον παρεὶς
καὶ τὸ καλόν, ἔχειν; πονηροῦ φωτὸς ἡδοναὶ κακαί.
εἰ δ' ἐγὼ γνοὺς πρόσθεν οὐκ εὖ μετετέθην εὐβουλίᾳ,
μαίνομαι; σὺ μᾶλλον, ὅστις ἀπολέσας κακὸν λέχος
ἀναλαβεῖν θέλεις, θεοῦ σοι τὴν τύχην διδόντος εὖ.
ὤμοσαν τὸν Τυνδάρειον ὅρκον οἱ κακόφρονες
φιλόγαμοι μνηστῆρες. ἦγε δ' ἐλπίς, οἶμαι μέν, θεὸς
κἀξέπραξεν αὐτὸ μᾶλλον ἢ σὺ καὶ τὸ σὸν σθένος.
οὓς λαβὼν στράτευ'· ἕτοιμοι δ' εἰσὶ μωρίᾳ φρενῶν·
οὐ γὰρ ἀσύνετον τὸ θεῖον, ἀλλ' ἔχει συνιέναι
τοὺς κακῶς παγέντας ὅρκους καὶ κατηναγκασμένους.

AGAMEMNON

Now would I in turn upbraid thee, briefly, not exalting high
Shameless brows of haughty scorning, nay, but ever soberly,
As becomes a brother; for the noble hold by chivalry.
Answer, why this breath tempestuous, why these bloodshot eyes of strife?
Who doth wrong thee? What dost crave? Dost yearn to win a virtuous wife?
This I cannot find thee: her thou gainedst, vilely ruledst thou.
What?—must I, who have not erred, for thy transgression suffer now?
Or doth mine advancement gall thee?—nay, but one desire thou hast,
In thine arms to clasp a lovely woman!—reason dost [thou cast,
Yea, and honour to the winds!—the pleasures of the vile are base.
I, who erst took evil counsel, if I now give wisdom [place,
Am I mad? Nay rather thou, who, having lost an evil spouse,
Wouldst re-win her, though thy loss be gain, God's kindness to thy house.
Those infatuate marriage-craving suitors swore an oath indeed
Unto Tyndareus; yet these did Hope, I trow, the [Goddess, lead
On, and brought it more to pass than thou and all thy strong control.
Lead them thou—O these are ready in the folly of [their soul!
God is not an undiscerning judge; his eyes are keen to try
Oaths exacted by constraint, and troth-plight held [unrighteously.

τἀμὰ δ' οὐκ ἀποκτενῶ 'γὼ τέκνα· κοὐ τὸ σὸν μὲν εὖ
παρὰ δίκην ἔσται κακίστης εὔνιδος τιμωρίᾳ,
ἐμὲ δὲ συντήξουσι νύκτες ἡμέραι τε δακρύοις,
ἄνομα δρῶντα κοὐ δίκαια παῖδας οὓς ἐγεινάμην.
ταῦτά σοι βραχέα λέλεκται καὶ σαφῆ καὶ ῥᾴδια·
εἰ δὲ μὴ βούλει φρονεῖν εὖ, τἄμ' ἐγὼ θήσω καλῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἵδ' αὖ διάφοροι τῶν πάρος λελεγμένων
μύθων, καλῶς δ' ἔχουσι, φείδεσθαι τέκνων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αἰαῖ, φίλους ἄρ' οὐχὶ κεκτήμην τάλας.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἰ τοὺς φίλους γε μὴ θέλεις ἀπολλύναι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

δείξεις δὲ ποῦ μοι πατρὸς ἐκ ταὐτοῦ γεγώς ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

συνσωφρονεῖν σοι βούλομ', ἀλλ' οὐ συννοσεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐς κοινὸν ἀλγεῖν τοῖς φίλοισι χρὴ φίλους.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εὖ δρῶν παρακάλει μ', ἀλλὰ μὴ λυπῶν ἐμέ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ ἄρα δοκεῖ σοι τάδε πονεῖν σὺν Ἑλλάδι ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ἑλλὰς δὲ σὺν σοὶ κατὰ θεὸν νοσεῖ τινα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σκήπτρῳ νυν αὔχει, σὸν κασίγνητον προδούς.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐπ' ἄλλας εἶμι μηχανάς τινας,
φίλους τ' ἐπ' ἄλλους.

'Tis not I will slay my children! Not in justice's despite
So shall thine avenging on a wife most wanton speed aright,
While I waste through nights of weeping, pine through days of misery,
For my lawless, godless dealing with the children born to me!
Lo, mine answer, brief and clear, and easy to be understood.
If thou turn from wisdom, yet shall mine house follow after good.

CHORUS

This controverteth that thou saidst before;
Yet good is thy resolve, to spare thy child.

MENELAUS

Alas for wretched me! Friends have I none!

AGAMEMNON

Yea—if thou seek not to destroy thy friends.

MENELAUS

How wilt thou prove thyself our father's son?

AGAMEMNON

By brotherhood in wisdom, not in folly.

MENELAUS

Friends ought to feel friends' sorrow as their own.

AGAMEMNON

By kindness, not unkindness, challenge me.

MENELAUS

Wilt thou not then with Greece this travail share?

AGAMEMNON

Hellas, like thee, hath God's stroke driven mad.

MENELAUS

Vaunt then thy sceptre, traitor to thy brother!
I will betake me unto other means
And other friends. (*Enter* MESSENGER *in haste.*)

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ Πανελλήνων ἄναξ,
Ἀγάμεμνον, ἥκω παῖδά σοι τὴν σὴν ἄγων,
ἣν Ἰφιγένειαν ὠνόμαζες ἐν δόμοις.
μήτηρ δ' ὁμαρτεῖ, σῆς Κλυταιμνήστρας δέμας,
καὶ παῖς Ὀρέστης, ὥστε τερφθείης ἰδών,
χρόνον παλαιὸν δωμάτων ἔκδημος ὤν.
ἀλλ' ὡς μακρὰν ἔτεινον, εὔρυτον παρὰ
κρήνην ἀναψύχουσι θηλύπουν βάσιν,
αὐταί τε πῶλοί τ'· εἰς δὲ λειμώνων χλόην
καθεῖμεν αὐτάς, ὡς βορᾶς γευσαίατο.
ἐγὼ δὲ πρόδρομος σῆς παρασκευῆς χάριν
ἥκω· πέπυσται γὰρ στρατός, ταχεῖα γὰρ
διῇξε φήμη, παῖδα σὴν ἀφιγμένην.
πᾶς δ' εἰς θέαν ὅμιλος ἔρχεται δρόμῳ,
σὴν παῖδ' ὅπως ἴδωσιν· οἱ δ' εὐδαίμονες
ἐν πᾶσι κλεινοὶ καὶ περίβλεπτοι βροτοῖς.
λέγουσι δ'· ὑμέναιός τις ἢ τί πράσσεται;
ἢ πόθον ἔχων θυγατρὸς Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ
ἐκόμισε παῖδα; τῶν δ' ἂν ἤκουσας τάδε·
Ἀρτέμιδι προτελίζουσι τὴν νεάνιδα,
Αὐλίδος ἀνάσσῃ. τίς νιν ἄξεταί ποτε;
ἀλλ' εἷα, τἀπὶ τοισίδ' ἐξάρχου κανᾶ,
στεφανοῦσθε κρᾶτα· καὶ σύ, Μενέλεως ἄναξ,
ὑμέναιον εὐτρέπιζε καὶ κατὰ στέγας
λωτὸς βοάσθω καὶ ποδῶν ἔστω κτύπος·
φῶς γὰρ τόδ' ἥκει μακάριον τῇ παρθένῳ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐπῄνεσ', ἀλλὰ στεῖχε δωμάτων ἔσω·
τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἰούσης τῆς τύχης ἔσται καλῶς.

MESSENGER

O King of Hellas' host,
Agamemnon, lo, thy child I bring to thee,
Named of thee Iphigeneia in thine halls.
Her mother Clytemnestra comes with her,
Orestes, too, the babe, to glad thine eyes
Who from thine home long time hast sojourned far.
But, after weary journeying, at a spring
Fair-flowing now the women bathe their feet,
They and their steeds—for midst the meadow-grass
We turned them loose, that they might browse therein.
I, to prepare thee, their forerunner come.
For the host knoweth it, so swiftly spread
The rumour of the coming of thy child.
And to the sight runs all the multitude
To see thy child; for folk in high estate
Famed and observed of all observers are.
"A bridal is it?"—they ask—"or what is toward?
Or hath the King, of yearning for his child
Sent for his daughter?" Others might'st thou hear—
"To Artemis, to Aulis' Queen, they pay [1]
The maiden's spousal-rites! The bridegroom who?"
Up then, prepare the maunds for sacrifice;
Garland your heads:—thou too, prince Menelaus,
Strike up the bridal hymn, and through the tents
Let the flute ring, with sound of dancing feet;
For gladsome dawns this day upon the maid.

AGAMEMNON

'Tis well—I thank thee: pass thou now within.
Well shall the rest speed as Fate marcheth on.
[*Exit* MESSENGER.

[1] It was customary before a marriage to make offerings to Artemis on behalf of the bride. The tragic irony is obvious.

οἴμοι, τί φῶ δύστηνος ; ἄρξομαι πόθεν ;
εἰς οἷ' ἀνάγκης ζεύγματ' ἐμπεπτώκαμεν.
ὑπῆλθε δαίμων, ὥστε τῶν σοφισμάτων
πολλῷ γενέσθαι τῶν ἐμῶν σοφώτερος.
ἡ δυσγένεια δ' ὡς ἔχει τι χρήσιμον.
καὶ γὰρ δακρῦσαι ῥᾳδίως αὐτοῖς ἔχει,
ἅπαντά τ' εἰπεῖν. τῷ δὲ γενναίῳ φύσιν
ἄνολβα ταὐτά· προστάτην δὲ τοῦ βίου
τὸν ὄγκον ἔχομεν τῷ τ' ὄχλῳ δουλεύομεν.
ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐκβαλεῖν μὲν αἰδοῦμαι δάκρυ,
τὸ μὴ δακρῦσαι δ' αὖθις αἰδοῦμαι τάλας,
εἰς τὰς μεγίστας συμφορὰς ἀφιγμένος.
εἶεν, τί φήσω πρὸς δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμήν ;
πῶς δέξομαί νιν ; ποῖον ὄμμα συμβαλῶ ;
καὶ γάρ μ' ἀπώλεσ' ἐπὶ κακοῖς ἅ μοι πάρα
ἐλθοῦσ' ἄκλητος. εἰκότως δ' ἅμ' ἕσπετο
θυγατρὶ νυμφεύσουσα καὶ τὰ φίλτατα
δώσουσ', ἵν' ἡμᾶς ὄντας εὑρήσει κακούς.
τὴν δ' αὖ τάλαιναν παρθένον—τί παρθένον ;
Ἅιδης νιν ὡς ἔοικε νυμφεύσει τάχα—
ὡς ᾤκτισ'· οἶμαι γάρ νιν ἱκετεύσειν τάδε·
ὦ πάτερ, ἀποκτενεῖς με ; τοιούτους γάμους
γήμειας αὐτὸς χὤστις ἐστί σοι φίλος.
παρὼν δ' Ὀρέστης ἐγγὺς ἀναβοήσεται
οὐ συνετὰ συνετῶς· ἔτι γάρ ἐστι νήπιος.
αἰαῖ, τὸν Ἑλένης ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσεν γάμον
γήμας ὁ Πριάμου Πάρις, ὃς εἴργασται τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κἀγὼ κατῴκτειρ', ὡς γυναῖκα δεῖ ξένην
ὑπὲρ τυράννων συμφορᾶς καταστένειν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀδελφέ, δός μοι δεξιᾶς τῆς σῆς θιγεῖν.

Woe's me! What can I say, or where begin?
Into what bonds of doom have I been cast!
Me Fortune hath outwitted: she hath proved
Too cunning far for all my stratagems!
Lo now, what vantage cleaves to lowly birth!
For such may lightly ease their hearts with tears,
And tell out all their grief. The same pangs touch
The high-born; but our life is tyrannized
By dignity: we are the people's thralls.
So is it with me, for I shame to weep,
And yet shame not to weep, wretch that I am,
Who am fallen into deepest misery!
Lo now, what shall I say unto my wife,
Or how receive her?—with what countenance meet?
She hath undone me, coming midst mine ills
Unbidden! Yet 'twas reason she should come
With her own child, to render to the bride
Love's service—where I shall be villain found!
And the unhappy maid—why name her maid?
Hades meseems shall take her soon for bride.
O me, the pity of it! I hear her pray—
"Ah, father, wilt thou slay me! Now such bridal
Mayst thou too find, and all whom thou dost love!"
Orestes at her side shall wail the grief
Unmeaning, deep with meaning, of the babe.
Alas, how Priam's son hath ruined me,
Paris, whose sin with Helen wrought all this

CHORUS

I also—far as alien woman may
Mourn for the griefs of princes—pity thee

MENELAUS

Brother, vouchsafe to me to grasp thine hand.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

δίδωμι· σὸν γὰρ τὸ κράτος, ἄθλιος δ' ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Πέλοπα κατόμνυμ', ὃς πατὴρ τοὐμοῦ πατρὸς
τοῦ σοῦ τ' ἐκλήθη, τὸν τεκόντα τ' Ἀτρέα,
ἦ μὴν ἐρεῖν σοι τἀπὸ καρδίας σαφῶς
καὶ μὴ 'πίτηδες μηδὲν ἀλλ' ὅσον φρονῶ.
ἐγώ σ' ἀπ' ὄσσων ἐκβαλόντ' ἰδὼν δάκρυ
ᾤκτειρα καὐτὸς ἀνταφῆκά σοι πάλιν,
καὶ τῶν παλαιῶν ἐξαφίσταμαι λόγων,
οὐκ εἰς σὲ δεινός· εἰμὶ δ' οὗπερ εἶ σὺ νῦν·
καί σοι παραινῶ μήτ' ἀποκτείνειν τέκνον
μήτ' ἀνθελέσθαι τοὐμόν. οὐ γὰρ ἔνδικον
σὲ μὲν στενάζειν, τἀμὰ δ' ἡδέως ἔχειν,
θνῄσκειν τε τοὺς σούς, τοὺς δ' ἐμοὺς ὁρᾶν φάος.
τί βούλομαι γάρ; οὐ γάμους ἐξαιρέτους
ἄλλους λάβοιμ' ἄν, εἰ γάμων ἱμείρομαι;
ἀλλ' ἀπολέσας ἀδελφόν, ὅν μ' ἥκιστ' ἐχρῆν,
Ἑλένην ἕλωμαι, τὸ κακὸν ἀντὶ τἀγαθοῦ;
ἄφρων νέος τ' ἦ, πρὶν τὰ πράγματ' ἐγγύθεν
σκοπῶν ἐσεῖδον οἷον ἦν κτείνειν τέκνα.
ἄλλως τέ μ' ἔλεος τῆς ταλαιπώρου κόρης
εἰσῆλθε, συγγένειαν ἐννοουμένῳ,
ἣ τῶν ἐμῶν ἕκατι θύεσθαι γάμων
μέλλει. τί δ' Ἑλένης παρθένῳ τῇ σῇ μέτα;
ἴτω στρατεία διαλυθεῖσ' ἐξ Αὐλίδος.
σὺ δ' ὄμμα παῦσαι δακρύοις τέγγων τὸ σόν,
ἀδελφέ, κἀμὲ παρακαλῶν εἰς δάκρυα.
εἰ δέ τι κόρης σῆς θεσφάτων μέτεστί σοι,
μὴ 'μοὶ μετέστω· σοὶ νέμω τοὐμὸν μέρος.
ἀλλ' εἰς μεταβολὰς ἦλθον ἀπὸ δεινῶν λόγων.
εἰκὸς πέπονθα· τὸν ὁμόθεν πεφυκότα

AGAMEMNON

I give it. Thine the triumph, mine the pang.

MENELAUS

I swear by Pelops, of my sire and thine
Named father, and by Atreus our own sire,
That from mine heart's core I will speak to thee,
To serve no end, but all mine inmost thought.
I, seeing how thine eyes are streaming tears,
Pity thee, and the answering tear I shed;
And from the words erst uttered I draw back,
Thy foe no more. Lo, in thy place I stand;
And I exhort thee, neither slay thy child,
Nor choose my good for thine. Unjust it were
That thou shouldst groan, and all my cup be sweet,
That thy seed die, and mine behold the light.
For, what would I? Can I not find a bride
Peerless elsewhere, if I for marriage yearn?
How, should I lose—whom least I ought to lose—
A brother, win a Helen, bad for good?
Mad was I and raw-witted, till I viewed
Things near, and saw what slaying children means.
Yea also, pity for the hapless maid
Doomed to be slaughtered for my bridal's sake,
Stole o'er me, on our kinship when I thought.
For what with Helen hath thy child to do?
From Aulis let the host disbanded go!
But thou forbear to drown thine eyes with tears,
O brother mine, nor challenge me to weep.
If thou hast part in oracles touching her,
No part be mine!—my share I yield to thee.
"Swift change is here," thou'lt say, "from those grim words!"
Nay, but most meet: for love of him who sprang

στέργων μετέπεσον. ἀνδρὸς οὐ κακοῦ τρόποι
τοιοίδε, χρῆσθαι τοῖσι βελτίστοις ἀεί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

γενναῖ' ἔλεξας Ταντάλῳ τε τῷ Διὸς
πρέποντα· προγόνους οὐ καταισχύνεις σέθεν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

αἰνῶ σε, Μενέλεως, ὅτι παρὰ γνώμην ἐμὴν
ὑπέθηκας ὀρθῶς τοὺς λόγους σοῦ τ' ἀξίως.
ταραχὴ δ' ἀδελφῶν διά τ' ἔρωτα γίγνεται
πλεονεξίαν τε δωμάτων· ἀπέπτυσα
τοιάνδε συγγένειαν ἀλλήλοιν πικράν.
ἀλλ' ἥκομεν γὰρ εἰς ἀναγκαίας τύχας,
θυγατρὸς αἱματηρὸν ἐκπρᾶξαι φόνον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς ; τίς δ' ἀναγκάσει σε τήν γε σὴν κτανεῖν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἅπας 'Αχαιῶν σύλλογος στρατευματος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὔκ, ἤν νιν εἰς Ἄργος γ' ἀποστείλῃς πάλιν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

λάθοιμι τοῦτ' ἄν· ἀλλ' ἐκεῖν' οὐ λήσομεν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τὸ ποῖον ; οὔτοι χρὴ λίαν ταρβεῖν ὄχλον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Κάλχας ἐρεῖ μαντεύματ' 'Αργείων στρατῷ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὔκ, ἢν θάνῃ γε πρόσθε· τοῦτο δ' εὐμαρές.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τὸ μαντικὸν πᾶν σπέρμα φιλότιμον κακόν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κοὐδέν γ' ἀρεστὸν [1] οὐδὲ χρήσιμον παρόν.

[1] Nauck: for γε χρηστόν, "For nothing good."

From the same womb, I change. No knave's wont this,
Ever to cleave unto the better part.

CHORUS

Right noble speech, and worthy Tantalus,
Zeus' son! Thou shamest not thine ancestors.

AGAMEMNON

Thanks, Menelaus, that beyond all hope
Thou hast spoken rightly, worthily of thee.
Strife betwixt brethren for a woman's sake
May rise, or of ambition—Out on it,
This kinship that brings bitterness to both!
Nay, but we are tangled in the net of fate!
We needs must work the murder of my child.

MENELAUS

How?—who shall force thee to destroy thine own?

AGAMEMNON

The whole array of the Achaean host.

MENELAUS

Never, if thou to Argos send her back.

AGAMEMNON

This might I secretly. *That* cannot I—

MENELAUS

What? Fear not thou the rabble overmuch.

AGAMEMNON

Calchas will tell the host the oracles.

MENELAUS

Not if he first have died—this were not hard.

AGAMEMNON

The whole seer-tribe is one ambitious curse

MENELAUS

Abominable and useless,—*while alive.*

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐκεῖνο δ' οὐ δέδοικας οὔμ' ἐσέρχεται;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὃ μὴ σὺ φράζεις, πῶς ἂν ὑπολάβοιμ' ἔπος;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τὸ Σισύφειον σπέρμα πάντ' οἶδεν τάδε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ὅ τι σὲ κἀμὲ πημανεῖ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ποικίλος ἀεὶ πέφυκε τοῦ τ' ὄχλου μέτα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

φιλοτιμίᾳ μὲν ἐνέχεται, δεινῷ κακῷ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὔκουν δοκεῖς νιν στάντ' ἐν Ἀργείοις μέσοις
λέξειν ἃ Κάλχας θέσφατ' ἐξηγήσατο,
κἄμ' ὡς ὑπέστην θῦμα, κᾆτα ψεύδομαι,
Ἀρτέμιδι θύσειν; οἷς ξυναρπάσας στρατόν,
σὲ κἄμ' ἀποκτείναντας Ἀργείους κόρην
σφάξαι κελεύσει; κἂν πρὸς Ἄργος ἐκφύγω,
ἐλθόντες αὐτοῖς τείχεσιν Κυκλωπίοις
ξυναρπάσουσι καὶ κατασκάψουσι γῆν.
τοιαῦτα τἀμὰ πήματ'. ὢ τάλας ἐγώ,
ὡς ἠπόρημαι πρὸς θεῶν τὰ νῦν τάδε.
ἕν μοι φύλαξον, Μενέλεως, ἀνὰ στρατὸν
ἐλθών, ὅπως ἂν μὴ Κλυταιμνήστρα τάδε
μάθῃ, πρὶν Ἅιδῃ παῖδ' ἐμὴν προσθῶ λαβών,
ὡς ἐπ' ἐλαχίστοις δακρύοις πράσσω κακῶς.
ὑμεῖς τε σιγήν, ὦ ξέναι, φυλάσσετε.

AGAMEMNON

The fear that steals o'er me—is this not thine?

MENELAUS

If thou tell not, how should I understand?

AGAMEMNON

All this the seed of Sisyphus doth know.

MENELAUS

Odysseus cannot injure thee and me.

AGAMEMNON

He is aye shifty—a mob-partisan.

MENELAUS

Thrall to ambition is he—perilous bane!

AGAMEMNON

Will he not rise, think'st thou, in the Argive midst,
And tell the oracles that Calchas spake,
And how I promised Artemis her victim,
And now play false? And, rousing so the host,
Shall bid them slay thee, me, and sacrifice
The maiden? Though to Argos I escape,
Yet will they come, destroy it, to the ground
Raze it with all its Cyclopean walls.
Even this is mine affliction, woe is me!
How by the Gods I am whelmed amidst despair!
Take heed for one thing, brother, through the host
Passing, that Clytemnestra hear this not,
Till I to Hades shall have sealed my child,
That mine affliction be with fewest tears.
And, stranger damsels, hold your peace thereof.

[*Exeunt.*

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μάκαρες οἳ μετρίας θεοῦ — στρ.
μετά τε σωφροσύνας μετέ-
σχον λέκτρων Ἀφροδίτας,
γαλανείᾳ χρησάμενοι
μαινολῶν οἴστρων, ὅθι δὴ
δίδυμ᾽ Ἔρως ὁ χρυσοκόμας
τόξ᾽ ἐντείνεται χαρίτων,
τὸ μὲν ἐπ᾽ εὐαίωνι πότμῳ,
τὸ δ᾽ ἐπὶ συγχύσει βιοτᾶς.
ἀπενέπω νιν ἁμετέρων,
Κύπρι καλλίστα, θαλάμων.
εἴη δέ μοι μετρία μὲν
χάρις, πόθοι δ᾽ ὅσιοι,
καὶ μετέχοιμι τᾶς Ἀφροδί-
τας, πολλὰν δ᾽ ἀποθείμαν.

διάφοροι δὲ φύσεις βροτῶν, — ἀντ.
διάφοροι δὲ τρόποι· τὸ δ᾽ ὀρ-
θῶς ἐσθλὸν σαφὲς ἀεί·
τροφαί θ᾽ αἱ παιδευόμεναι
μέγα φέρουσ᾽ εἰς τὰν ἀρετάν·
τό τε γὰρ αἰδεῖσθαι σοφία,
τάν τ᾽ ἐξαλλάσσουσαν ἔχει
χάριν ὑπὸ γνώμας ἐσορᾶν
τὸ δέον, ἔνθα δόξα φέρει
κλέος ἀγήρατον βιοτᾷ.
μέγα τι θηρεύειν ἀρετάν,
γυναιξὶν μὲν κατὰ Κύπριν
κρυπτάν, ἐν ἀνδράσι δ᾽ αὖ
κόσμος ἔνδον ὁ μυριοπλη-
θὴς μείζω πόλιν αὔξει.

CHORUS

O well for them for whom the Queen (*Str.*)
Of Love shall temper passion's fire,
And bring fruition of desire
With gentle pace and sober mien,

Whose souls are seas at rest, are spared
The frenzy-thrill, the fever-pain,
The spells that charm the arrows twain,
The shafts of Love the golden-haired,

Whereof one flieth tipt with bliss,
And one with ruin of unrest:—
O Queen of Beauty, from my breast,
My bridal bower, avert thou this!

Let love's sweet spells in measure meet
Rest on me; pure desires be mine:
May Aphrodite's dayspring shine
On me—avaunt her midnoon heat!

The hearts of men be diverse-wrought, (*Ant.*)
Diverse their lives: but, ever clear
Through all, true goodness shall appear;
And each high lesson throughly taught

Lends wings to soar to virtue's heaven:
For in self-reverence wisdom is;
And to discern the right—to this
An all-transforming charm is given.

Fadeless renown is shed thereby
On life by Fame. Ah, glorious
The quest of virtue is!—for *us*
The cloistered virtue, chastity:

But, for the man—his inborn grace
Of law and order maketh great,
By service of her sons, the state:
His virtue works by thousand ways.

ἔμολες, ὦ Πάρις, ἧτε σύ γε ἐπῳδ.
βουκόλος ἀργενναῖς ἐτράφης
Ἰδαίαις παρὰ μόσχοις,
βάρβαρα συρίζων, Φρυγίων
αὐλῶν Ὀλύμπου καλάμοις
μιμήματα πνέων.

εὔθηλοι δὲ τρέφοντο βόες,
ὅτε σε κρίσις ἔμηνε θεᾶν,
ἅ σ' Ἑλλάδα πέμπει
τῶν ἐλεφαντοδέτων πάροι-
θεν δόμων, ὃς τᾶς Ἑλένας
ἐν ἀντωποῖς βλεφάροισιν
ἔρωτα δέδωκας,
ἔρωτι δ' αὐτὸς ἐπτοάθης.
ὅθεν ἔρις ἔριν
Ἑλλάδα σὺν δορὶ ναυσί τ' ἄγει
ἐς Τροίας πέργαμα.

ἰὼ ἰώ· μεγάλαι μεγάλων
εὐδαιμονίαι· τὴν τοῦ βασιλέως
ἴδετ' Ἰφιγένειαν ἄνασσαν
τὴν Τυνδαρέου τε Κλυταιμνήστραν,
ὡς ἐκ μεγάλων ἐβλαστήκασ'
ἐπί τ' εὐμήκεις ἥκουσι τύχας.
θεοί τοι κρείσσους οἵ τ' ὀλβοφόροι
τοῖς οὐκ εὐδαίμοσι θνατῶν.

στῶμεν, Χαλκίδος ἔκγονα θρέμματα,
τὴν βασίλειαν δεξώμεθ' ὄχων
ἄπο μὴ σφαλερῶς ἐπὶ γαῖαν.

Thou camest, Paris, back to where, (*Epode.*)
Mid Ida's heifers snowy fair,
  A neatherd, thou didst pipe such strain
That old Olympus' spirit there
    Awoke again.[1]

Full-uddered kine in dreamy peace
Browsed, when the summons came to thee
To judge that Goddess-rivalry
Whose issue sped thee unto Greece,
Before the ivory palaces
To stand, to see in Helen's eyne
That burned on thine, the lovelight shine,
To thrill with Eros' ecstasies.
For which cause strife is leading all
Hellas, with ships, with spears, to fall
Upon Troy's tower-coronal.

Lo, lo, the great ones of the earth,
    How blest they be!
Iphigeneia, proud in birth
    From princes, see;
See Clytemnestra, her who came
Of Tyndareus—O stately name
Of mighty sires! O crowned with fame
    Their destiny!
They that be lifted high in wealth, in might,
Are even as Gods in meaner mortals' sight.

Enter, riding in a chariot, CLYTEMNESTRA *and* IPHIGENEIA, *with attendants.*

  Stand we, Chalcis' daughters, near,
    Stretching hands of kindly aid:
      So unstumbling to the ground

[1] The mythical inventor of the shepherd's pipe.

ἀγανῶς δὲ χεροῖν μαλακῇ γνώμῃ,
μὴ ταρβήσῃ νεωστί μοι μολὸν
κλεινὸν τέκνον Ἀγαμέμνονος,
μηδὲ θόρυβον μηδ' ἔκπληξιν
ταῖς Ἀργείαις
ξεῖναι ξείναις παρέχωμεν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὄρνιθα μὲν τόνδ' αἴσιον ποιούμεθα,
τὸ σόν τε χρηστὸν καὶ λόγων εὐφημίαν·
ἐλπίδα δ' ἔχω τιν' ὡς ἐπ' ἐσθλοῖσιν γάμοις
πάρειμι νυμφαγωγός. ἀλλ' ὀχημάτων
ἔξω πορεύεθ' ἃς φέρω φερνὰς κόρῃ,
καὶ πέμπετ' εἰς μέλαθρον εὐλαβούμενοι.
σὺ δ', ὦ τέκνον μοι, λεῖπε πωλικοὺς ὄχους,
ἁβρὸν τιθεῖσα κῶλον ἀσθενές θ' ἅμα.
ὑμεῖς δέ, νεάνιδές, νιν ἀγκάλαις ἔπι
δέξασθε καὶ πορεύσατ' ἐξ ὀχημάτων.
καί μοι χερός τις ἐνδότω στηρίγματα,
θάκους ἀπήνης ὡς ἂν ἐκλίπω καλῶς.
αἱ δ' εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν στῆτε πωλικῶν ζυγῶν,
φοβερὸν γὰρ ἀπαράμυθον ὄμμα πωλικόν·
καὶ παῖδα τόνδε τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος γόνον
λάζυσθ', Ὀρέστην· ἔτι γάρ ἐστι νήπιος.
τέκνον, καθεύδεις πωλικῷ δαμεὶς ὄχῳ;
ἔγειρ' ἀδελφῆς ἐφ' ὑμέναιον εὐτυχῶς·
ἀνδρὸς γὰρ ἀγαθοῦ κῆδος αὐτὸς ἐσθλὸς ὢν
λήψει, τὸ τῆς Νηρῇδος ἰσόθεον γένος.
ἑξῆς κάθησο δεῦρό μου ποδός, τέκνον,
πρὸς μητέρ', Ἰφιγένεια, μακαρίαν δέ με
ξέναισι ταῖσδε πλησία σταθεῖσα δός,
καὶ δεῦρο δὴ πατέρα πρόσειπε σὸν φίλον.

Down the Queen shall step, nor fear
Shall the princess know, upstayed,
Agamemnon's child renowned.
Strangers we, no tumult here
Make we : entrance undismayed
Be of Argos' strangers found.

CLYTEMNESTRA

An omen of good fortune count I this,
Thy kindness and fair greeting of thy speech.
Good hope have I that I am come to lead
The bride to happy bridal. From the car
Take ye the dower that for the maid I bring,
And bear to the pavilion with good heed.
And thou, my daughter, from the horse-wain step,
Daintily setting down thy tender feet;
And ye receive her, damsels, in your arms,
And from the chariot help her safely forth.
And let one lend to me a propping hand,
That I may leave the wain-seat gracefully.
Some, pray you, stand before the horses' yoke,
For timorous is the horse's restive eye.
And this child take ye, Agamemnon's boy,
Orestes, who is yet a wordless babe.
How?—lulled to sleep, child, by the swaying car?
Wake for thy sister's bridal smilingly;
For thine heroic strain shall get for kin
A hero, even the Nereid's godlike child.
Hither, my daughter, seat thee at my side:
Hard by thy mother, Iphigeneia, take
Thy place, and to these strangers show my bliss.
Lo, thy beloved father!—welcome him.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ μῆτερ, ὑποδραμοῦσά σ', ὀργισθῇς δὲ μή,
πρὸς στέρνα πατρὸς στέρνα τἀμὰ περιβαλῶ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ σέβας ἐμοὶ μέγιστον, Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ,
ἥκομεν, ἐφετμαῖς οὐκ ἀπιστοῦσαι σέθεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐγὼ δὲ βούλομαι τὰ σὰ στέρν', ὦ πάτερ,
ὑποδραμοῦσα προσβαλεῖν διὰ χρόνου.
ποθῶ γὰρ ὄμμα δὴ σόν. ὀργισθῇς δὲ μή.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἀλλ', ὦ τέκνον, χρή· φιλοπάτωρ δ' ἀεί ποτ' εἶ
μάλιστα παίδων τῷδ' ὅσους ἐγὼ 'τεκον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ πάτερ, ἐσεῖδόν σ' ἀσμένη πολλῷ χρόνῳ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ γὰρ πατὴρ σέ· τόδ' ἴσον ὑπὲρ ἀμφοῖν λέγεις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

χαῖρ'· εὖ δέ μ' ἀγαγὼν πρὸς σ' ἐποίησας, πάτερ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως φῶ τοῦτο καὶ μὴ φῶ, τέκνον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἔα·
ὡς οὐ βλέπεις ἕκηλον, ἄσμενός μ' ἰδών.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πόλλ' ἀνδρὶ βασιλεῖ καὶ στρατηλάτῃ μέλει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

παρ' ἐμοὶ γενοῦ νῦν, μὴ 'πὶ φροντίδας τρέπου.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἀλλ' εἰμὶ παρὰ σοὶ νῦν ἅπας, κοὐκ ἄλλοθι.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

IPHIGENEIA (*running to his arms*)

O mother, I outrun thee—be not wroth—
And heart to heart I clasp my father close.

CLYTEMNESTRA

O most of me revered, Agamemnon King,
We come, obedient unto thy behest.

IPHIGENEIA

Fain am I, father, on thy breast to fall,
After so long! Though others I outrun,—
For O, I yearn for thy face!—be not wroth.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child, this thou mayst: yea, ever, most of all
The children I have borne, thou lov'st thy sire.

IPHIGENEIA

Father, so long it was—so glad am I!

AGAMEMNON

And glad am I: thy words suffice for twain.

IPHIGENEIA

Hail! Well hast thou done, father, bringing me.

AGAMEMNON (*starts*)

Well?—child, I know not how to answer this.

IPHIGENEIA

Ha!
So glad to see me—yet what troubled look!

AGAMEMNON

On kings and captains weigheth many a care.

IPHIGENEIA

This hour be mine—this one! Yield not to care!

AGAMEMNON

Yea, I am all thine now: my thoughts stray not.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μέθες νυν ὀφρὺν ὄμμα τ' ἔκτεινον φίλον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἰδοὺ γέγηθά σ' ὡς γέγηθ' ὁρῶν, τέκνον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

κἄπειτα λείβεις δάκρυ' ἀπ' ὀμμάτων σέθεν;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μακρὰ γὰρ ἡμῖν ἡ 'πιοῦσ' ἀπουσία.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

†οὐκ οἶδ' ὅ τι φής, οὐκ οἶδα, φίλτατ' ἐμοὶ πάτερ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

συνετὰ λέγουσα μᾶλλον εἰς οἶκτόν μ' ἄγεις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀσύνετα νῦν ἐροῦμεν, εἰ σέ γ' εὐφρανῶ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

παπαῖ. τὸ σιγᾶν οὐ σθένω· σὲ δ' ᾔνεσα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μέν', ὦ πάτερ, κατ' οἶκον ἐπὶ τέκνοις σέθεν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θέλω γε· τὸ θέλειν δ' οὐκ ἔχων ἀλγύνομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὄλοιντο λόγχαι καὶ τὰ Μενέλεω κακά.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἄλλους ὀλεῖ πρόσθ' ἁμὲ διολέσαντ' ἔχει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὡς πολὺν ἀπῆσθα χρόνον ἐν Αὐλίδος μυχοῖς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ νῦν γέ μ' ἴσχει δή τι μὴ στέλλειν στρατόν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ποῦ τοὺς Φρύγας λέγουσιν ᾠκίσθαι, πάτερ;

IPHIGENEIA

Unknit thy brow then: let love melt thine eye.

AGAMEMNON

Lo, child, I joy—as I joy, seeing thee.

IPHIGENEIA

And yet—and yet—thine eyes are welling tears!

AGAMEMNON

Yea, for the absence yet to come is long.

IPHIGENEIA

I know not, know not, dear my sire, thy meaning.

AGAMEMNON

Thy wise discernment stirs my grief the more.

IPHIGENEIA

So I may please thee, folly will I talk.

AGAMEMNON

Ah me! (*aside*) This silence breaks my heart! (*aloud*)
I thank thee.

IPHIGENEIA

Stay, father, with thy children stay at home!

AGAMEMNON

I would. My wish is barred: there lies my grief.

IPHIGENEIA

Perish their wars, and Menelaus' wrongs!

AGAMEMNON

My ruin shall be others' ruin first.

IPHIGENEIA

Long absence thine hath been in Aulis' gulf.

AGAMEMNON

Still hindered is the army's speeding forth.

IPHIGENEIA

Where dwell the Phrygians, father, as men say?

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
οὓ μήποτ᾽ οἰκεῖν ὤφελ᾽ ὁ Πριάμου Πάρις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
μακράν γ᾽ ἀπαίρεις, ὦ πάτερ, λιπὼν ἐμέ ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
†εἰς ταὐτόν, ὦ θύγατερ, ἥκεις σῷ πατρί.†

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
φεῦ·
εἴθ᾽ ἦν καλόν μοι σοί τ᾽ ἄγειν σύμπλουν ἐμέ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ἔπεστι καὶ σοὶ πλοῦς, ἵνα μνήσει πατρός.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
σὺν μητρὶ πλεύσασ᾽ ἢ μόνη πορεύσομαι ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
μόνη, μονωθεῖσ᾽ ἀπὸ πατρὸς καὶ μητέρος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
οὔ πού μ᾽ ἐς ἄλλα δώματ᾽ οἰκίζεις, πάτερ ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ἔασον. οὐ χρὴ τοιάδ᾽ εἰδέναι κόρας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
σπεῦδ᾽ ἐκ Φρυγῶν μοι, θέμενος εὖ τἀκεῖ, πάτερ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
θῦσαί με θυσίαν πρῶτα δεῖ τιν᾽ ἐνθάδε.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἀλλὰ ξὺν ἱεροῖς χρὴ τό γ᾽ εὐσεβὲς σκοπεῖν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
εἴσει σύ· χερνίβων γὰρ ἑστήξει πέλας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
στήσομεν ἄρ᾽ ἀμφὶ βωμόν, ὦ πάτερ, χορούς ;

AGAMEMNON

Where—O that Priamid Paris ne'er had dwelt!

IPHIGENEIA

Far dost thou voyage, father, leaving me?

AGAMEMNON

Thou art in like case with thy father, child.

IPHIGENEIA

(*Sighs*) Would it were meet that I might voyage with thee!

AGAMEMNON

Thou too must voyage where thou shalt think on me.

IPHIGENEIA

Shall I sail with my mother, or alone?

AGAMEMNON

Alone, from mother severed and from sire.

IPHIGENEIA

How? hast thou found me, father, a new home?

AGAMEMNON

Enough! It fits not maidens know such things.

IPHIGENEIA

Speed back from Phrygia, father, victor there.

AGAMEMNON

A sacrifice must I first offer here.

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, thou must reverence heaven with holy rites.

AGAMEMNON

This thou shalt see—shalt by the laver stand.

IPHIGENEIA

Father, shall I lead dances round the altar?

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ζηλῶ σὲ μᾶλλον ἢ 'μὲ τοῦ μηδὲν φρονεῖν·
χώρει δὲ μελάθρων ἐντὸς ὀφθῆναι κόραις,
πικρὸν φίλημα δοῦσα δεξιάν τ' ἐμοί,
μέλλουσα δαρὸν πατρὸς ἀποικήσειν χρόνον.
ὦ στέρνα καὶ παρῆδες, ὦ ξανθαὶ κόμαι,
ὡς ἄχθος ὑμῖν ἐγένεθ' ἡ Φρυγῶν πόλις
Ἑλένη τε· παύω τοὺς λόγους· ταχεῖα γὰρ
νοτὶς διώκει μ' ὀμμάτων ψαύσαντά σου.
ἴθ' εἰς μέλαθρα. σὲ δὲ παραιτοῦμαι τάδε,
Λήδας γένεθλον, εἰ κατῳκτίσθην ἄγαν,
μέλλων 'Αχιλλεῖ θυγατέρ' ἐκδώσειν ἐμήν.
ἀποστολαὶ γὰρ μακάριαι μέν, ἀλλ' ὅμως
δάκνουσι τοὺς τεκόντας, ὅταν ἄλλοις δόμοις
παῖδας παραδιδῷ πολλὰ μοχθήσας πατήρ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐχ ὦδ' ἀσύνετός εἰμι, πείσεσθαι δέ με
καὐτὴν δόκει τάδ', ὥστε μή σε νουθετεῖν,
ὅταν σὺν ὑμεναίοισιν ἐξάγω κόρην·
ἀλλ' ὁ νόμος αὐτὰ τῷ χρόνῳ συνισχνανεῖ.
τοὔνομα μὲν οὖν παῖδ' οἶδ' ὅτῳ κατῄνεσας,
γένους δὲ ποίου χὠπόθεν, μαθεῖν θέλω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Αἴγινα θυγάτηρ ἐγένετ' 'Ασωποῦ πατρός.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ταυτην δὲ θνητῶν ἢ θεῶν ἔζευξέ τις ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ζευς· Αἰακὸν δ' ἔφυσεν, Οἰνώνης πρόμον.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τοῦ δ' Αἰακοῦ παῖς τίς κατέσχε δώματα ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Πηλεύς· ὁ Πηλεὺς δ' ἔσχε Νηρέως κόρην.

AGAMEMNON

O happier thou in ignorance than I!
Pass thou within where none but maids shall see.
One sad kiss first, one clasp of thy right hand,
Ere thy long sojourn from thy father far.
O bosom, O ye cheeks, O golden hair!
On you what burden Phrygia's town hath laid
And Helen! But no more—the sudden flood
Bursts o'er me from mine eyes as I touch thee!
Pass into the pavilion. (*Exit* IPH.) Pardon me,
O Leda's child, it well-nigh breaks my heart
To yield to Achilles' hand my daughter, mine.
Such partings make for bliss, but none the less
They wring the heart, when fathers to strange homes
Yield children for whose sake they have laboured long.

CLYTEMNESTRA

I am not so dull; be sure that I no less
Shall feel this pang—wherefore I chide thee not—
When I with marriage-hymns lead forth the maid;
But custom joined with time shall deaden pain.
His name, to whom thou hast betrothed my child,
I know; his land, his lineage, would I learn.

AGAMEMNON

The Nymph Aegina was Asopus' child:—

CLYTEMNESTRA

And did a mortal wed her, or a God?

AGAMEMNON

Zeus. Aeacus he begat, Oenone's lord.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Which son of Aeacus possessed his house?

AGAMEMNON

Peleus; and Peleus wedded Nereus' child.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
θεοῦ διδόντος, ἢ βίᾳ θεῶν λαβών ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
Ζεὺς ἠγγύησε καὶ δίδωσ' ὁ κύριος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
γαμεῖ δὲ ποῦ νιν ; ἢ κατ' οἶδμα πόντιον ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
Χείρων ἵν' οἰκεῖ σεμνὰ Πηλίου βάθρα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
οὗ φασι Κενταύρειον ᾠκίσθαι γένος ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ἐνταῦθ' ἔδαισαν Πηλέως γάμους θεοί.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
Θέτις δ' ἔθρεψεν ἢ πατὴρ Ἀχιλλέα ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
Χείρων, ἵν' ἤθη μὴ μάθοι κακῶν βροτῶν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
φεῦ·
σοφός γ' ὁ θρέψας χὼ διδοὺς σοφώτερος.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
τοιόσδε παιδὸς σῆς ἀνὴρ ἔσται πόσις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
οὐ μεμπτός. οἰκεῖ δ' ἄστυ ποῖον Ἑλλάδος ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
Ἀπιδανὸν ἀμφὶ ποταμὸν ἐν Φθίας ὅροις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ἐκεῖσ' ἀπάξεις σὴν ἐμήν τε παρθένον ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
κείνῳ μελήσει ταῦτα τῷ κεκτημένῳ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ἀλλ' εὐτυχοίτην. τίνι δ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ γαμεῖ ;

CLYTEMNESTRA

By the God granted, or in heaven's despite?

AGAMEMNON

'Twas Zeus betrothed her, and her father gave.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Where did he wed her?—'neath the heaving sea?

AGAMEMNON

Where Cheiron dwells at Pelion's sacred foot.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Where tribes of Centaurs have their haunt, men say?

AGAMEMNON

Yea, there the Gods held Peleus' marriage-feast.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Did Thetis, or his father, rear Achilles?

AGAMEMNON

Cheiron, that he might learn not vile men's ways.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ay so!
Wise was the teacher, wiser yet the sire.

AGAMEMNON

Such hero is to be thy daughter's lord.

CLYTEMNESTRA

None better. In what Greek town is his home?

AGAMEMNON

On Phthia's marches, by Apidanus.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thither wilt thou lead hence thy child and mine?

AGAMEMNON

Nay, his part this who taketh her to wife.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Blessings on them! On what day shall they wed?

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὅταν σελήνης εὐτυχὴς ἔλθῃ κύκλος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

προτέλεια δ' ἤδη παιδὸς ἔσφαξας θεᾷ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μέλλω· 'πὶ ταύτῃ καὶ καθέσταμεν τύχῃ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κἄπειτα δαίσεις τοὺς γάμους ἐς ὕστερον;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θύσας γε θύμαθ' ἁμὲ χρὴ θῦσαι θεοῖς.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἡμεῖς δὲ θοίνην ποῦ γυναιξὶ θήσομεν;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐνθάδε παρ' εὐπρύμνοισιν Ἀργείων πλάταις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καλῶς ἀναγκαίως τε·[1] συνενέγκοι δ' ὅμως.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον, ὦ γύναι; πιθοῦ δέ μοι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί χρῆμα; πείθεσθαι γὰρ εἴθισμαι σέθεν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἡμεῖς μὲν ἐνθάδ', οὗπέρ ἐσθ' ὁ νυμφίος,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μητρὸς τί χωρὶς δράσεθ', ἁμὲ δρᾶν χρεών;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐκδώσομεν σὴν παῖδα Δαναϊδῶν μέτα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἡμᾶς δὲ ποῦ χρὴ τηνικαῦτα τυγχάνειν;

[1] Palmer and England read κάλως ἀν' ἀγκύρας τε; "Mid hawsers and ships' anchors?"

AGAMEMNON

When comes full-orbed the moon with blessing crowned.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Hast slain the Goddess' victim for our child?

AGAMEMNON

So purpose I: even this we have in hand.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thereafter wilt thou hold the marriage-feast?

AGAMEMNON

When to the Gods I have offered offerings due.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And I, where shall I make the women's feast?

AGAMEMNON

Here, by the Argive galleys' stately sterns.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Here, quotha!—yet it must be. Fair befall!

AGAMEMNON

Know'st thy part, lady, then? My bidding do.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What thing? Obedience is my wont to thee.

AGAMEMNON

Here, where the bridegroom is, will I myself—

CLYTEMNESTRA

What mother's office in mine absence do?

AGAMEMNON

With help of Danaans give thy child away.

CLYTEMNESTRA

But I—where must I tarry all this while?

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
χώρει πρὸς Ἄργος παρθένους τε τημέλει.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
λιποῦσα παῖδα; τίς δ' ἀνασχήσει φλόγα;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ἐγὼ παρέξω φῶς ὃ νυμφίοις πρέπει.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
†οὐχ ὁ νόμος οὗτος, σὺ δέ γε φαῦλ' ἡγεῖ τάδε.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
οὐ καλὸν ἐν ὄχλῳ σ' ἐξομιλεῖσθαι στρατοῦ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
καλὸν τεκοῦσαν τἀμά μ' ἐκδοῦναι τέκνα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
καὶ τάς γ' ἐν οἴκῳ μὴ μόνας εἶναι κόρας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ὀχυροῖσι παρθενῶσι φρουροῦνται καλῶς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
πιθοῦ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
μὰ τὴν ἄνασσαν Ἀργείαν θεάν.
ἐλθὼν σὺ τἄξω πρᾶσσε, τὰν δόμοις δ' ἐγώ,
ἃ χρὴ παρεῖναι νυμφίοισι παρθένοις.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
οἴμοι· μάτην ᾖξ', ἐλπίδος δ' ἀπεσφάλην,
ἐξ ὀμμάτων δάμαρτ' ἀποστεῖλαι θέλων.
σοφίζομαι δὲ κἀπὶ τοῖσι φιλτάτοις
τέχνας πορίζω, πανταχῇ νικώμενος.
ὅμως δὲ σὺν Κάλχαντι τῷ θυηπόλῳ
κοινῇ τὸ τῆς θεοῦ φίλον, ἐμοὶ δ' οὐκ εὐτυχές,
ἐξιστορήσων εἶμι, μόχθον Ἑλλάδος.
χρὴ δ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἄνδρα τὸν σοφὸν τρέφειν
γυναῖκα χρηστὴν κἀγαθήν, ἢ μὴ γαμεῖν.[1]

[1] Hermann: for τρέφειν of MSS.

AGAMEMNON

To Argos go: for thy young daughters care.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And leave my child?—and who shall raise the torch?

AGAMEMNON

I will provide such bridal torch as fits.

CLYTEMNESTRA

All custom outraged!—nought is that to thee!

AGAMEMNON

To mingle with armed hosts beseems not thee,—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Beseems that mother give away her child!

AGAMEMNON

Nor that those maids at home be left alone.

CLYTEMNESTRA

They in safe maiden-bowers be warded well.

AGAMEMNON

Nay, hear me—

CLYTEMNESTRA

No! by the Argives' Goddess-queen!
Go, order things without: within doors I
Will order what is fitting for a bride. [*Exit.*

AGAMEMNON

Ah me, vain mine essay! My hope is foiled,
Who out of sight was fain to send my wife.
With subtle schemes against my best-beloved
I weave plots, yet am baffled everywhere.
But none the less with Calchas will I go,
The priest, the Goddess' pleasure to enquire—
For me ill doom, for Hellas travail sore.
The wise man in his house should keep a wife
Helpful and good—or never take a bride. [*Exit.*

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἥξει δὴ Σιμόεντα καὶ *στρ.*
δίνας ἀργυροειδεῖς
ἄγυρις Ἑλλάνων στρατιᾶς
ἀνά τε ναυσὶν καὶ σὺν ὅπλοις
Ἴλιον εἰς τὸ Τροίας
Φοιβήιον δάπεδον,
τὰν Κασάνδραν ἵν' ἀκούω
ῥίπτειν ξανθοὺς πλοκάμους
χλωροκόμῳ στεφάνῳ δάφνας
κοσμηθεῖσαν, ὅταν θεοῦ
μαντόσυνοι πνεύσωσ' ἀνάγκαι.

στάσονται δ' ἐπὶ περγάμων *ἀντ.*
Τροίας ἀμφί τε τείχη
Τρῶες, ὅταν χάλκασπις Ἄρης
πόντιος εὐπρῴροισι πλάταις
εἰρεσίᾳ πελάζῃ
Σιμουντίοις ὀχετοῖς,
τὰν τῶν ἐν αἰθέρι δισσῶν
Διοσκούρων Ἑλέναν
ἐκ Πριάμου κομίσαι θέλων
εἰς γᾶν Ἑλλάδα δοριπόνοις
ἀσπίσι καὶ λόγχαις Ἀχαιῶν.

Πέργαμον δὲ Φρυγῶν πόλιν *ἐπῳδ.*
λαΐνους περὶ πύργους
κυκλώσας Ἄρει φονίῳ,
λαιμοτόμους κεφαλὰς
σπάσας, πόλισμα Τροίας
πέρσας κατ' ἄκρας πόλιν,
θήσει κόρας πολυκλαύστους
δάμαρτά τε Πριάμου.

CHORUS

(*Str.*)

Unto Simoïs, unto the silver-swirling
  Eddies, shall come the Hellene host,
With galleys, with battle-gear onward hurling
  To the plain of Phoebus, the Troyland coast,
Where tosseth Cassandra her tresses golden
With their garlands of green-leaved bay enfolden,
As they tell, when by mighty compulsion holden
  Her soul is on storm-winds of prophecy tost.

(*Ant.*)

On the heights of their towers shall the Trojans, enringing
  The ramparts of Troy, in their harness stand,
When over the waters the War-god, bringing
  The stately galleys with oars, to the strand
Draweth near, where the runnels of Simoïs are sliding,
To hale her, in Priam's halls who is hiding—
Sister of Zeus' Sons heaven-abiding—
  With buckler and spear unto Hellas-land.

(*Epode.*)

And the War-fiend shall girdle with slaughter
  Pergamus' towers of stone,
    And the captive's head back bend
    That the throat-shearing blade may descend,
When low in the dust he hath brought her,
  Troy, from her height overthrown.
He shall make for her maids a lamenting,
  And the queen of Priam shall moan,

ἁ δὲ Διὸς Ἑλένα κόρα
πολύκλαυτος ἐσεῖται
πόσιν προλιποῦσα. μήτ᾽ ἐμοὶ
μήτ᾽ ἐμοῖσι τέκνων τέκνοις
ἐλπὶς ἅδε ποτ᾽ ἔλθοι,
οἵαν αἱ πολύχρυσοι
Λυδαὶ καὶ Φρυγῶν ἄλοχοι
στήσουσι παρ᾽ ἱστοῖς
μυθεῦσαι τάδ᾽ ἐς ἀλλήλας·

τίς ἄρα μ᾽ εὐπλοκάμου κόμας
ῥῦμα δακρυόεν ταν ύσας
πατρίδος ὀλλυμένας ἀπολωτιεῖ;
διὰ σέ, τὰν κύκνου δολιχαύχενος γόνον,
εἰ δὴ φάτις ἔτυμος,
ὡς ἔτεκεν Λήδα σ᾽
ὄρνιθι πταμένῳ
Διὸς ὅτ᾽ ἀλλάχθη δέμας,
εἴτ᾽ ἐν δέλτοις Πιερίσιν
μῦθοι τάδ᾽ ἐς ἀνθρώπους
ἤνεγκαν παρὰ καιρὸν ἄλλως.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ποῦ τῶν Ἀχαιῶν ἐνθάδ᾽ ὁ στρατηλάτης;
τίς ἂν φράσειε προσπόλων τὸν Πηλέως
ζητοῦντά νιν παῖδ᾽ ἐν πύλαις Ἀχιλλέα;
οὐκ ἐξ ἴσου γὰρ μένομεν Εὐρίπου πέλας.
οἱ μὲν γὰρ ἡμῶν ὄντες ἄζυγες γάμων
οἴκους ἐρήμους ἐκλιπόντες ἐνθάδε
θάσσουσ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀκταῖς, οἱ δ᾽ ἔχοντες εὔνιδας
καὶ παῖδας· οὕτω δεινὸς ἐμπέπτωκ᾽ ἔρως
τῆσδε στρατείας Ἑλλάδ᾽ οὐκ ἄνευ θεῶν.
τοὐμὸν μὲν οὖν δίκαιον ἐμὲ λέγειν χρεών,

And the daughter of Zeus shall know
In that day, and the flood shall flow
Of Helen's tears of repenting,
Who hath left her husband lone.
Over me, over mine, may there loom—
No, not in the third generation—
Never such shadow of doom
As shall haunt each gold-decked dame
Of the Lydian, the Phrygian, nation,
As beside the weaving-frame
They shall wail to each other in fear, in despair:

"Ah, who on the braids of my shining hair
Clenching his grip till my tears down shower,
Me from my perishing country shall tear
As one plucketh a flower?—
For thy sake, child of the swan arch-necked,
If credence-worthy the story be
That Leda bare to a winged bird thee,
When Zeus with its plumes had his changed form
decked,
Or whether in scrolls of minstrelsy
Such tales unto mortals hath Fable brought,
Told out of season, and all for nought."

Enter ACHILLES

ACHILLES

Where is Achaea's battle-chief hereby?
What henchman will bear word that Peleus' son,
Achilles, at his gates is seeking him?
This tarrying here falls not alike on all;
For some there are of us who, yet unwed,
Have left their dwellings wardenless, and here
Sit idle on the shore, some that have wives
And children: such strange longing for this war
Hath upon Hellas fallen by heaven's will.
Mine own, my righteous grievance, must I speak,—

ἄλλος δ' ὁ χρῄζων αὐτὸς ὑπὲρ αὑτοῦ φράσει.
γῆν γὰρ λιπὼν Φάρσαλον ἠδὲ Πηλέα
μένω 'πὶ λεπταῖς ταισίδ' Εὐρίπου πνοαῖς,
Μυρμιδόνας ἴσχων· οἱ δ' ἀεὶ προσκείμενοι
λέγουσ'· Ἀχιλλεῦ, τί μένομεν; πόσον χρόνον
ἔτ' ἐκμετρῆσαι χρὴ πρὸς Ἰλίου στόλον;
δρᾶ δ', εἴ τι δράσεις, ἢ ἄπαγ' οἴκαδε στρατόν,
τὰ τῶν Ἀτρειδῶν μὴ μένων μελλήματα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ παῖ θεᾶς Νηρῆδος, ἔνδοθεν λόγων
τῶν σῶν ἀκούσασ' ἐξέβην πρὸ δωμάτων.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὦ πότνι' αἰδώς, τήνδε τίνα λεύσσω ποτὲ
γυναῖκα, μορφὴν εὐπρεπῆ κεκτημένην;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐ θαῦμά σ' ἡμᾶς ἀγνοεῖν, οἷς μὴ πάρος
προσῆκες· αἰνῶ δ' ὅτι σέβεις τὸ σωφρονεῖν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τίς δ' εἶ; τί δ' ἦλθες Δαναΐδων εἰς σύλλογον,
γυνὴ πρὸς ἄνδρας ἀσπίσιν πεφραγμένους;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

Λήδας μέν εἰμι παῖς, Κλυταιμνήστρα δέ μοι
ὄνομα, πόσις δέ μοὐστὶν Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας ἐν βραχεῖ τὰ καίρια.
αἰσχρὸν δέ μοι γυναιξὶ συμβάλλειν λόγους.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μεῖνον· τί φεύγεις; δεξιάν τ' ἐμῇ χερὶ
σύναψον, ἀρχὴν μακαρίων νυμφευμάτων.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τί φῄς: ἐγώ σοι δεξιάν; αἰδοίμεθ' ἂν
Ἀγαμέμνον', εἰ ψαύοιμεν ὧν μή μοι θέμις.

Let whoso will beside, his own cause plead :—
Pharsalia's land and Peleus have I left,
And through these light airs of Euripus wait,
Checking my Myrmidons : yet urgent aye
They cry, "Why dally, Achilles ? How long time
Yet must the Troyward-bound array wait on ?
Act, if thou canst ; else lead thy war-host home,
Waiting no more on Atreus' sons' delays."

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child of the Nereïd Goddess, from within
Thy voice I heard, and come without the tent.

ACHILLES

Great Queen of Shamefastness, what lady here
Behold I crowned with peerless loveliness ?

CLYTEMNESTRA

No marvel thou shouldst know me not, unseen
Ere this :—thy shrinking modesty I praise.

ACHILLES

Who art thou ? Why cam'st thou to Achaea's host—
A woman unto men with bucklers fenced ?

CLYTEMNESTRA

I am Leda's daughter ; Clytemnestra named
Am I : King Agamemnon is my lord.

ACHILLES

Well hast thou said in brief what most imports :—
Yet shame were this, that I with women talk !

CLYTEMNESTRA

Stay—wherefore flee ? Nay, give me thy right hand
To clasp, the prelude to espousals blest.

ACHILLES

How say'st ?—mine hand in thine ? Ashamed were I
Before thy lord of such unsanctioned touch.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

θέμις μάλιστα, τὴν ἐμὴν ἐπεὶ γαμεῖς
παῖδ', ὦ θεᾶς παῖ ποντίας Νηρηίδος.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ποιους γάμους φής; ἀφασία μ' ἔχει, γύναι.
εἰ μή τι παρανοοῦσα καινουργεῖς λόγον.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πᾶσιν τόδ' ἐμπέφυκεν, αἰδεῖσθαι φίλους
καινοὺς ὁρῶσι καὶ γάμου μεμνημένοις.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

οὐπώποτ' ἐμνήστευσα παῖδα σήν, γύναι,
οὐδ' ἐξ Ἀτρειδῶν ἦλθέ μοι λόγος γάμων.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δῆτ' ἂν εἴη; σὺ πάλιν αὖ λόγους ἐμοὺς
θαύμαζ'· ἐμοὶ γὰρ θαύματ' ἐστὶ τἀπὸ σοῦ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

εἴκαζε· κοινόν ἐστιν εἰκάζειν τάδε·
ἄμφω γὰρ οὐ ψευδόμεθα τοῖς λόγοις ἴσως.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἀλλ' ἦ πέπονθα δεινά; μνηστεύω γάμους
οὐκ ὄντας, ὡς εἴξασιν· αἰδοῦμαι τάδε.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἴσως ἐκερτόμησε κἀμὲ καὶ σέ τις.
ἀλλ' ἀμελίᾳ δὸς αὐτὰ καὶ φαύλως φέρε.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

χαῖρ'· οὐ γὰρ ὀρθοῖς ὄμμασίν σ' ἔτ' εἰσορῶ,
ψευδὴς γενομένη καὶ παθοῦσ' ἀνάξια.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

καὶ σοὶ τόδ' ἐστὶν ἐξ ἐμοῦ· πόσιν δὲ σὸν
στείχω ματεύσων τῶνδε δωμάτων ἔσω.

CLYTEMNESTRA

'Tis wholly sanctioned, since thou art to wed
My child, O son of the Lady of the Sea.

ACHILLES

What wedding this? I know not what to say—
Except of crazed wits this strange utterance come.

CLYTEMNESTRA

'Tis all men's nature so in shame to shrink
Before new kin and talk of spousal-rites.

ACHILLES

Lady, thy daughter have I never wooed,
Nor word of marriage Atreus' sons have said.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What shall this mean? Thou marvel at my words
In turn; for passing strange are thine to me.

ACHILLES

Think:—we have common cause to search out this.
Perchance nor thou nor I speak false herein.

CLYTEMNESTRA

How?—have I been abused? Seek I a bridal
Which is not, as doth seem? I am crushed with shame!

ACHILLES

Some one perchance hath mocked both thee and me.
Nay, lightly hold it, lay it not to heart.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Farewell. I cannot with unshrinking eyes
Meet thine, who am made a liar, outraged so.

ACHILLES

Farewell I bid thee too. I pass within
Yonder pavilion now to seek thy lord.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὦ ξέν', Αἰακοῦ γένεθλον, μεῖνον, ὦ σέ τοι λέγω,
τὸν θεᾶς γεγῶτα παῖδα, καὶ σὲ τὴν Λήδας κόρην.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τίς ὁ καλῶν πύλας παροίξας; ὡς τεταρβηκὼς καλεῖ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

δοῦλος, οὐχ ἁβρύνομαι τῷδ'· ἡ τύχη γὰρ οὐκ ἐᾷ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τίνος; ἐμὸς μὲν οὐχί· χωρὶς τἀμὰ κἀγαμέμνονος.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

τῆσδε τῆς πάροιθεν οἴκων, Τυνδάρεω δόντος πατρός.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἕσταμεν· φράζ', εἴ τι χρῄζεις, ὧν μ' ἐπέσχες εἵνεκα.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἦ μόνω παρόντε δῆτα ταῖσδ' ἐφέστατον πύλαις;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὡς μόνοις λέγοις ἄν, ἔξω δ' ἐλθὲ βασιλικῶν δόμων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὦ τύχη πρόνοιά θ' ἡμή, σώσαθ' οὓς ἐγὼ θέλω.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὁ λόγος εἰς μέλλοντ' ἀνοίσει χρόνον· ἔχει δ' ὄγκον τινά.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δεξιᾶς ἕκατι μὴ μέλλ', εἴ τί μοι χρῄζεις λέγειν.

OLD SERVANT (*from within the tent*)

Stranger, Aeacus' scion, tarry thou: what ho, to thee I call [unto thee withal.
Whom the Goddess bare!—and Leda's daughter,

ACHILLES

Who through doors half-opened calleth?—calleth with what fearful breath?

OLD SERVANT

Bond am I; the name I scorn not—neither fortune suffereth.

ACHILLES

Whose? Not mine art thou, no part in Agamemnon's goods I have.

OLD SERVANT

Hers, who stands before the tent: me Tyndareus her father gave.

ACHILLES

Lo, I stay: if aught thou wouldst, speak that for which thou bad'st me wait.

OLD SERVANT

Stand ye twain alone—none other near hereby—before the gate?

ACHILLES

Speak: alone we are. From out the king's pavilion come thou nigher.

OLD SERVANT (*entering from tent*)

Fortune, and my foresight, save ye them whose saving I desire!

ACHILLES

Stately invocation this!—it may for needs to come avail!

CLYTEMNESTRA (*as* O. S. *is about to kneel to her*)

Linger not to touch mine hand, if thou to me wouldst tell thy tale.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οἶσθα δῆτά μ' ὅστις ὢν σοὶ καὶ τέκνοις εὔνους ἔφυν;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οἶδά σ' ὄντ' ἐγὼ παλαιὸν δωμάτων ἐμῶν λάτριν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

χὤτι μ' ἐν ταῖς σαῖσι φερναῖς ἔλαβεν Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἦλθες εἰς Ἄργος μεθ' ἡμῶν κἀμὸς ἦσθ' ἀεί ποτε.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὧδ' ἔχει. καὶ σοὶ μὲν εὔνους εἰμί, σῷ δ' ἧσσον πόσει.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐκκάλυπτε νῦν ποθ' ἡμῖν οὕστινας στέγεις λόγους.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

παῖδα σὴν πατὴρ ὁ φύσας αὐτόχειρ μέλλει κτανεῖν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πῶς; ἀπέπτυσ', ὦ γεραιέ, μῦθον· οὐ γὰρ εὖ φρονεῖς.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

φασγάνῳ λευκὴν φονεύων τῆς ταλαιπώρου δέρην.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ. μεμηνὼς ἆρα τυγχάνει πόσις;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἀρτίφρων, πλὴν εἰς σὲ καὶ σὴν παῖδα· τοῦτο δ' οὐ φρονεῖ.

OLD SERVANT

Loyal to thee and to thy children well thou knowest me, I ween,—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yea, I know that from of old mine house's servant thou hast been.

OLD SERVANT

And that Agamemnon gat me in possession with thy dower?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thou to Argos camest with me, hast been mine unto this hour.

OLD SERVANT

So it is: to thee devoted more than to thy lord am I.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Prithee now unveil thy secret, whatsoe'er the mystery.

OLD SERVANT

Lo, thy child her very father with his own hand soon shall slay.

CLYTEMNESTRA

How?—avaunt the story, ancient! Sure thy wit is all astray!

OLD SERVANT

Severing thine unhappy daughter's snowy neck with murder's sword.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Oh, alas for me! Now haply murder-frenzied is my lord.

OLD SERVANT

Sane—save touching thee and this thy daughter: only mad herein.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐκ τίνος λόγου; τίς αὐτὸν οὑπάγων ἀλαστόρων;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

θέσφαθ', ὥς γέ φησι Κάλχας, ἵνα πορεύηται στρατός.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ποῖ; τάλαιν' ἐγώ, τάλαινα δ' ἣν πατὴρ μέλλει κτανεῖν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Δαρδάνου πρὸς δώμαθ', Ἑλένην Μενέλεως ὅπως λάβῃ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

εἰς ἄρ' Ἰφιγένειαν Ἑλένης νόστος ἦν πεπρωμένος;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

πάντ' ἔχεις· Ἀρτέμιδι θύσειν παῖδα σὴν μέλλει πατήρ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὁ δὲ γάμος παρεῖχε[1] πρόφασιν, ἥ μ' ἐκόμισεν ἐκ δόμων;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἵν' ἀγάγοις χαίρουσ' Ἀχιλλεῖ παῖδα νυμφεύσουσα σήν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ θύγατερ, ἥκεις ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ καὶ σὺ καὶ μήτηρ σέθεν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οἰκτρὰ πάσχετον δύ' οὖσαι· δεινὰ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων ἔτλη.

[1] Gomperz: for τίν' εἶχε of MSS.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What the reason? What avenging Demon drives him to the sin?

OLD SERVANT

Oracles, as Calchas sayeth, that the host may pass the sea.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Whither? Woe for me, for thee, whose father waits to murder thee!

OLD SERVANT

Unto Dardanus' halls, that Menelaus may bring Helen home.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ha! is Helen's home-returning fraught with Iphigeneia's doom?

OLD SERVANT

Thou hast all: the sire will sacrifice thy child to Artemis.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And the marriage made the pretext!—drew me from my home to this!

OLD SERVANT

So that thou shouldst gladly bring thy child to be Achilles' bride.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Daughter, to destruction com'st thou, and thy mother at thy side!

OLD SERVANT

Piteous lot is thine, is hers, and awful deed thy lord essayed.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οἴχομαι τάλαινα, δακρύων νάματ' οὐκέτι στέγω.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

εἴπερ ἀλγεινὸν τὸ τέκνων στερομένον, δακρυρρόει.[1]

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

σὺ δὲ τάδ', ὦ γέρον, πόθεν φῂς εἰδέναι πεπυσμένος;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

δέλτον ᾠχόμην φέρων σοι πρὸς τὰ πρὶν γεγραμμένα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἐῶν ἢ ξυγκελεύων παῖδ' ἄγειν θανουμένην;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

μὴ μὲν οὖν ἄγειν· φρονῶν γὰρ ἔτυχε σὸς πόσις τότ' εὖ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κᾆτα πῶς φέρων γε δέλτον οὐκ ἐμοὶ δίδως λαβεῖν;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Μενέλεως ἀφείλεθ' ἡμᾶς, ὃς κακῶν τῶνδ' αἴτιος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τέκνον Νηρῇδος, ὦ παῖ Πηλέως, κλύεις τάδε;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἔκλυον οὖσαν ἀθλίαν σε, τὸ δ' ἐμὸν οὐ φαύλως φέρω.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

παῖδά μου κατακτενοῦσι σοῖς δολώσαντες γάμοις.

[1] Weil; for στερομένην δακρυρροεῖν of MSS.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Woe is me! Undone! The fountains of my tears may not be stayed!

OLD SERVANT

If 'tis pain to be bereft of children, let the tear-flood flow.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Nay, but ancient, whence hast heard it, sayest thou? How dost thou know?

OLD SERVANT

With a letter touching that aforetime written, hasted I.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Countermanding, or re-urging me to bring my child to die?

OLD SERVANT

Nay, forbidding thee to bring; for then thy lord was sound of wit.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Why then, bearing such a scroll, to me didst not deliver it?

OLD SERVANT

Menelaus snatched it from me, cause of all these miseries.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child of Thetis, Son of Peleus, hearest thou these infamies?

ACHILLES

Yea, I hear thy sorrow, nor my part therein I tamely bear.

CLYTEMNESTRA

They will slay my daughter, setting thine espousals for a snare!

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

μέμφομαι κἀγὼ πόσει σῷ, κοὐχ ἁπλῶς οὕτω φέρω.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἐπαιδεσθησόμεσθα προσπεσεῖν τὸ σὸν γόνυ,
θνητὸς ἐκ θεᾶς γεγῶτα· τί γὰρ ἐγὼ σεμνύνομαι;
περὶ τίνος σπουδαστέον μοι μᾶλλον ἢ τέκνου πέρι;
ἀλλ' ἄμυνον, ὦ θεᾶς παῖ, τῇ τ' ἐμῇ δυσπραξίᾳ
τῇ τε λεχθείσῃ δάμαρτι σῇ, μάτην μέν, ἀλλ' ὅμως.
σοὶ καταστέψασ' ἐγώ νιν ἦγον ὡς γαμουμένην,
νῦν δ' ἐπὶ σφαγὰς κομίζω· σοὶ δ' ὄνειδος ἵξεται,
ὅστις οὐκ ἤμυνας· εἰ γὰρ μὴ γάμοισιν ἐζύγης,
ἀλλ' ἐκλήθης γοῦν ταλαίνης παρθένου φίλος πόσις.
πρὸς γενειάδος δέ, πρὸς σῆς δεξιᾶς, πρὸς μητέρος·
ὄνομα γὰρ τὸ σόν μ' ἀπώλεσ', ᾧ σ' ἀμυναθεῖν χρεών.
οὐκ ἔχω βωμὸν καταφυγεῖν ἄλλον ἢ τὸ σὸν γόνυ,
οὐδὲ φίλος οὐδεὶς πελᾷ μοι· τὰ δ' Ἀγαμέμνονος κλύεις
ὠμὰ καὶ πάντολμ'· ἀφῖγμαι δ', ὥσπερ εἰσορᾷς, γυνὴ
ναυτικὸν στράτευμ' ἄναρχον κἀπὶ τοῖς κακοῖς θρασύ,
χρήσιμον δ', ὅταν θέλωσιν. ἢν δὲ τολμήσῃς σύ μου
χεῖρ' ὑπερτεῖναι, σεσώσμεθ'· εἰ δὲ μή, οὐ σεσώσμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸν τὸ τίκτειν καὶ φέρει φίλτρον μέγα,
πᾶσίν τε κοινὸν ὥσθ' ὑπερκάμνειν τέκνων.

ACHILLES

Wroth am I against thy lord: I count it not a little
thing.

CLYTEMNESTRA

I will not think shame to bow me down unto thy knees
to cling,— [pride to me?
Mortal unto child of Goddess:—what is matron-
Lo, for whom above my daughter should I labour in-
stantly? [pair
Ah, be thou, O goddess-born, protector unto my des-
And unto the maiden named thy bride, all vainly though
it were. [bride I came—
All for thee I wreathed her; leading her to be thy
Came to slaughter leading her!—on thee shall fall
reproach's shame, [linked in marriage-ties,
Who didst shield her not; for though ye ne'er were
Yet the hapless maiden's husband wast thou called in
any wise. [deity!—
By thy beard I pray, thy right hand, by thy mother's
Since thy name was mine undoing, see thy name un-
tarnished be. [tress.
Altar have I none to flee to, save thy knee, in my dis-
Not a friend is near. Of Agamemnon's cruel reckless-
ness [dost behold,—
Thou hast heard; and I am come—a woman, as thou
Unto this array of seafolk, lawless, and to evil bold,
Yet, so they be willing, strong to help. If thou but
dare extend
O'er mine head thine hand, our life is saved; if not,
our life hath end.

CHORUS

Mighty is motherhood, of potent spell:
All mothers for a child's life will fight hard.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὑψηλόφρων μοι θυμὸς αἴρεται πρόσω·
ἐπίσταται δὲ τοῖς κακοῖσί τ' ἀσχαλᾶν
μετρίως τε χαίρειν τοῖσιν ἐξωγκωμένοις.
λελογισμένοι γὰρ οἱ τοιοίδ' εἰσὶν βροτῶν
ὀρθῶς διαζῆν τὸν βίον γνώμης μέτα.
ἔστιν μὲν οὖν ἵν' ἡδὺ μὴ λίαν φρονεῖν,
ἔστιν δὲ χὤπου χρήσιμον γνώμην ἔχειν.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐν ἀνδρὸς εὐσεβεστάτου τραφεὶς
Χείρωνος, ἔμαθον τοὺς τρόπους ἁπλοῦς ἔχειν.
καὶ τοῖς Ἀτρείδαις, ἢν μὲν ἡγῶνται καλῶς,
πεισόμεθ'· ὅταν δὲ μὴ καλῶς, οὐ πείσομαι.
ἀλλ' ἐνθάδ' ἐν Τροίᾳ τ' ἐλευθέραν φύσιν
παρέχων, Ἄρη τὸ κατ' ἐμὲ κοσμήσω δορί.
σὲ δ', ὦ παθοῦσα σχέτλια πρὸς τῶν φιλτάτων,
ἃ δὴ κατ' ἄνδρα γίγνεται νεανίαν,
τοσοῦτον οἶκτον περιβαλὼν καταστελῶ,
κοὔποτε κόρη σὴ πρὸς πατρὸς σφαγήσεται,
ἐμὴ φατισθεῖσ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐμπλέκειν πλοκὰς
ἐγὼ παρέξω σῷ πόσει τοὐμὸν δέμας.
τοὔνομα γάρ, εἰ καὶ μὴ σίδηρον ἤρατο,
τοὐμὸν φονεύσει παῖδα σήν. τὸ δ' αἴτιον,
πόσις σός· ἁγνὸν δ' οὐκέτ' ἐστὶ σῶμ' ἐμόν,
εἰ δι' ἔμ' ὀλεῖται διά τε τοὺς ἐμοὺς γάμους
ἡ δεινὰ τλᾶσα κοὐκ ἀνεκτὰ παρθένος
θαυμαστὰ δ' ὡς ἀνάξι' ἠτιμασμένη.
ἐγὼ κάκιστος ἦν ἄρ' Ἀργείων ἀνήρ,
ἐγὼ τὸ μηδέν, Μενέλεως δ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν,
ὡς οὐχὶ Πηλέως, ἀλλ' ἀλάστορος γεγώς,
εἴπερ φονεύσει τοὐμὸν ὄνομα σῷ πόσει.
μὰ τὸν δι' ὑγρῶν κυμάτων τεθραμμένον
Νηρέα, φυτουργὸν Θέτιδος ἥ μ' ἐγείνατο,

ACHILLES

My whole soul's chivalry is to action stirred :—
Yet hath my soul learnt temperance in grief
For troubles, and in joy for triumphs won :
For such men are by reason schooled to pass
Through life well, in cool judgment self-reliant ;—
True, pain sometimes rewards the over-wise,
Yet oft of self-reliance profit comes.
Fostered by Cheiron, one that feared God most,
Was I, and learned to tread no tortuous ways.
And Atreus' sons, if righteously they lead,
Will I obey ; else will I not obey.
Here, as in Troy, I'll keep me free man still,
And, as I may, will grace a hero's part.
Thee, lady, outraged by thy nearest kin,
Will I, so far as such young champion can,
Right ; so shall my compassion buckler thee.

Ne'er by her father slain shall be thy child,
Once called my bride. I will not lend myself
To be thy lord's tool in his subtle plots ;
Else my mere name, though it have drawn no sword,
Shall slay thy daughter :—and the cause thereof
Thy lord ! My very blood were murder-tainted,
If this maid, suffering wrongs intolerable,
For my sake and my marriage be destroyed,
With outrage past belief unmerited.
So were I basest among Argive men,
A thing of nought,—and Menelaus a man !—
Sprung of no Peleus, but some vengeance-fiend,
If my name shall do butchery for thy lord !
No, by the foster-son of Ocean's waves,
Nereus, the sire of Thetis who bare me,

οὐχ ἅψεται σῆς θυγατρὸς Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ,
οὐδ' εἰς ἄκραν χεῖρ', ὥστε προσβαλεῖν πέπλοις·
ἢ Σίπυλος ἔσται πόλις ὅρισμα βαρβάρων,
ὅθεν πεφύκασ' οἱ στρατηλάται γένος,
Φθίας δὲ τοὔνομ' οὐδαμοῦ κεκλήσεται.
πικροὺς δὲ προχύτας χέρνιβάς τ' ἐνάρξεται
Κάλχας ὁ μάντις. τίς δὲ μάντις ἔστ' ἀνήρ,
ὃς ὀλίγ' ἀληθῆ, πολλὰ δὲ ψευδῆ λέγει
τυχών, ὅταν δὲ μὴ τύχῃ, διοίχεται;
οὐ τῶν γάμων ἕκατι—μυρίαι κόραι
θηρῶσι λέκτρον τοὐμόν—εἴρηται τόδε·
ἀλλ' ὕβριν ἐς ἡμᾶς ὕβρισ' Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ·
χρῆν δ' αὐτὸν αἰτεῖν τοὐμὸν ὄνομ' ἐμοῦ πάρα,
θήραμα παιδός· ἡ Κλυταιμνήστρα δ' ἐμοὶ
μάλιστ' ἐπείσθη θυγατέρ' ἐκδοῦναι πόσει.
ἔδωκά τἂν Ἕλλησιν, εἰ πρὸς Ἴλιον
ἐν τῷδ' ἔκαμνε νόστος· οὐκ ἠρνούμεθ' ἂν
τὸ κοινὸν αὔξειν ὧν μέτ' ἐστρατευόμην.
νῦν δ' οὐδέν εἰμι παρά γε τοῖς στρατηλάταις,
ἐν εὐμαρεῖ τε δρᾶν τε καὶ μὴ δρᾶν καλῶς.
τάχ' εἴσεται σίδηρος, ὃν πρὶν εἰς Φρύγας
ἐλθεῖν, φόνου κηλῖσιν αἵματος χρανῶ,
εἴ τίς με τὴν σὴν θυγατέρ' ἐξαιρήσεται.
ἀλλ' ἡσύχαζε· θεὸς ἐγὼ πέφηνά σοι
μέγιστος, οὐκ ὤν· ἀλλ' ὅμως γενήσομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔλεξας, ὦ παῖ Πηλέως, σοῦ τ' ἄξια
καὶ τῆς ἐναλίας δαίμονος, σεμνῆς θεοῦ.

King Agamemnon shall not touch thy child—
Not on her robe to lay a finger-tip!
Else half-barbaric Sipylus[1] were a city,
Whence sprang the line of yonder war-chiefs' house,
And Phthia's name were nowhere named of men.
His meal, his laver-drops of sacrifice,
Calchas the seer shall rue! What is a seer?
A man who speaks few truths, but many lies,
When his shafts hit, who is ruined if he miss.
It is not for the bride's sake—brides untold
Are eager for mine hand—that this I say.
But King Agamemnon hath insulted me.
He ought to have asked my name's use first of me
To trap his child. Chiefly through trust in me
Did Clytemnestra yield her lord her daughter.
I had granted this to Greece, if only so
The voyage to Troy might be,—had not refused
To aid their cause with whom I marched to war.
But now in yon chief's eyes I am as nought:
To honour me or shame me is all one!
Soon shall my sword know—ere it go to Troy
I will distain it with death-dews of blood—
If any man shall wrest from me thy daughter.
Calm thee: as some God strong to save I come,
Though I be none; yet will I prove me such.

CHORUS

Thou speakest, son of Peleus, worthily
Of thee, and of the sea-born Goddess dread.

[1] In Lydia. The Greek, in view of all that the word πόλις implied to him, scorned to apply it to what he regarded as mere collections of dwellings of semi-savages.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

φεῦ·
πῶς ἄν σ' ἐπαινέσαιμι μὴ λίαν λόγοις,
μηδ' ἐνδεῶς τοῦδ' ἀπολέσαιμι τὴν χάριν;
αἰνούμενοι γὰρ ἀγαθοὶ τρόπον τινὰ
μισοῦσι τοὺς αἰνοῦντας, ἢν αἰνῶσ' ἄγαν.
αἰσχύνομαι δὲ παραφέρουσ' οἰκτροὺς λόγους,
ἰδίᾳ νοσοῦσα· σὺ δ' ἄνοσος κακῶν γ' ἐμῶν.
ἀλλ' οὖν ἔχει τοι σχῆμα, κἂν ἄπωθεν ᾖ
ἀνὴρ ὁ χρηστός, δυστυχοῦντας ὠφελεῖν.
οἴκτειρε δ' ἡμᾶς· οἰκτρὰ γὰρ πεπόνθαμεν.
ἣ πρῶτα μέν σε γαμβρὸν οἰηθεῖσ' ἔχειν,
κενὴν κατέσχον ἐλπίδ'· εἶτά σοι τάχα
ὄρνις γένοιτ' ἂν τοῖσι μέλλουσιν γάμοις
θανοῦσ' ἐμὴ παῖς, ὅ σε φυλάξασθαι χρεών.
ἀλλ' εὖ μὲν ἀρχὰς εἶπας, εὖ δὲ καὶ τέλη·
σοῦ γὰρ θέλοντος παῖς ἐμὴ σωθήσεται.
βούλει νιν ἱκέτιν σὸν περιπτύξαι γόνυ;
ἀπαρθένευτα μὲν τάδ'· εἰ δέ σοι δοκεῖ,
ἥξει, δι' αἰδοῦς ὄμμ' ἔχουσ' ἐλεύθερον.
εἰ δ' οὐ παρούσης ταὐτὰ τεύξομαι σέθεν,
μενέτω κατ' οἴκους· σεμνὰ γὰρ σεμνύνεται.
ὅμως δ' ὅσον γε δυνατὸν αἰδεῖσθαι χρεών.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

σὺ μήτε σὴν παῖδ' ἔξαγ' ὄψιν εἰς ἐμήν,
μήτ' εἰς ὄνειδος ἀμαθὲς ἔλθωμεν, γύναι·
στρατὸς γὰρ ἀθρόος ἀργὸς ὢν τῶν οἴκοθεν
λέσχας πονηρὰς καὶ κακοστόμους φιλεῖ.
πάντως δέ μ' ἱκετεύοντες ἥξετ' εἰς ἴσον,
εἴ τ' ἀνικετεύτως· εἷς ἐμοὶ γάρ ἐστ' ἀγὼν

CLYTEMNESTRA

How can I praise thee, and not overpraise,
And yet not mar the grace by stint thereof?
For good men praised do in a manner hate
The praiser if he praiseth overmuch.[1]
I blush to thrust on thee my piteous tale.
My pain is mine; mine anguish wrings not thee.
Yet is it nobly done, when from his height
The good man stoops to help the stricken ones.
Pity me, for in piteous case am I,
Who, first, had dreamed that thou shouldst wed my child,—
Vain hope was mine!—next, haply unto thee
Ill omen for thy bridal yet to come
Should be my child's death: take thou heed thereof.
Well spakest thou, the first things as the last.
For, if thou will it, shall my child be saved.
Wouldst thou she clasped thy knees, a suppliant?
No maiden's part this—yet, if thou think well,
She shall come, lifting innocent frank eyes.
But if without her I may win my suit,
In maiden pride let her abide within:
Yet modesty bows to hard necessity.

ACHILLES

Nay, bring not forth thy daughter in my sight,
Nor, lady, risk we the reproach of fools:
For this thronged host, of all home-trammels free,
Loves evil babble of malicious tongues.
In any wise the same end shall ye gain
Praying or prayerless; for one mighty strife

[1] Excessive praise was believed to provoke the Gods' jealousy. Hence no true friend would indulge in it.

μέγιστος ὑμᾶς ἐξαπαλλάξαι κακῶν.
ὡς ἕν γ' ἀκούσασ' ἴσθι, μὴ ψευδῶς μ' ἐρεῖν·
ψευδῆ λέγων δὲ καὶ μάτην ἐγκερτομῶν
θάνοιμι· μὴ θάνοιμι δ', ἢν σώσω κόρην.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὄναιο συνεχῶς δυστυχοῦντας ὠφελῶν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἄκουε δή νυν, ἵνα τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἔχῃ καλῶς.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί τοῦτ' ἔλεξας; ὡς ἀκουστέον γέ σου.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

πείθωμεν αὖθις πατέρα βέλτιον φρονεῖν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κακός τίς ἐστι καὶ λίαν ταρβεῖ στρατόν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' οἱ λόγοι γε καταπαλαίουσιν φόβους.[1]

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ψυχρὰ μὲν ἐλπίς· ὅ τι δὲ χρή με δρᾶν φράσον.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἱκέτευ' ἐκεῖνον πρῶτα μὴ κτείνειν τέκνα·
ἢν δ' ἀντιβαίνῃ, πρὸς ἐμέ σοι πορευτέον.
εἰ γὰρ τὸ χρῇζον ἐπίθετ', οὐ τοὐμὸν χρεὼν
χωρεῖν· ἔχει γὰρ τοῦτο τὴν σωτηρίαν.
κἀγώ τ' ἀμείνων πρὸς φίλον γενήσομαι,
στρατός τ' ἂν οὐ μέμψαιτό μ', εἰ τὰ πράγματα
λελογισμένως πράσσοιμι μᾶλλον ἢ σθένει.
καλῶς δὲ κρανθέντων πρὸς ἡδονὴν φίλοις
σοί τ' ἂν γένοιτο κἂν ἐμοῦ χωρὶς τάδε.

[1] Musgrave: for λόγους of MSS.

Waits me,—from evil to deliver you.
One thing be sure thou hast heard—I will not lie.
If lie I do, or mock you, may I die,
And only die not, if I save the maid.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Heaven bless thee, who still succourest the distressed!

ACHILLES

Now hear me, that the matter well may speed.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What meanest thou? I needs must list to thee.

ACHILLES

Let us to a better mood persuade her sire.

CLYTEMNESTRA

He is something craven—fears o'ermuch the host.

ACHILLES.

Yet mightier wrestler reason is than fear.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Cold hope is this: yet say what I must do.

ACHILLES

Beseech him first to murder not his child.
If he withstand thee, come thou unto me.
For, if he heed thy prayer, I need not stir,
Since in this very yielding is her life;
And friendlier so to a friend shall I appear.
Nor shall the army blame me, if I bring
This thing to pass by reason, not by force.
If all go well, upon thy friends and thee
Shall gladness dawn, and that without mine aid.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὡς σώφρον' εἶπας. δραστέον δ' ἅ σοι δοκεῖ.
ἢν δ' αὖ τι μὴ πράσσωμεν ὧν ἐγὼ θέλω,
ποῦ σ' αὖθις ὀψόμεσθα; ποῖ χρή μ' ἀθλίαν
ἐλθοῦσαν εὑρεῖν σὴν χέρ' ἐπίκουρον κακῶν;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἡμεῖς σε φύλακες οὗ χρεὼν φυλάξομεν,
μή τίς σ' ἴδῃ στείχουσαν ἐπτοημένην
Δαναῶν δι' ὄχλου· μηδὲ πατρῷον δόμον
αἴσχυν'· ὁ γάρ τοι Τυνδάρεως οὐκ ἄξιος
κακῶς ἀκούειν· ἐν γὰρ Ἕλλησιν μέγας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔσται τάδ'. ἄρχε· σοί με δουλεύειν χρεών.
εἰ δ' εἰσὶ θεοί, δίκαιος ὢν ἀνήρ, θεῶν
ἐσθλῶν κυρήσεις· εἰ δὲ μή, τί δεῖ πονεῖν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς ἄρ' ὑμέναιος διὰ λωτοῦ Λίβυος — στρ.
μετά τε φιλοχόρου κιθάρας
συρίγγων θ' ὑπὸ καλαμοεσ-
σᾶν ἔστασεν ἰαχάν,
ὅτ' ἀνὰ Πήλιον αἱ καλλιπλόκαμοι
Πιερίδες παρὰ δαιτὶ θεῶν
χρυσεοσάνδαλον ἴχνος
ἐν γᾷ κρούουσαι
Πηλέως εἰς γάμον ἦλθον,
μελῳδοῖς Θέτιν ἀχήμασι τόν τ' Αἰακίδαν
Κενταύρων ἀν' ὄρος κλέουσαι
Πηλιάδα καθ' ὕλαν.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ah wise words! I must act as seems thee best.
But, if we shall not gain mine heart's desire,
Where shall I see thee?—whither shall I go
In misery, to find thy champion hand?

ACHILLES

Where best befits will I keep watch for thee,
That none behold thee traversing wild-eyed
The Danaan host. Shame not thy father's house;
For Tyndareus deserves not to be made
A mock, for great is he midst Hellene men.

CLYTEMNESTRA

This shall be. Rule thou—I must be thy thrall.
If there be Gods, thy righteousness shall earn
Their favour; if not, wherefore should men toil?

[*Exeunt severally* ACHILLES *and* CLYTEMNESTRA.

CHORUS

O what bridal-chant rang with the crying (*Str.*)
Of the Libyan flute,
With the footfall of dancers replying
To the voice of the lute,
With the thrill of the reeds' glad greeting,
In the day when o'er Pelion fleeting
Unto Peleus' espousals, with beating
Of golden-shod foot,
The beautiful-tressed Song-maidens
To the Gods' feast came,
And their bridal-hymn's ravishing cadence
Bore Thetis's fame
O'er the hills of the Centaurs far-pealing,
Through the woodlands of Pelion soft-stealing,
The new-born splendour revealing
Of the Aeacid's name!

ὁ δὲ Δαρδανίδας, Διὸς
λέκτρων τρύφημα φίλον,
χρυσέοισιν ἄφυσσε λοιβὰν
ἐν κρατήρων γυάλοις,
ὁ Φρύγιος Γανυμήδης.
παρὰ δὲ λευκοφαῆ ψάμαθον
εἱλισσόμεναι κύκλια
πεντήκοντα κόραι γάμους
Νηρέως ἐχόρευσαν.

ἀνὰ δ' ἐλάταισι στεφανώδει τε χλόᾳ ἀντ.
θίασος ἔμολεν ἱπποβάτας
Κενταύρων ἐπὶ δαῖτα τὰν
θεῶν κρατῆρά τε Βάκχου.

μέγα δ' ἀνέκλαγον· ὦ Νηρηὶ κόρα,
παῖδα σὲ Θεσσαλίᾳ μέγα φῶς
μάντις ὁ φοιβάδα μοῦσαν
εἰδὼς γεννάσειν
Χείρων ἐξονόμαζεν,
ὃς ἥξει χθόνα λογχήρεσι σὺν Μυρμιδόνων
ἀσπισταῖς Πριάμοιο κλεινὰν
γαῖαν ἐκπυρώσων,
περὶ σώματι χρυσέων
ὅπλων Ἡφαιστοπόνων
κεκορυθμένος ἔνδυτ', ἐκ θεᾶς
ματρὸς δωρήματ' ἔχων
Θέτιδος, ἅ νιν ἔτικτε.

μακάριον τότε δαίμονες
τᾶς εὐπάτριδος γάμον
Νηρῄδων ἔθεσαν πρώτας
Πηλέως θ' ὑμεναίους.

And Dardanus' child, whom the pinion
Of the eagle bore
From Phrygia, Ganymede, minion
Of Zeus, did pour
From the gold's depths nectar; while dancing
Feet of the Sea-maids were glancing
Through circles, through mazes entrancing
The white sands o'er.

Leaf-crowned came the Centaur riders (*Ant.*)
With their lances of pine
To the feast of the Heaven-abiders,
And the bowls of their wine.
"Hail, Sea-queen!"—so rang their acclaiming—
"A light over Thessaly flaming"—
Sang Cheiron, the unborn naming—
"Achilles shall shine."
And, as Phoebus made clearer the vision,
"He shall pass," sang the seer,
"Unto Priam's proud land on a mission
Of fire, with the spear
And the shield of the Myrmidons, clashing
In gold; for the Fire-king's crashing
Forges shall clothe him with flashing
Warrior-gear:
Of his mother the gift shall be given,
Of Thetis brought down."
So did the Dwellers in Heaven
With happiness crown
The espousals of Nereus's Daughter,
When a bride unto Peleus they brought her
Of the seed of the Lords of the Water
Chief in renown.

σὲ δ' ἐπὶ κάρᾳ στέψουσι καλλικόμαν ἐπῳδ.
πλόκαμον Ἀργεῖοι, βαλιὰν
ὥστε πετραίων ἀπ' ἄντρων ἐλθοῦσαν ὀρέων
μόσχον ἀκήρατον, βρότειον
αἱμάσσοντες λαιμόν·
οὐ σύριγγι τραφεῖσαν, οὐδ'
ἐν ῥοιβδήσεσι βουκόλων.
παρὰ δὲ ματέρι νυμφοκόμον
Ἰναχίδαις γάμον.

ποῦ τὸ τᾶς αἰδοῦς
ἢ τὸ τᾶς ἀρετᾶς ἔχει
σθένειν τι πρόσωπον;
ὁπότε τὸ μὲν ἄσεπτον ἔχει
δύνασιν, ἁ δ' ἀρετὰ κατόπι-
σθεν θνατοῖς ἀμελεῖται,
ἀνομία δὲ νόμων κρατεῖ.
καὶ μὴ κοινὸς ἀγὼν βροτοῖς,
μή τις θεῶν φθόνος ἔλθῃ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐξῆλθον οἴκων προσκοπουμένη πόσιν,
χρόνιον ἀπόντα κἀκλελοιπότα στέγας.
ἐν δακρύοισι δ' ἡ τάλαινα παῖς ἐμή,
πολλὰς ἱεῖσα μεταβολὰς ὀδυρμάτων,
θάνατον ἀκούσασ', ὃν πατὴρ βουλεύεται.
μνήμην δ' ἄρ' εἶχον πλησίον βεβηκότος
Ἀγαμέμνονος τοῦδ', ὃς ἐπὶ τοῖς αὑτοῦ τέκνοις
ἀνόσια πράσσων αὐτίχ' εὑρεθήσεται.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Λήδας γένεθλον, ἐν καλῷ σ' ἔξω δόμων
ηὕρηχ', ἵν' εἴπω παρθένου χωρὶς λόγους
οὓς οὐκ ἀκούειν τὰς γαμουμένας πρέπει.

But men shall wreathe thine head (*Epode*)
For death, thy golden hair,—
As heifer white and red
Down from the hill-caves led,
A victim pure,—shall stain
With blood thy throat snow-fair;
Though never thou wert bred
Where with the herdmen's strain
The reed-pipes thrill the air:
But at thy mother's side
Wast nursed, wast decked a bride
For a king's heir.
What might hath now
Modesty's maiden face
Or Virtue's brow?—
When godlessness bears sway,
And mortals thrust away
Virtue, and cry "Give place!"
When lawlessness hath law down-trod,
And none will to his brother say
"Let us beware the jealousy of God!"

Enter CLYT. CLYTEMNESTRA

Forth of the tent to seek my lord I come,
Who is from his pavilion absent long;
And drowned in tears mine hapless daughter is,
With wails now ringing high, now moaning low,
Since she hath heard what death her father plots.
Lo, of one even now drawn nigh I spake,
Yon Agamemnon, who shall straightway stand
Convict of sin against his very child.

Enter AGAM. AGAMEMNON

O Leda's child, well met without the tent.
I would speak with thee, ere our daughter come,
Of that which fits not brides to be should hear.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δ' ἔστιν, οὗ σοι καιρὸς ἀντιλάζυται;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔκπεμπε παῖδα δωμάτων πατρὸς μέτα·
ὡς χέρνιβες πάρεισιν ηὐτρεπισμέναι,
προχύται τε βάλλειν πῦρ καθάρσιον χεροῖν.
μόσχοι τε, πρὸ γάμων ἃς θεᾷ πεσεῖν χρεὼν
Ἀρτέμιδι, μέλανος αἵματος φυσήματα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τοῖς ὀνόμασιν μὲν εὖ λέγεις, τὰ δ' ἔργα σου
οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως χρή μ' ὀνομάσασαν εὖ λέγειν.
χώρει δὲ θύγατερ ἐκτός, οἶσθα γὰρ πατρὸς
πάντως ἃ μέλλει, χὐπὸ τοῖς πέπλοις ἄγε
λαβοῦσ' Ὀρέστην σὸν κασίγνητον, τέκνον.
ἰδοὺ πάρεστιν ἥδε πειθαρχοῦσά σοι.
τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἐγὼ πρὸ τῆσδε κἀμαυτῆς φράσω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τέκνον, τί κλαίεις, οὐδ' ἔθ' ἡδέως ὁρᾷς,
εἰς γῆν δ' ἐρείσασ' ὄμμα πρόσθ' ἔχεις πέπλους;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

φεῦ·
τίν' ἂν λάβοιμι τῶν ἐμῶν ἀρχὴν κακῶν;
ἅπασι γὰρ πρώτοισι χρήσασθαι πάρα
[κἀν ὑστάτοισι κἀν μέσοισι πανταχοῦ].

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί δ' ἔστιν; ὥς μοι πάντες εἰς ἓν ἥκετε,
σύγχυσιν ἔχοντες καὶ ταραγμὸν ὀμμάτων.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

εἴφ' ἂν ἐρωτήσω σε γενναίως, πόσι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐδὲν κελευσμοῦ δεῖ μ'· ἐρωτᾶσθαι θέλω.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And what is this that fits the time so well?

AGAMEMNON

Send forth the tent the maid to join her sire:
For here the lustral waters stand prepared,
And meal for hands to cast on cleansing flame,
And victims that ere bridals must be slain
To Artemis with spirtings of dark blood.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Fair sound the things thou nam'st: but to thy deeds
I know not how to give fair-sounding names.
Daughter, come forth: to the uttermost thou know'st
Thy sire's design. The babe Orestes take,
And bring thy brother folded in thy robes,

Enter IPHIGENEIA.

Lo, she is here, obedient unto thee.
The rest, for her, for me, myself will speak.

AGAMEMNON

Child, wherefore weep, and blithely look no more,
But earthward bend thy vesture-shrouded eyes?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ah me!
How shall I make beginning of my woes?
For well may I account each one the first,
Midmost, or last, in misery's tangled web.

AGAMEMNON

How now? How find I each and all conspired
To show me looks of trouble and amaze?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Answer my question, husband, like a man.

AGAMEMNON

No need to bid me: I would fain be asked.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τὴν παῖδα τὴν σὴν τήν τ' ἐμὴν μέλλεις κτανεῖν;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔα·
τλήμονά γ' ἔλεξας, ὑπονοεῖς θ' ἃ μή σε χρή.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔχ' ἥσυχος,
κἀκεῖνό μοι τὸ πρῶτον ἀπόκριναι πάλιν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

σὺ δ' ἤν γ' ἐρωτᾷς εἰκότ', εἰκότ' ἂν κλύοις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἄλλ' ἐρωτῶ, καὶ σὺ μὴ λέγ' ἄλλα μοι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὦ πότνια μοῖρα καὶ τύχη δαίμων τ' ἐμός.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κἀμός γε καὶ τῆσδ' εἷς τριῶν δυσδαιμόνων.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τίν' ἠδίκησα; [1]

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τοῦτ' ἐμοῦ πεύθει πάρα;
ὁ νοῦς ὅδ' αὐτὸς νοῦν ἔχων οὐ τυγχάνει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἀπωλόμεσθα. προδέδοται τὰ κρυπτά μου.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πάντ' οἶδα καὶ πεπύσμεθ' ἃ σὺ μέλλεις με δρᾶν·
αὐτὸ δὲ τὸ σιγᾶν ὁμολογοῦντός ἐστί σου
καὶ τὸ στενάζειν πολλά. μὴ κάμῃς λέγων.

[1] Hermann and Paley; but reading much disputed. England retains *τί μ' ἠδίκησας* of MSS. "Wherefore so wrong me?" Nauck reads *τίς σ' ἠδίκησε;* "Now who hath wronged thee?"

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thy child and mine—mean'st thou to murder her?

AGAMEMNON

Ha!—
A hideous question!—foul suspicion this

CLYTEMNESTRA

Peace!
Render me answer first as touching this.

AGAMEMNON

To question fair fair answer shalt thou hear.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Nought else I ask, thou answer me nought else.

AGAMEMNON

O mighty Doom, O Fate, O fortune mine!

CLYTEMNESTRA

And mine, and hers! One fate for wretched three.

AGAMEMNON

Whom have I wronged?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thou—and of me—ask this?
This wit of thine is utter witlessness!

AGAMEMNON (*aside*)

Undone am I! My secret is betrayed

CLYTEMNESTRA

I know all—yea, thy purposed crime have learnt.
Thy very silence and thy groan on groan
Are thy confession. Labour not with speech.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἰδοὺ σιωπῶ· τὸ γὰρ ἀναίσχυντον τί δεῖ
ψευδῆ λέγοντα προσλαβεῖν τῇ συμφορᾷ;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄκουε δή νυν, ἀνακαλύψω γὰρ λόγους,
κοὐκέτι παρῳδοῖς χρησόμεσθ' αἰνίγμασιν.
πρῶτον μέν, ἵνα σοι πρῶτα τοῦτ' ὀνειδίσω,
ἔγημας ἄκουσάν με κἄλαβες βίᾳ,
τὸν πρόσθεν ἄνδρα Τάνταλον κατακτανών,
βρέφος τε τοὐμὸν ζῶν προσούδισας πέδῳ,[1]
μαστῶν βιαίως τῶν ἐμῶν ἀποσπάσας.
καὶ τὼ Διός τε παῖδ' ἐμώ τε συγγόνω
ἵπποισι μαρμαίροντ' ἐπεστρατευσάτην·
πατὴρ δὲ πρέσβυς Τυνδάρεώς σ' ἐρρύσατο
ἱκέτην γενόμενον, τἀμὰ δ' ἔσχες αὖ λέχη.
οὗ σοι καταλλαχθεῖσα περὶ σὲ καὶ δόμους
συμμαρτυρήσεις ὡς ἄμεμπτος ἦν γυνή,
εἴς τ' Ἀφροδίτην σωφρονοῦσα καὶ τὸ σὸν
μέλαθρον αὔξουσ', ὥστε σ' εἰσιόντα τε
χαίρειν θύραζέ τ' ἐξιόντ' εὐδαιμονεῖν.
σπάνιον δὲ θήρευμ' ἀνδρὶ τοιαύτην λαβεῖν
δάμαρτα· φλαύραν δ' οὐ σπάνις γυναῖκ' ἔχειν.
τίκτω δ' ἐπὶ τρισὶ παρθένοισι παῖδά σοι
τόνδ', ὧν μιᾶς σὺ τλημόνως μ' ἀποστερεῖς.
κἄν τίς σ' ἔρηται τίνος ἕκατί νιν κτενεῖς,
λέξον, τί φήσεις; ἢ 'μὲ χρὴ λέγειν τὰ σά;
Ἑλένην Μενέλεως ἵνα λάβῃ. καλόν γέ τοι
κακῆς γυναικὸς μισθὸν ἀποτῖσαι τέκνα.
τἄχθιστα τοῖσι φιλτάτοις ὠνούμεθα.
ἄγ', ἢν στρατεύσῃ καταλιπών μ' ἐν δώμασιν,

[1] England; Nauck and Paley retain *σῷ προσούρισας πάλῳ* of MSS.

AGAMEMNON

Lo, I am silent. Wherefore utter lies,
And add unto misfortune shamelessness?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Give ear now; for I will unfold my pleas,
Nor use half-hinting riddles any more.
First,—that with this I may reproach thee first—
By force, not of my will, didst thou wed me:
Thou slewest Tantalus my sometime lord;
Didst dash my living babe against the stones,
Even from my breast with violence tearing him.
Then did the Sons of Zeus, my brethren twain,
Flashing on white steeds come to war with thee.
But mine old father Tyndareus begged thy life,
Who cam'st his suppliant, and thou keptest me.
So reconciled to thee and to thine house,
A blameless wife was I,—be witness thou,—
Chaste in desires, increasing in thine halls
Thy substance still, so that thine enterings-in
Were joy, and thine outgoings happiness.
Rare spoil is this for man to win such spouse:
Of getting worthless wives there is no lack.
This son, with daughters three, to thee I bare;
And of one wilt thou rob me ruthlessly!
Now, if one ask thee wherefore thou wilt slay her,
Speak, what wilt say?—or must I speak for thee?—
That Helen's lord may win her! Glorious this,
To pay a wanton's price in children's lives!
So shall we buy things loathed with things most loved.
Come, if thou go to war, and leave me here

κἀκεῖ γενήσῃ διὰ μακρᾶς ἀπουσίας,
τίν' ἐν δόμοις με καρδίαν ἕξειν δοκεῖς,
ὅταν θρόνους τῆσδ' εἰσίδω πάντας κενούς,
κενοὺς δὲ παρθενῶνας, ἐπὶ δὲ δακρύοις
μόνη καθῶμαι, τήνδε θρηνῳδοῦσ' ἀεί ;
ἀπώλεσέν σ', ὦ τέκνον, ὁ φυτεύσας πατήρ,
αὐτὸς κτανών, οὐκ ἄλλος οὐδ' ἄλλῃ χερί,
τοιόνδε μισθὸν καταλιπὼν πρὸς τοὺς δόμους.
ἐπεὶ βραχείας προφάσεως ἔδει μόνον,
ἐφ' ᾗ σ' ἐγὼ καὶ παῖδες αἱ λελειμμέναι
δεξόμεθα δέξιν ἥν σε δέξασθαι χρεών.
μὴ δῆτα πρὸς θεῶν μήτ' ἀναγκάσῃς ἐμὲ
κακὴν γενέσθαι περὶ σέ, μήτ' αὐτὸς γένῃ.
εἶεν·
θύσεις δὲ τὴν παῖδ'· εἶτα τίνας εὐχὰς ἐρεῖς ;
τί σοι κατεύξει τἀγαθόν, σφάζων τέκνον ;
νόστον πονηρόν, οἴκοθέν γ' αἰσχρῶς ἰών ;
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ δίκαιον ἀγαθὸν εὔχεσθαί τι σοί ;
ἦ τἄρ' ἀσυνέτους τοὺς θεοὺς ἡγοίμεθ' ἄν,
εἰ τοῖσιν αὐθένταισιν εὖ φρονήσομεν.
ἥκων δ' ἐς Ἄργος προσπεσεῖ τέκνοισι σοῖς ;
ἀλλ' οὐ θέμις σοι. τίς δὲ καὶ προσβλέψεται
παίδων σ', ἐὰν σφῶν προέμενος κτάνῃς τινά ;
ταῦτ' ἦλθες ἤδη διὰ λόγων, ἢ σκῆπτρά σοι
μόνον διαφέρειν καὶ στρατηλατεῖν σε δεῖ ;
ὃν χρῆν δίκαιον λόγον ἐν Ἀργείοις λέγειν·
βούλεσθ', Ἀχαιοί, πλεῖν Φρυγῶν ἐπὶ χθόνα ;
κλῆρον τίθεσθε παῖδ' ὅτου θανεῖν χρεών.
ἐν ἴσῳ γὰρ ἦν τόδ', ἀλλὰ μὴ σ' ἐξαίρετον
σφάγιον παρασχεῖν Δαναΐδαισι παῖδα σήν,
ἢ Μενέλεων πρὸ μητρὸς Ἑρμιόνην κτανεῖν,
οὗπερ τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἦν. νῦν δ' ἐγὼ μὲν ἡ τὸ σὸν

At home, and through long absence tarry there,
With what heart, think'st thou, shall I keep thine
halls,
When vacant of her I behold each chair,
Vacant each maiden-bower, and sit me down
In loneliness of tears, and mourn her ever?
"O child, he which begat thee murdered thee
Himself, none other, by none other hand,
Leaving unto this house such vengeance-debt!"
Seeing there needeth but faint pretext now
Whereon both I and thy seed left to thee
Shall greet thee with such greeting—as befits!
Nay, by the Gods, constrain not me to turn
Traitress to thee; nor such be thou to me.

Lo now—
Thy daughter slain, what prayer wilt thou pray then,
Implore what blessing—murderer of thy child?
An ill home-coming, since in shame thou goest!
Were't just that I pray any good for thee?
O surely must we deem the Gods be fools,
If we wish blessings upon murderers!
Wilt thou return to Argos, clasp thy babes?
Oh impious thought! What child shall meet thy
look,
If thou have given up one of them to death?
Hast ta'en account of this? Or is it thine
Only to flaunt a sceptre, lead a host?
This righteous proffer shouldest thou have made—
"Will ye, Achaeans, sail to Phrygia-land?
E'en then cast lots whose daughter needs must die."
This had been fair—not that thou choose thine own
The Danaans' victim, rather than that he
Whose quarrel this is, Menelaus, slay
Hermione for her mother. Now must I,

σῴζουσα λέκτρον παιδὸς ἐστερήσομαι,
ἡ δ' ἐξαμαρτοῦσ', ὑπόροφον νεάνιδα
Σπάρτῃ κομίζουσ', εὐτυχὴς γενήσεται.
τούτων ἄμειψαί μ' εἴ τι μὴ καλῶς λέγω·
εἰ δ' εὖ λέλεκται, μετανόει δὴ μὴ κτανεῖν[1]
τὴν σήν τε κἀμὴν παῖδα, καὶ σώφρων ἔσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πιθοῦ, τὸ γάρ τοι τέκνα συνσῴζειν καλόν,
'Αγάμεμνον· οὐδεὶς τοῖσδ' ἂν ἀντείποι βροτῶν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἰ μὲν τὸν 'Ορφέως εἶχον, ὦ πάτερ, λόγον,
πείθειν ἐπᾴδουσ', ὥσθ' ὁμαρτεῖν μοι πέτρας,
κηλεῖν τε τοῖς λόγοισιν οὓς ἐβουλόμην,
ἐνταῦθ' ἂν ἦλθον. νῦν δὲ τἀπ' ἐμοῦ σοφά,
δάκρυα παρέξω· ταῦτα γὰρ δυναίμεθ' ἄν.
ἱκετηρίαν δὲ γόνασιν ἐξάπτω σέθεν
τὸ σῶμα τοὐμόν, ὅπερ ἔτικτεν ἥδε σοι,
μή μ' ἀπολέσῃς ἄωρον· ἡδὺ γὰρ τὸ φῶς
λεύσσειν· τὰ δ' ὑπὸ γῆς μή μ' ἰδεῖν ἀναγκάσῃς.
πρώτη σ' ἐκάλεσα πατέρα καὶ σὺ παῖδ' ἐμέ·
πρώτη δὲ γόνασι σοῖσι σῶμα δοῦσ' ἐμὸν
φίλας χάριτας ἔδωκα κἀντεδεξάμην.
λόγος δ' ὁ μὲν σὸς ἦν ὅδ'· ἆρά σ', ὦ τέκνον,
εὐδαίμον' ἀνδρὸς ἐν δόμοισιν ὄψομαι,
ζῶσάν τε καὶ θάλλουσαν ἀξίως ἐμοῦ;
οὑμὸς δ' ὅδ' ἦν αὖ περὶ σὸν ἐξαρτωμένης
γένειον, οὗ νῦν ἀντιλάζυμαι χερί·
τί δ' ἆρ' ἐγὼ σέ, πρέσβυν ἆρ' εἰσδέξομαι
ἐμῶν φίλαισιν ὑποδοχαῖς δόμων, πάτερ,

[1] Weil, Headlam, and England, for the corrupt νῶι μὴ δή γε κτάνῃς of MSS. Paley reads τἀμά, μηκέτι κτάνῃς.

The loyal wife, be of my child bereft,
While she, the harlot, brings her daughter home
To dwell in Sparta mid prosperity!
Herein if I plead ill, thou answer me:
But if my words ring true, repent, slay not
Thy child and mine, and so shalt thou be wise.

CHORUS

Heed her; for good it is thou join to save
Thy child, Agamemnon: none shall gainsay this.

IPHIGENEIA

Had I the tongue of Orpheus, O my sire,
To charm with song the rocks to follow me,
And witch with eloquence whomsoe'er I would,
I had essayed it. Now—mine only cunning—
Tears will I bring, for this is all I can.
And suppliant will I twine about thy knees
My body, which this mother bare to thee.
Ah, slay me not untimely! Sweet is light:
Constrain me not to see the nether gloom!
'Twas I first called thee father, thou me child.
'Twas I first throned my body on thy knees,
And gave thee sweet caresses and received.
And this thy word was: "Ah, my little maid,
Blest shall I see thee in a husband's halls
Living and blooming worthily of me?"
And, as I twined my fingers in thy beard,
Whereto I now cling, thus I answered thee:
"And what of thee? Shall I greet thy grey hairs,
Father, with loving welcome in mine halls,

πόνων τιθηνοὺς ἀποδιδοῦσά σοι τροφάς ;
τούτων ἐγὼ μὲν τῶν λόγων μνήμην ἔχω,
σὺ δ᾽ ἐπιλέλησαι, καί μ᾽ ἀποκτεῖναι θέλεις
μὴ πρός σε Πέλοπος καὶ πρὸς Ἀτρέως πατρὸς
καὶ τῆσδε μητρός, ἣ πρὶν ὠδίνουσ᾽ ἐμὲ
νῦν δευτέραν ὠδῖνα τήνδε λαμβάνει.
τί μοι μέτεστι τῶν Ἀλεξάνδρου γάμων
Ἑλένης τε ; πόθεν ἦλθ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ὀλέθρῳ τὠμῷ, πάτερ ;
βλέψον πρὸς ἡμᾶς, ὄμμα δὸς φίλημά τε,
ἵν᾽ ἀλλὰ τοῦτο κατθανοῦσ᾽ ἔχω σέθεν
μνημεῖον, εἰ μὴ τοῖς ἐμοῖς πεισθῇς λόγοις.
ἀδελφέ, μικρὸς μὲν σύ γ᾽ ἐπίκουρος φίλοις,
ὅμως δὲ συνδάκρυσον, ἱκέτευσον πατρὸς
τὴν σὴν ἀδελφὴν μὴ θανεῖν· αἴσθημά τοι
κἀν νηπίοις γε τῶν κακῶν ἐγγίγνεται.
ἰδοὺ σιωπῶν λίσσεταί σ᾽ ὅδ᾽, ὦ πάτερ.
ἀλλ᾽ αἴδεσαί με καὶ κατοίκτειρον βίον.
ναί, πρὸς γενείου σ᾽ ἀντόμεσθα δύο φίλω·
ὁ μὲν νεοσσός ἐστιν, ἡ δ᾽ ηὐξημένη.
ἓν συντεμοῦσα πάντα νικήσω λόγον·
τὸ φῶς τόδ᾽ ἀνθρώποισιν ἥδιστον βλέπειν,
τὰ νέρθε δ᾽ οὐδέν· μαίνεται δ᾽ ὃς εὔχεται
θανεῖν. κακῶς ζῆν κρεῖσσον ἢ καλῶς θανεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλῆμον Ἑλένη, διὰ σὲ καὶ τοὺς σοὺς γάμους
ἀγὼν Ἀτρείδαις καὶ τέκνοις ἥκει μέγας.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐγὼ τά τ᾽ οἰκτρὰ συνετός εἰμι καὶ τὰ μή,
φιλῶν ἐμαυτοῦ τέκνα· μαινοίμην γὰρ ἄν.
δεινῶς δ᾽ ἔχει μοι ταῦτα τολμῆσαι, γύναι,.
δεινῶς δὲ καὶ μή· τοῦτο γὰρ πρᾶξαί με δεῖ.
ὁρᾶθ᾽ ὅσον στράτευμα ναύφρακτον τόδε,

Repaying all thy fostering toil for me?"
I keep remembrance of that converse yet·
Thou hast forgotten, thou wouldst murder me.
Ah no!—by Pelops, by thy father Atreus,
And by this mother, whose first travail-pangs
Now in this second anguish are renewed!
What part have I in Paris' rape of Helen?
Why, father, should he for my ruin have come?
Look on me—give me one glance—oh, one kiss,
That I may keep in death from thee but this
Memorial, if thou heed my pleading not.
Brother, small help canst thou be to thy friends;
Yet weep with me, yet supplicate thy sire
To slay thy sister not!—some sense of ill
Even in wordless infants is inborn.
Lo, by his silence he implores thee, father—
Have mercy, have compassion on my youth!
Yea, by thy beard we pray thee, loved ones twain,
A nestling one, and one a daughter grown.
In one cry summing all, I *must* prevail!
Sweet, passing sweet, is light for men to see,
Death is but nothingness! Who prays to die
Is mad. Ill life o'erpasseth glorious death.

CHORUS

O thou wretch Helen! Through thee and thy sin
Comes agony on the Atreids and their seed.

AGAMEMNON

I know what asketh pity, what doth not,
Who love mine own babes: I were madman else.
Awful it is, my wife, to dare this deed,
Yet awful to forbear. I *must* do this!
Mark ye yon countless host with galleys fenced,

χαλκέων θ' ὅπλων ἄνακτες Ἑλλήνων ὅσοι,
οἷς νόστος οὐκ ἔστ' Ἰλίου πύργους ἔπι,
εἰ μή σε θύσω, μάντις ὡς Κάλχας λέγει,
οὐδ' ἔστι Τροίας ἐξελεῖν κλεινὸν βάθρον.
μέμηνε δ' ἀφροδίτη τις Ἑλλήνων στρατῷ
πλεῖν ὡς τάχιστα βαρβάρων ἐπὶ χθόνα,
παῦσαί τε λέκτρων ἁρπαγὰς Ἑλληνικῶν·
οἳ τὰς ἐν Ἄργει παρθένους κτενοῦσί μου
ὑμᾶς τε κἀμέ, θέσφατ' εἰ λύσω θεᾶς.
οὐ Μενέλεώς με καταδεδούλωται, τέκνον,
οὐδ' ἐπὶ τὸ κείνου βουλόμενον ἐλήλυθα,
ἀλλ' Ἑλλάς, ᾗ δεῖ, κἂν θέλω κἂν μὴ θέλω,
θῦσαί σε· τούτου δ' ἥσσονες καθέσταμεν.
ἐλευθέραν γὰρ δεῖ νιν ὅσον ἐν σοί, τέκνον,
κἀμοὶ γενέσθαι, μηδὲ βαρβάρων ὕπο
Ἕλληνας ὄντας λέκτρα συλᾶσθαι βίᾳ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τέκνον, ὦ ξέναι,
οἳ 'γὼ θανάτου τοῦ σοῦ μελέα.
φεύγει σε πατὴρ Ἅιδῃ παραδούς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οἳ 'γώ, μᾶτερ· ταὐτὸν γὰρ δὴ
μέλος εἰς ἄμφω πέπτωκε τύχης,
κοὐκέτι μοι φῶς
οὐδ' ἀελίου τόδε φέγγος.
ἰὼ ἰώ.
νιφόβολον Φρυγῶν νάπος Ἴδας τ'
ὄρεα, Πρίαμος ὅθι ποτὲ βρέφος ἁπαλὸν ἔβαλε
ματρὸς ἀποπρὸ νοσφίσας,

And all the brazen-harnessed Hellene kings,
Who cannot voyage unto Ilium's towers,
Who cannot raze Troy's citadel renowned,
But by thy blood, as Calchas saith, the seer.
A fiery passion maddeneth Hellas' host
To sail in all haste to the aliens' land,
And put an end to rapes of Hellene wives.
My daughters will they slay in Argos—you
And me,—if I annul the Goddess' hest.
Not Menelaus hath enslaved me, child,
Nor yet to serve his pleasure have I come.
'Tis Hellas for whom—will I, will I not—
I must slay thee: this cannot we withstand.
Free must she be, so far as in thee lies,
And me, child; nor by aliens' violence
Must sons of Hellas of their wives be spoiled.

[*Exit.*

CLYTEMNESTRA

O child! O stranger damsels, see!
Woe for thy death! Alas for me!
Thy father flees, to Hades yielding thee!

IPHIGENEIA

Alas for me, mother!
One song for us twain
Fate finds us—none other
But this sad strain:
Upon me shall the light and the beams of the sun shine never again.
O Phrygian glade
Overgloomed by the crest
Of Ida, where laid
In a snow-heapen nest
Was the suckling by Priam cast forth, which he tore from the mother's breast,

ἐπὶ μόρῳ θανατόεντι
Πάριν, ὃς Ἰδαῖος
Ἰδαῖος ἐλέγετ᾽ ἐλέγετ᾽ ἐν Φρυγῶν πόλει.

μή ποτ᾽ ὤφελεν τὸν ἀμφὶ
βουσὶ βουκόλον τραφέντα
† [Ἀλέξανδρον]
οἰκίσαι ἀμφὶ τὸ λευκὸν ὕδωρ, ὅθι
κρῆναι Νυμφᾶν κεῖνται
λειμών τ᾽ ἄνθεσι θάλλων
χλωροῖς, οὗ ῥοδόεντα
ἄνθε᾽ ὑακίνθινά τε θεαῖσι δρέπειν·

ἔνθα ποτὲ Παλλὰς ἔμολε
καὶ δολιόφρων Κύπρις
Ἥρα θ᾽ Ἑρμᾶς θ᾽,
ὁ Διὸς ἄγγελος,
ἁ μὲν ἐπὶ πόθῳ τρυφῶσα
Κύπρις, ἁ δὲ δουρὶ Παλλάς,
Ἥρα τε Διὸς ἄνακτος
εὐναῖσι βασιλίσιν,
κρίσιν ἐπὶ στυγνὰν ἔριν τε
καλλονᾶς, ἐμοὶ δὲ θάνατον,
ὄνομα μὰν φέροντα Δαναΐδαισιν, ὦ κόραι.

προθύματ᾽ ἔλαβεν Ἄρτεμις πρὸς Ἴλιον.
ὁ δὲ τεκών με τὰν τάλαιναν,
ὦ μᾶτερ, ὦ μᾶτερ,
οἴχεται προδοὺς ἔρημον.

Yea, left him to lie
Till the death-doom should claim
Paris, whereby
Throughout Troy was his name
Paris of Ida, where fostered a herdman mid kine he
became.

Would God amid fountains
Of foam-silvered sheen
Of the nymphs of the mountains
His home had not been,
Nor where roses and bluebells for Goddesses bloomed
amid watermeads green!

Came the Queen of Beguiling
With love-litten eye
Passion-kindling, and smiling
As for victory nigh;
Came Pallas in pride of her prowess, and Hera the
Queen of the Sky:

And Hermes was there,
The Herald of Heaven.
So the Strife of Most Fair,
Loathed contest, was striven,
Whereof to me death, but to Danaans glory, O damsels,
was given.

Me the Huntress receiveth
For her firstfruits of prey,
And mine own sire leaveth
His child—doth betray
A daughter most wretched, O mother, my mother, and
fleeth away.

ὢ δυστάλαιν' ἐγώ, πικρὰν
πικρὰν ἰδοῦσα δυσελέναν,
φονεύομαι διόλλυμαι
σφαγαῖσιν ἀνοσίοισιν ἀνοσίου πατρός.

μή μοι ναῶν χαλκεμβολάδων
πρύμνας ἅδ' Αὐλὶς δέξασθαι
τούσδ' εἰς ὅρμους εἰς Τροίαν
ὤφελεν ἐλάταν πομπαίαν,
μηδ' ἀνταίαν Εὐρίπῳ
πνεῦσαι πομπὰν Ζεύς, μειλίσσων
αὔραν ἄλλοις ἄλλαν θνατῶν
λαίφεσι χαίρειν,
τοῖσι δὲ λύπαν, τοῖσι δ' ἀνάγκαν,
τοῖς δ' ἐξορμᾶν, τοῖς δὲ στέλλειν,
τοῖσι δὲ μέλλειν.

ἦ πολύμοχθον ἄρ' ἦν γένος, ἦ πολύμοχθον
ἁμερίων, τὸ χρεὼν δέ τι δύσποτμον
ἀνδράσιν ἀνευρεῖν.
ἰὼ ἰώ,
μεγάλα πάθεα, μεγάλα δ' ἄχεα
Δαναΐδαις τιθεῖσα Τυνδαρὶς κόρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐγὼ μὲν οἰκτείρω σε συμφορᾶς κακῆς
τυχοῦσαν, οἵας μήποτ' ὤφελες τυχεῖν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ τεκοῦσα μῆτερ, ἀνδρῶν ὄχλον εἰσορῶ πέλας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τόν γε τῆς θεᾶς παῖδα, τέκνον, ᾧ σὺ δεῦρ' ἐλήλυθας.

Woe's me to have seen her—
  Helen, whose name
Is a bitterness keener
  Than words may frame!
She is made to me slaughter and doom, and a father's deed of shame.

Oh had Aulis received not
  Bronze prows long embayed!
O had Troy been reprieved not
  While their pine-wings delayed!
O had Zeus never breathed on Euripus the breath that our voyaging stayed!—

He who tempers his gales
  Unto men as he will;
Some shake out glad sails,
  Some in sorrow sit still
Fate-fetterered: these speed from the haven, the white wings of those never fill.

O travail-worn seed
  Of the sons of a day!
How Fate hath decreed
  Disaster alway!
What burden of anguish did Tyndareus' child on the Danaans lay!

CHORUS

I pity thee for this unhappy lot
Found of thee: would thou ne'er hadst come thereon

IPHIGENEIA

Mother mine, I see a throng of men that hither hasten on!

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child, 'tis he for whom thou camest hither, even Thetis' son.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

διαχαλᾶτέ μοι μέλαθρα, δμῶες, ὡς κρύψω δέμας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δέ, τέκνον, φεύγεις;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Ἀχιλλέα τόνδ' ἰδεῖν αἰσχύνομαι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὡς τί δή;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τὸ δυστυχές μοι τῶν γάμων αἰδῶ φέρει.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἐν ἁβρότητι κεῖσαι πρὸς τὰ νῦν πεπτωκότα·
ἀλλὰ μίμν'· οὐ σεμνότητος ἔργον, ἢν δυνώμεθα—

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὦ γύναι τάλαινα, Λήδας θύγατερ,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐ ψευδῆ θροεῖς.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

δείν' ἐν Ἀργείοις βοᾶται,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τίνα βοήν; σήμαινέ μοι.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀμφὶ σῆς παιδός,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πονηρὸν εἶπας οἰωνὸν λόγων.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὡς χρεὼν σφάξαι νιν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κοὐδεὶς τοῖσδ' ἐναντίον[1] *λέγει;*

[1] Paley: for *ἐναντία* of MSS. England reads *ὤμοι· κοὔτις ἀντιάζεται;*

IPHIGENEIA

Handmaids, ope to me the doors, that I within may hide my face!

CLYTEMNESTRA

Wherefore flee, my child?

IPHIGENEIA

For shame I cannot meet Achilles' gaze.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Wherefore so?

IPHIGENEIA

With shame the misery of my bridal crusheth me.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Not in plight for dainty shrinking art thou when 'tis thus with thee.
Tarry then: no time is this for maiden pride, if we but may—

Enter ACHILLES

ACHILLES

Hapless woman, child of Leda!—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Truly "hapless" named this day!

ACHILLES

Fearfully the Argives clamour—

CLYTEMNESTRA

What their clamour?—tell the thing.

ACHILLES

Touching this thy daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ah, thy words with evil presage ring!

ACHILLES

"Slain she must be!" cry they.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Is there none whose words with theirs contend?

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

εἰς θόρυβον ἔγωγε καὐτὸς ἤλυθον,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τίν', ὦ ξένε;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

σῶμα λευσθῆναι πέτροισι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μῶν κόρην σῴζων ἐμήν;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

αὐτὸ τοῦτο.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τίς δ' ἂν ἔτλη σώματος τοῦ σοῦ θιγεῖν;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

πάντες Ἕλληνες.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

στρατὸς δὲ Μυρμιδὼν οὔ σοι παρῆν;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

πρῶτος ἦν ἐκεῖνος ἐχθρός,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δι' ἄρ' ὀλώλαμεν, τέκνον.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

οἵ με τὸν γάμων ἀπεκάλουν ἥσσον'.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὑπεκρίνω δὲ τί;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τὴν ἐμὴν μέλλουσαν εὐνὴν μὴ κτανεῖν,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δίκαια γάρ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἣν ἐφήμισεν πατήρ μοι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κἀργόθεν γ' ἐπέμψατο.

ACHILLES
Yea, myself in tumult's peril was,—

CLYTEMNESTRA
What peril, stranger friend?

ACHILLES
Even to be stoned with stones.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Since thou hadst fain my daughter spared?

ACHILLES
Even so.

CLYTEMNESTRA
But lay a hand on *thee*! And who such deed had dared?

ACHILLES
All the Hellenes.

CLYTEMNESTRA
But with thee was not thy people's battle-host?

ACHILLES
First were these to turn against me,—

CLYTEMNESTRA
Oh my daughter, we are lost

ACHILLES
Taunted me as thrall to marriage.

CLYTEMNESTRA
And what answer didst thou frame?

ACHILLES
"Slay my destined bride," I said, "ye shall not,"—

CLYTEMNESTRA
Yea, a righteous claim.

ACHILLES
"Whom her father promised!"

CLYTEMNESTRA
Yea, to Argos sent withal to bring.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλ᾽ ἐνικώμην κεκραγμοῦ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τὸ πολὺ γὰρ δεινὸν κακόν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλ᾽ ὅμως ἀρήξομέν σοι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καὶ μαχεῖ πολλοῖσιν εἷς ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

εἰσορᾷς τεύχη φέροντας τούσδ᾽;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὄναιο τῶν φρενῶν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλ᾽ ὀνησόμεσθα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

παῖς ἄρ᾽ οὐκέτι σφαγήσεται ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

οὔκ, ἐμοῦ γε ζῶντος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἥξει δ᾽ ὅστις ἅψεται κόρης ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

μυρίοι γ᾽· ἄξει δ᾽ Ὀδυσσεύς.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἆρ᾽ ὁ Σισύφου γονος ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

αὐτὸς οὗτος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἴδια πράσσων, ἢ στρατοῦ ταχθεὶς ὕπο ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

αἱρεθεὶς ἑκών.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πονηράν γ᾽ αἵρεσιν, μιαιφονεῖν.

ACHILLES

Yet was I outclamoured.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ah, the rabble is a baneful thing!

ACHILLES

Yet will I defend thee.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Singly fight against a multitude?

ACHILLES

Seest thou these who bear mine armour?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Blessings on thy dauntless mood

ACHILLES

Yea, I shall be blest.

CLYTEMNESTRA

She shall not now be on the altar laid?

ACHILLES

Not while I am living!

CLYTEMNESTRA

How, will any come to seize the maid?

ACHILLES

Thousands—and Odysseus leading.

CLYTEMNESTRA

He, the seed of Sisyphus?

ACHILLES

Even he.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Self-bidden, or did all the host appoint it thus?

ACHILLES

Chosen, and consenting.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Evil choice, for murderous violence!

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλ᾽ ἐγὼ σχήσω νιν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄξει δ᾽ οὐχ ἑκοῦσαν ἁρπάσας;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

δηλαδὴ ξανθῆς ἐθείρας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐμὲ δὲ τί χρὴ δρᾶν τότε;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀντέχου θυγατρός.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὡς τοῦδ᾽ εἵνεκ᾽ οὐ σφαγήσεται.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλὰ μὴν εἰς τοῦτό γ᾽ ἥξει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μῆτερ, εἰσακούσατε
τῶν ἐμῶν ἐπῶν· μάτην γάρ σ᾽ εἰσορῶ θυμουμένην
σῷ πόσει· τὰ δ᾽ ἀδύναθ᾽ ἡμῖν καρτερεῖν οὐ ῥᾴδιον.
τὸν μὲν οὖν ξένον δικαιον αἰνέσαι προθυμίας·
ἀλλὰ καὶ σὲ τοῦθ᾽ ὁρᾶν χρή, μὴ διαβληθῇ στρατῷ,
καὶ πλέον πράξωμεν οὐδέν, ὅδε δὲ συμφορᾶς τύχῃ.
οἷα δ᾽ εἰσῆλθέν μ᾽, ἄκουσον, μῆτερ, ἐννοουμένην·
κατθανεῖν μέν μοι δέδοκται· τοῦτο δ᾽ αὐτὸ βούλομαι
εὐκλεῶς πρᾶξαι παρεῖσά γ᾽ ἐκποδὼν τὸ δυσγενές.
δεῦρο δὴ σκέψαι μεθ᾽ ἡμῶν, μῆτερ, ὡς καλῶς λέγω.
εἰς ἔμ᾽ Ἑλλὰς ἡ μεγίστη πᾶσα νῦν ἀποβλέπει,
κἀν ἐμοὶ πορθμός τε ναῶν καὶ Φρυγῶν κατασκαφαί,

ACHILLES

Nay, but I will stay him.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Would he hale her unconsenting hence?

ACHILLES

Yea, and by her golden tresses.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What must then be done of me?

ACHILLES

Cling unto thy child.

CLYTEMNESTRA

If this may save her, slain she shall not be.

ACHILLES

Ay, and surely unto this it will come.

IPHIGENEIA

Mother,—to my word
Hearken ye!—against thine husband I behold thee
anger-stirred [brave.
Causelessly: 'twere hard for us inevitable doom to
Meet it is we thank the stranger-hero for his will to
save. [beware;
Yet, that he be not reproached of Hellas' host must we
So should ruin seize him, and ourselves in no wise
better fare. [thought hereon.
Hear the thing that flashed upon me, mother, as I
Lo, resolved I am to die; and fain am I that this be
done [away.
Gloriously—that I thrust ignoble craven thoughts
Prithee, mother, this consider with me: mark how well
I say.
Unto me all mighty Hellas looks: I only can bestow
Boons upon her—sailing of her galleys, Phrygia's over-
throw,

τάς τε μελλούσας γυναῖκας ἤν τι δρῶσι βάρβαροι,
μηκέθ' ἁρπάζειν ἐᾶν τάσδ' ὀλβίας ἐξ Ἑλλάδος,
τὸν Ἑλένης τίσαντας ὄλεθρον, ἥντιν' ἥρπασεν Πάρις.
ταῦτα πάντα κατθανοῦσα ῥύσομαι, καί μου κλέος,
Ἑλλάδ' ὡς ἠλευθέρωσα, μακάριον γενήσεται.
καὶ γὰρ οὐδέ τοί τι λίαν ἐμὲ φιλοψυχεῖν χρεών·
πᾶσι γάρ μ' Ἕλλησι κοινὸν ἔτεκες, οὐχὶ σοὶ μόνῃ.

ἀλλὰ μυρίοι μὲν ἄνδρες ἀσπίσιν πεφραγμένοι,
μυρίοι δ' ἐρέτμ' ἔχοντες, πατρίδος ἠδικημένης,
δρᾶν τι τολμήσουσιν ἐχθροὺς χὐπὲρ Ἑλλάδος θανεῖν·
ἡ δ' ἐμὴ ψυχὴ μί' οὖσα πάντα κωλύσει τάδε;
τί τὸ δίκαιον τοῦτ'; ἔχοιμεν ἆρ' ἂν ἀντειπεῖν ἔπος;
κἀπ' ἐκεῖν' ἔλθωμεν. οὐ δεῖ τόνδε διὰ μάχης μολεῖν
πᾶσιν Ἀργείοις γυναικὸς εἵνεκ' οὐδὲ κατθανεῖν.
εἷς γ' ἀνὴρ κρείσσων γυναικῶν μυρίων ὁρᾶν φάος.

εἰ δ' ἐβουλήθη τὸ σῶμα τοὐμὸν Ἄρτεμις λαβεῖν,
ἐμποδὼν γενήσομαι 'γὼ θνητὸς οὖσα τῇ θεῷ;
ἀλλ' ἀμήχανον· δίδωμι σῶμα τοὐμὸν Ἑλλάδι.
θύετ', ἐκπορθεῖτε Τροίαν. ταῦτα γὰρ μνημεῖά μου
διὰ μακροῦ, καὶ παῖδες οὗτοι καὶ γάμοι καὶ δόξ' ἐμή.
βαρβάρων δ' Ἕλληνας ἄρχειν εἰκός, ἀλλ' οὐ βαρβάρους,
μῆτερ, Ἑλλήνων· τὸ μὲν γὰρ δοῦλον, οἱ δ' ἐλεύθεροι.

Safety for her daughters from barbarians in the days to
come, [happy home,
That the ravisher no more may snatch them from a
When the penalty is paid for Paris' outrage, Helen's
shame. [my name,
All this great deliverance I in death shall compass, and
As of one who gave to Hellas freedom, shall be blessing-
crowned. [should be found?
Must I live, that clutching life with desperate hand I
For the good of Hellenes didst thou bear me, not for
thine alone. [bosom thrown,—
Lo, how countless warriors with the shield before the
Myriads, now the fatherland is wronged, with strenuous
oar in hand,— [land.
All will fear not to encounter foes, to die for Hellas-
And shall all be thwarted, baffled by the life of *one*—
of me? [for answering plea?
Where were justice here?—and what can I set forth
Turn we now to this thing also:—never ought this
man to make [sake!
War on all the Argives, no, nor perish—for a *woman's*
Worthier than ten thousand women one man is to look
on light.

Lo, if Artemis hath willed to claim my body as her
right,
What, shall I, a helpless mortal woman, thwart the
will divine?
Nay, it cannot be. My body unto Hellas I resign.
Sacrifice me, raze ye Troy; for this through all the
ages is [in this!
My memorial: children, marriage, glory—all are mine
Right it is that Hellenes rule barbarians, not that alien
yoke [freeborn folk.
Rest on Hellenes, mother. They be bondmen, we be

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ μὲν σόν, ὦ νεᾶνι, γενναίως ἔχει·
τὸ τῆς τύχης δὲ καὶ τὸ τῆς θεοῦ νοσεῖ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖ, μακάριόν μέ τις θεῶν
ἔμελλε θήσειν, εἰ τύχοιμι σῶν γάμων.
ζηλῶ δὲ σοῦ μὲν Ἑλλάδ᾽, Ἑλλάδος δὲ σέ.
εὖ γὰρ τόδ᾽ εἶπας ἀξίως τε πατρίδος·
τὸ θεομαχεῖν γὰρ ἀπολιποῦσ᾽, ὅ σου κρατεῖ,
ἐξελογίσω τὰ χρηστὰ τἀναγκαῖά τε.
μᾶλλον δὲ λέκτρων σῶν πόθος μ᾽ ἐσέρχεται
εἰς τὴν φύσιν βλέψαντα· γενναία γὰρ εἶ.
ὅρα δ᾽· ἐγὼ γὰρ βούλομαί σ᾽ εὐεργετεῖν
λαβεῖν τ᾽ ἐς οἴκους· ἄχθομαί τ᾽, ἴστω Θέτις,
εἰ μή σε σώσω Δαναΐδαισι διὰ μάχης
ἐλθών· ἄθρησον, ὁ θάνατος δεινὸν κακόν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

λέγω τάδ᾽ [οὐδὲν οὐδέν᾽ εὐλαβουμένη,] †
ἡ Τυνδαρὶς παῖς διὰ τὸ σῶμ᾽ ἀρκεῖ μάχας
ἀνδρῶν τιθεῖσα καὶ φόνους· σὺ δ᾽, ὦ ξένε,
μὴ θνῆσκε δι᾽ ἐμὲ μηδ᾽ ἀποκτείνῃς τινά.
ἔα δὲ σῶσαί μ᾽ Ἑλλάδ᾽, ἢν δυνώμεθα.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὦ λῆμ᾽ ἄριστον, οὐκ ἔχω πρὸς τοῦτ᾽ ἔτι
λέγειν, ἐπεί σοι τάδε δοκεῖ· γενναῖα γὰρ
φρονεῖς· τί γὰρ τἀληθὲς οὐκ εἴποι τις ἄν;
ὅμως δ᾽, ἴσως γὰρ κἂν μεταγνοίης τάδε,
ὡς οὖν ἂν εἰδῇς τἀπ᾽ ἐμοῦ λελεγμένα,
ἐλθὼν τάδ᾽ ὅπλα θήσομαι βωμοῦ πέλας,
ὡς οὐκ ἐάσων σ᾽ ἀλλὰ κωλύσων θανεῖν.
χρήσει δὲ καὶ σὺ τοῖς ἐμοῖς λόγοις τάχα,
ὅταν πέλας σῆς φάσγανον δέρης ἴδῃς.

CHORUS

Noble the part thou playest, maiden, is:
But Fate and Artemis—ill part is theirs!

ACHILLES

Agamemnon's child, a God came near to bless
Me, could I but have won thee for my bride.
Happy in thee is Hellas, thou in Hellas!
Well saidst thou this, and worthily of our land:
Thou hast turned away from strife with Gods—a thing
Too hard for thee—hast weighed the good Fate spares.
Yet love for thee now thrills me through the more
That I have seen thy nature, noble heart.
Wherefore look to it: thee I fain would serve,
And bear thee home. I chafe, be Thetis witness,
That I should save thee not in battle-shock
With Danaans. Think—a fearful thing is death.

IPHIGENEIA

I say this,—as one past all hope and fear:—
Suffice that through her beauty Tyndareus' child
Stirs strife and slaughter. Thou, O stranger-prince,
Die not for me, nor slay thou any man.
Let me be Hellas' saviour, if I may.

ACHILLES

O soul heroic!—nought can I say more
Hereto, since fixed thine heart is. Thy resolve
Is noble—why should one say not the truth?
But yet,—for haply yet thy mood may change,—
That thou mayst know the proffer that I make,
I go, to place my weapons nigh the altar,
Ready to suffer not, but bar, thy death.
Thou mayst, even thou, unto mine offer turn,
When thou beholdest at thy throat the knife.

οὔκουν ἐάσω σ' ἀφροσύνῃ τῇ σῇ θανεῖν·
ἐλθὼν δὲ σὺν ὅπλοις τοῖσδε πρὸς ναὸν θεᾶς
καραδοκήσω σὴν ἐκεῖ παρουσίαν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μῆτερ, τί σιγῇ δακρύοις τέγγεις κόρας;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔχω τάλαινα πρόφασιν ὥστ' ἀλγεῖν φρένα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

παῦσαί με μὴ κάκιζε· τάδε δ' ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

λέγ', ὡς παρ' ἡμῶν οὐδὲν ἀδικήσει, τέκνον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μήτ' οὖν σὺ τὸν σὸν πλόκαμον ἐκτέμῃς τριχός,
μήτ' ἀμφὶ σῶμα μέλανας ἀμπίσχῃ πέπλους.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δὴ τόδ' εἶπας, τέκνον; ἀπολέσασά σε;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ σύ γε· σέσωσμαι, κατ' ἐμὲ δ' εὐκλεὴς ἔσει.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πῶς εἶπας; οὐ πενθεῖν με σὴν ψυχὴν χρεών;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἥκιστ', ἐπεί μοι τύμβος οὐ χωσθήσεται.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δή; τὸ θνῄσκειν οὐ τάφος νομίζεται;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

βωμὸς θεᾶς μοι μνῆμα τῆς Διὸς κόρης.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἀλλ', ὦ τέκνον, σοὶ πείσομαι· λέγεις γὰρ εὖ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὡς εὐτυχοῦσά γ' Ἑλλάδος τ' εὐεργέτις.

Thou shalt not through a hasty impulse die.
No, with these arms will I unto the shrine,
And for thy coming thither will I wait. [*Exit.*

IPHIGENEIA

Mother, why art thou weeping silently?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Good cause have I, woe's me! to break mine heart

IPHIGENEIA

Forbear, make me not craven; but this do—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Speak: thou shalt have no wrong of me, my child.

IPHIGENEIA

Shear not for me the tresses of thine hair,
Neither in sable stole array thy form.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Why say'st thou this? When I have lost thee, child!—

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, I am saved. Thy glory shall I be.

CLYTEMNESTRA

How sayest thou? Must I not mourn thy death?

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, nay: no grave-mound shall be heaped for me.

CLYTEMNESTRA

How then?—in death is burial not implied?

IPHIGENEIA

Zeus' Daughter's altar is my sepulchre.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child, I will do thy bidding. Thou say'st well.

IPHIGENEIA

As one blest, benefactor of our Greece.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δὴ κασιγνήταισιν ἀγγελῶ σέθεν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μηδ᾽ ἀμφὶ κείναις μέλανας ἐξάψῃς πέπλους.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

εἴπω δὲ παρὰ σοῦ φίλον ἔπος τι παρθένοις;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

χαίρειν γ᾽. Ὀρέστην τ᾽ ἔκτρεφ᾽ ἄνδρα τόνδε μοι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

προσέλκυσαί νιν ὕστατον θεωμένη.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ φίλτατ᾽, ἐπεκούρησας ὅσον εἶχες φίλοις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔσθ᾽ ὅ τι κατ᾽ Ἄργος δρῶσά σοι χάριν φέρω;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πατέρα τὸν ἀμὸν μὴ στύγει πόσιν τε σόν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δεινοὺς ἀγῶνας διὰ σὲ δεῖ κεῖνον δραμεῖν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἄκων μ᾽ ὑπὲρ γῆς Ἑλλάδος διώλεσεν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δόλῳ δ᾽, ἀγεννῶς Ἀτρέως τ᾽ οὐκ ἀξίως.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τίς μ᾽ εἶσιν ἄξων πρὶν σπαράσσεσθαι κόμην;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔγωγε μετὰ σοῦ—

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μὴ σύ γ᾽· οὐ καλῶς λέγεις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πέπλων ἐχομένη σῶν.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What message to thy sisters shall I bear?

IPHIGENEIA

Them too array thou not in sable stole.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Shall I bear them some word of love from thee?

IPHIGENEIA

Only "Farewell!" To manhood rear this babe.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Embrace him! for the last time look on him.

IPHIGENEIA (*to Orestes*)

Dearest, thou gav'st us all the help thou couldst!

CLYTEMNESTRA

Can I do aught at home to pleasure thee?

IPHIGENEIA

My father and thine husband hate not thou.

CLYTEMNESTRA

A fearful course for thy sake must he run!

IPHIGENEIA

Sore loth, for Hellas' sake, hath he destroyed me.

CLYTEMNESTRA

By guile unkingly, unworthy Atreus' son!

IPHIGENEIA

Who will lead me, ere men drag me by mine hair?

CLYTEMNESTRA

I will go with thee—

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, thou say'st not well.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Grasping thy vesture.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐμοί, μῆτερ, πιθοῦ,
μέν᾽· ὡς ἐμοί τε σοί τε κάλλιον τόδε.
πατρὸς δ᾽ ὀπαδῶν τῶνδέ τίς με πεμπέτω
Ἀρτέμιδος εἰς λειμῶν᾽, ὅπου σφαγήσομαι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τέκνον, οἴχει;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ πάλιν γ᾽ οὐ μὴ μόλω.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

λιποῦσα μητέρ᾽;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὡς ὁρᾷς γ᾽, οὐκ ἀξίως.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

σχές, μή με προλίπῃς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἐῶ στάζειν δάκρυ.
ὑμεῖς δ᾽ ἐπευφημήσατ᾽, ὦ νεάνιδες,
παιᾶνα τἠμῇ συμφορᾷ Διὸς κόρην
Ἄρτεμιν· ἴτω δὲ Δαναΐδαις εὐφημία.
κανᾶ δ᾽ ἐναρχέσθω τις, αἰθέσθω δὲ πῦρ
προχύταις καθαρσίοισι, καὶ πατὴρ ἐμὸς
ἐνδεξιούσθω βωμόν· ὡς σωτηρίαν
Ἕλλησι δώσουσ᾽ ἔρχομαι νικηφόρον.

ἄγετέ με τὰν Ἰλίου
καὶ Φρυγῶν ἑλέπτολιν.
στέφεα περίβολα δίδοτε, φέρετε·
πλόκαμος ὅδε καταστέφειν·
χερνίβων γε παγάς.

IPHIGENEIA

Heed me, mother mine—
Tarry : for thee, for me, 'tis better so.
Let one of my sire's henchmen lead me on
To Artemis' meadow, where I shall be slain.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child, art thou gone ?—

IPHIGENEIA

I shall return no more.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Leaving thy mother !

IPHIGENEIA

As thou seest :—'tis hard.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Hold !—O forsake me not !

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, shed no tear.

(CLYTEMNESTRA *enters the tent.*)

Ye damsels, raise all-hails of happy speed—
The paean for my lot—to Zeus's child
Artemis. Bid the host keep reverent hush.
Bring maunds of sacrifice, let blaze the flame
With purifying meal ; and let my sire
Compass the altar rightward. Lo, I come
To give to Hellas safety victory-crowned.

Raises the processional chant.

Lead me for Ilium's, Phrygia's, overthrowing ;
Give to me garlands, bring festooning flowers :
Lo, my locks wait the blossoms overstrowing,
The lustral laver-showers.

ἑλίσσετ᾽ ἀμφὶ ναὸν ἀμφὶ βωμὸν
τὰν ἄνασσαν Ἄρτεμιν,
θεὰν μάκαιραν· ὡς ἐμοῖσιν, εἰ χρεών,
αἵμασι θύμασί τε
θέσφατ᾽ ἐξαλείψω.
ὦ πότνια πότνια μᾶτερ, ὡς δάκρυά γέ σοι
δώσομεν ἁμέτερα·
παρ᾽ ἱεροῖς γὰρ οὐ πρέπει.
ἰὼ ἰὼ νεάνιδες,
συνεπαείδετ᾽ Ἄρτεμιν
Χαλκίδος ἀντίπορον,
ἵνα τε δόρατα μέμονε δάια
δι᾽ ἐμὸν ὄνομα τᾶσδ᾽ Αὐλίδος
στενοπόροισιν ὅρμοις.
ἰὼ γᾶ μᾶτερ ὦ Πελασγία,
Μυκηναῖαί τ᾽ ἐμαὶ θεράπναι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλεῖς πόλισμα Περσέως,
Κυκλωπίων πόνον χερῶν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἔθρεψας Ἑλλάδι με φάος·
θανοῦσα δ᾽ οὐκ ἀναίνομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κλέος γὰρ οὔ σε μὴ λίπῃ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἰὼ ἰώ.
λαμπαδοῦχος ἁμέρα Δι-
ός τε φέγγος, ἕτερον
ἕτερον αἰῶνα καὶ μοῖραν οἰκήσομεν.
χαῖρέ μοι, φίλον φάος. ἰὼ ἰώ.

To Artemis the Queen, blest Goddess, treading
A measure, fane and altar compass ye.
I wash the curse out with the hallowed shedding
Of blood, if this must be.

Mother, for thee my fount of pity streameth
Now—for I may not at the altar weep.
Sing, maidens, Artemis, whose temple gleameth
Toward Chalcis, o'er the deep,

From where, in Aulis' straitened havens, shaken
In fury, spears are at my name uptossed.
Hail, mother-land Pelasgia! Hail, forsaken
Mycenae—home—home lost!

CHORUS

Dost thou on the city of Perseus cry,
By the toil of the Cyclopes builded high?

IPHIGENEIA

For a light unto Hellas thou fosteredst me,
And I die—O freely I die for thee!

CHORUS

Yea, for thy glory shall never die.

IPHIGENEIA

Hail, Light divine!
Hail, Day in whose hands doth the World's Torch shine!
In a strange new life must I dwell,
And a strange new lot must be mine.
Farewell, dear light, farewell! [*Exit.*

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἴδεσθε τὰν Ἰλίου
καὶ Φρυγῶν ἑλέπτολιν
στείχουσαν, ἐπὶ κάρα στέφεα
βαλομέναν χερνίβων τε παγάς,
βωμὸν διαίμονος θεᾶς
ῥανίσιν αἱματορρύτοις
ῥανοῦσαν εὐφυῆ τε σώματος δέρην
σφαγεῖσαν.
εὔδροσοι πατρῷαι
παγαὶ μένουσι χέρνιβές τέ σε
στρατός τ' Ἀχαιῶν θέλων
Ἰλίου πόλιν μολεῖν.
ἀλλὰ τὰν Διὸς κόραν
κλῄσωμεν Ἄρτεμιν, θεῶν ἄνασσαν,
ὡς ἐπ' εὐτυχεῖ πότμῳ.
ὦ πότνια, θύμασιν βροτησίοις
χαρεῖσα, πέμψον εἰς Φρυγῶν
γαῖαν Ἑλλάνων στρατὸν
καὶ δολόεντα Τροίας ἕδη,
Ἀγαμέμνονά τε λόγχαις
Ἑλλάδι κλεινότατον στέφανον
δὸς ἀμφὶ κάρα θ' ἑὸν
κλέος ἀείμνηστον ἀμφιθεῖναι.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ Τυνδαρεία παῖ, Κλυταιμνήστρα, δόμων
ἔξω πέρασον, ὡς κλύῃς ἐμῶν λόγων.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

φθογγῆς κλύουσα δεῦρο σῆς ἀφικόμην,
ταρβοῦσα τλήμων κἀκπεπληγμένη φόβῳ,
μή μοί τιν' ἄλλην ξυμφορὰν ἥκῃς φέρων
πρὸς τῇ παρούσῃ.

CHORUS

See who, for Ilium's, Phrygia's, overthrowing,
With her fair hair for death bestarred with flowers,
Is to the sacrificial altar going
Besprent with laver-showers—

Yea, to the altar of the murder-lover,
To sprinkle it with thine outrushing life,
Whose crimson all thy shapely neck shall cover
Gashed by the fearful knife.

For thee the lustral dews of thy sire's pouring
Wait: the Achaean thousands Troyward strain.
Chant we Zeus' Child, the Huntress-queen adoring;
For O, thy loss is gain!

Joyer in human blood, to Phrygia's far land
Speed thou the host, to Troy the treason-shore;
So crown the King, crown Hellas with a garland
Of glory evermore.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Daughter of Tyndareus, Clytemnestra, come
Forth from the tent, that thou mayst hear my tale.

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA.

CLYTEMNESTRA

I heard thy voice, and hitherward I come,
Wretched with horror, all distraught with fear
Lest thou have brought to crown the present woe
Some fresh one.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

σῆς μὲν οὖν παιδὸς πέρι
θαυμαστά σοι καὶ δεινὰ σημῆναι θέλω.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μὴ μέλλε τοίνυν, ἀλλὰ φράζ' ὅσον τάχος.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἀλλ' ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, πᾶν πεύσει σαφῶς.
λέξω δ' ἀπ' ἀρχῆς, ἤν τι μὴ σφαλεῖσά μου
γνώμη ταράξῃ γλῶσσαν ἐν λόγοις ἐμήν.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἱκόμεσθα τῆς Διὸς κόρης
'Αρτέμιδος ἄλσος λείμακάς τ' ἀνθεσφόρους,
ἵν' ἦν 'Αχαιῶν σύλλογος στρατεύματος,
σὴν παῖδ' ἄγοντες, εὐθὺς 'Αργείων ὄχλος
ἠθροίζεθ'. ὡς δ' ἐσεῖδεν 'Αγαμέμνων ἄναξ
ἐπὶ σφαγὰς στείχουσαν εἰς ἄλσος κόρην,
ἀνεστέναζε, κἄμπαλιν στρέψας κάρα
δάκρυα προῆκεν, ὀμμάτων πέπλον προθείς.
ἡ δὲ σταθεῖσα τῷ τεκόντι πλησίον
ἔλεξε τοιάδ'· ὦ πάτερ, πάρειμί σοι,
τοὐμὸν δὲ σῶμα τῆς ἐμῆς ὑπὲρ πάτρας
καὶ τῆς ἁπάσης 'Ελλάδος γαίας ὕπερ
θῦσαι δίδωμ' ἑκοῦσα πρὸς βωμὸν θεᾶς
ἄγοντας, εἴπερ ἐστὶ θέσφατον τόδε.
καὶ τοὐπ' ἔμ' εὐτυχεῖτε, καὶ νικηφόρου
δορὸς τύχοιτε πατρίδα τ' ἐξίκοισθε γῆν.
πρὸς ταῦτα μὴ ψαύσῃ τις 'Αργείων ἐμοῦ·
σιγῇ παρέξω γὰρ δέρην εὐκαρδίως.
τοσαῦτ' ἔλεξε· πᾶς δ' ἐθάμβησεν κλύων
εὐψυχίαν τε κἀρετὴν τῆς παρθένου.
στὰς δ' ἐν μέσῳ Ταλθύβιος, ᾧ τόδ' ἦν μέλον,
εὐφημίαν ἀνεῖπε καὶ σιγὴν στρατῷ·
Κάλχας δ' ὁ μάντις εἰς κανοῦν χρυσήλατον

MESSENGER

Nay, but fain am I to tell,
Touching thy child, a strange and awesome thing.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Linger not then, but tell it with all speed.

MESSENGER

Yea, all, dear mistress, clearly shalt thou learn,
From the beginning told, except my tongue
Through my mind's turmoil falter in the tale.
When to the grove we came of Artemis,
Zeus' child, and to her meadows flower-bestarred,
The place of muster for Achaea's host,
Leading thy child, straightway the Argive throng
Gathered. But when King Agamemnon saw
The maid for slaughter entering the grove,
He heaved a groan, he turned his head away
Weeping, and drew his robe before his eyes.

But to her father's side she came, and stood,
And said: "My father, at thine hest I come,
And for my country's sake my body give,
And for all Hellas, to be led of you
Unto the Goddess' altar, willingly,
And sacrificed, if this is Heaven's decree.
Prosper, so far as rests with me, and win
Victory, and return to fatherland.
Then let no Argive lay a hand on me:
Silent, unflinching, will I yield my neck."

So spake she; and all marvelled when they heard
The maiden's courage and her heroism.
Forth stood Talthybius then, whose part it was,
Proclaiming silence and a reverent hush.
And the seer Calchas in a golden maund

ἔθηκεν ὀξὺ χειρὶ φάσγανον σπάσας
κολεῶν ἔσωθεν, κρᾶτά τ' ἔστεψεν κόρης.
ὁ παῖς δ' ὁ Πηλέως ἐν κύκλῳ βωμὸν θεᾶς
λαβὼν κανοῦν ἔθρεξε χέρνιβάς θ' ὁμοῦ,
ἔλεξε δ'· ὦ παῖ Ζηνός, ὦ θηροκτόνε,
τὸ λαμπρὸν εἱλίσσουσ' ἐν εὐφρόνῃ φάος,
δέξαι τὸ θῦμα τόδ' ὅ γέ σοι δωρούμεθα
στρατός τ' Ἀχαιῶν Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ θ' ὁμοῦ,
ἄχραντον αἷμα καλλιπαρθένου δέρης,
καὶ δὸς γενέσθαι πλοῦν νεῶν ἀπήμονα
Τροίας τε πέργαμ' ἐξελεῖν ἡμᾶς δορί.
εἰς γῆν δ' Ἀτρεῖδαι πᾶς στρατός τ' ἔστη βλέπων.
ἱρεὺς δὲ φάσγανον λαβὼν ἐπηύξατο,
λαιμόν τ' ἐπεσκοπεῖθ', ἵνα πλήξειεν ἄν·
†ἐμοὶ δέ τ' ἄλγος οὐ μικρὸν εἰσῄει φρενί,†
κἄστην νενευκώς· θαῦμα δ' ἦν αἴφνης ὁρᾶν·
πληγῆς σαφῶς γὰρ πᾶς τις ᾔσθετο κτύπον,
τὴν παρθένον δ' οὐκ οἶδεν οὗ γῆς εἰσέδυ.
βοᾷ δ' ἱερεύς, ἅπας δ' ἐπήχησε στρατός,
ἄελπτον εἰσιδόντες ἐκ θεῶν τινος
φάσμ', οὗ γε μηδ' ὁρωμένου πίστις παρῆν.
ἔλαφος γὰρ ἀσπαίρουσ' ἔκειτ' ἐπὶ χθονὶ
ἰδεῖν μεγίστη διαπρεπής τε τὴν θέαν,
ἧς αἵματι βωμὸς ἐραίνετ' ἄρδην τῆς θεοῦ.
κἀν τῷδε Κάλχας πῶς δοκεῖς χαίρων ἔφη·
ὦ τοῦδ' Ἀχαιῶν κοίρανοι κοινοῦ στρατοῦ,
†ὁρᾶτε τήνδε θυσίαν, ἣν ἡ θεὸς†
προύθηκε βωμίαν, ἔλαφον ὀρειδρόμον ;
ταύτην μάλιστα τῆς κόρης ἀσπάζεται,
ὡς μὴ μιάνῃ βωμὸν εὐγενεῖ φόνῳ.
†ἡδέως τε τοῦτ' ἐδέξατο, καὶ πλοῦν οὔριον†
δίδωσιν ἡμῖν Ἰλίου τ' ἐπιδρομάς.

Laid down a keen knife which his hand had drawn
Out of its sheath, then crowned the maiden's head.
Then Peleus' son took maund and lustral bowl,
And round the altar of the Goddess ran,
And cried: "Zeus' Daughter, slayer of wild beasts,
Whose wheels of light roll splendours through the gloom,
Accept this offering which we render thee,
Achaea's host, with Agamemnon King,
The unsullied blood from a fair maiden's neck;
And grant the galleys voyaging unvexed;
And grant our spears may spoil the towers of Troy.'
With bowed heads Atreus' sons and all the host
Stood. The priest took the knife, he spake the prayer,
He scanned her throat for fittest place to strike—
Then through my soul exceeding anguish thrilled:
Mine head drooped:—lo, a sudden miracle!
For each man plainly heard the blow strike home;
But the maid—none knew whither she had vanished.

Loud cried the priest: all echoed back the cry,
Seeing a portent by some God sent down
Unlooked-for, past belief, albeit seen.
For gasping on the ground there lay a hind
Most huge to see, and passing fair to view,
With whose blood all the Goddess' altar ran.
Then Calchas cried—how gladly ye may guess:—
"O chieftains of this leagued Achaean host,
See ye this victim by the Goddess laid
Before her altar, even a mountain hind?
This holds she more acceptable than the maid,
That she stain not with noble blood her altar.
Gladly she hath accepted this, and grants
To us fair voyage and onset upon Troy.

πρὸς ταῦτα πᾶς τις θάρσος αἶρε ναυβάτης,
χώρει τε πρὸς ναῦν· ἡμέρας ὡς τῆσδε δεῖ
λιπόντας ἡμᾶς Αὐλίδος κοίλους μυχοὺς
Αἴγαιον οἶδμα διαπερᾶν. ἐπεὶ δ' ἅπαν
κατηνθρακώθη θῦμ' ἐν Ἡφαίστου φλογί,
τὰ πρόσφορ' ηὔξαθ', ὡς τύχοι νόστου στρατός.
πέμπει δ' Ἀγαμέμνων μ' ὥστε σοι φράσαι τάδε,
λέγειν θ' ὁποίας ἐκ θεῶν μοίρας κυρεῖ
καὶ δόξαν ἔσχεν ἄφθιτον καθ' Ἑλλάδα.
ἐγὼ παρὼν δὲ καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμ' ὁρῶν λέγω·
ἡ παῖς σαφῶς σοι πρὸς θεοὺς ἀφίπτατο.
λύπης δ' ἀφαίρει καὶ πόσει πάρες χόλον·
ἀπροσδόκητα δὲ βροτοῖς τὰ τῶν θεῶν,
σῴζουσί θ' οὓς φιλοῦσιν. ἦμαρ γὰρ τόδε
θανοῦσαν εἶδε καὶ βλέπουσαν παῖδα σήν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἥδομαί τοι ταῦτ' ἀκούσασ' ἀγγέλου·
ζῶν δ' ἐν θεοῖσι σὸν μένειν φράζει τέκος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ παῖ, θεῶν τοῦ κλέμμα γέγονας;
πῶς σε προσείπω; πῶς δ' οὐ φῶ
παραμυθεῖσθαι τούσδε μάτην μύθους,
ὥς σου πένθους λυγροῦ παυσαίμαν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ στείχει,
τούσδ' αὐτοὺς ἔχων σοι φράζειν μύθους.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

γύναι, θυγατρὸς ἕνεκ' ὄλβιοι γενοίμεθ' ἄν·
ἔχει γὰρ ὄντως ἐν θεοῖς ὁμιλίαν.
χρὴ δέ σε λαβοῦσαν τόνδε μόσχον νεαγενῆ

Be of good cheer then every mariner!
Hence to the galleys; for this day must we
Fleet out of Aulis' hollow bays, and cross
The Aegean surge." So when the victim all
Was burnt to ashes in the Fire-god's flame,
Meet prayer he offered for the host's return.
Me Agamemnon sped to tell thee this,
And say what heaven-sent fortune fair he hath,
What deathless fame through Hellas he hath won.
Lo, I was there, and speak as one who saw.
Doubtless thy child was wafted to the Gods.
Forbear grief, cease from wrath against thy lord.
Of mortals unforeseen the Gods' ways are,
And whom they love they save: for this same day
Dying and living hath beheld thy child.

CHORUS

How glad I hear the messenger's report!
He saith thy child bides living midst the Gods.

CLYTEMNESTRA

O daughter, of what God stolen art thou?
How shall I bid farewell to thee?—how
Know this for aught but a sweet lie, spoken
To heal the heart that for thee is broken?

CHORUS

Lo there King Agamemnon draweth nigh
Bearing the selfsame tale to tell to thee.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON

Wife, for our child's fate happy may we be,
For she in truth hath fellowship with Gods.
Now must thou take this weanling little one,

στείχειν πρὸς οἴκους· ὡς στρατὸς πρὸς πλοῦν ὁρᾷ.
καὶ χαῖρε· χρόνιά γε τἀμά σοι προσφθέγματα
Τροίηθεν ἔσται. καὶ γένοιτό σοι καλῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χαίρων, Ἀτρείδη, γῆν ἱκοῦ Φρυγίαν,
χαίρων δ' ἐπάνηκε,
κάλλιστά μοι σκῦλ' ἀπὸ Τροίας ἑλών.

And journey home; for seaward looks the host.
Farewell:—it shall be long ere thee I greet,
From Troy returning. Be it well with thee.

CHORUS

Pass, Atreus' scion, to Phrygia's land with joy,
And with joy from the battle-toil come, bearing the glorious spoil
Of Troy.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.

RHESUS

ARGUMENT

When *Hector and the Trojans, as Homer telleth in the Eighth Book of his Iliad, had driven the Greeks from before Troy back to their camp beside the sea, the host of Troy lay for that night in the plain overagainst them. And the Trojans sent forth Dolon a spy to know what the Greeks were minded to do. But there went forth also two spies from the camp of the Greeks, even Odysseus and Diomedes, and these met Dolon and slew him, after that he had told them in his fear all that they would know of the array of the Trojans, and of the coming of their great ally, Rhesus the Thracian, the son of a Goddess. And herein is told of the coming of the Thracian king, and of all that befell that night in the camp of the Trojans.*

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΦΥΛΑΚΩΝ
ΕΚΤΩΡ
ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ
ΔΟΛΩΝ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΡΗΣΟΣ
ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ
ΑΘΗΝΑ
ΠΑΡΙΣ
ΡΗΣΟΥ ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ
ΜΟΥΣΑ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HECTOR, *captain of the host of Troy.*
AENEAS, *a Trojan chief.*
DOLON, *a Trojan.*
SHEPHERD.
RHESUS, *king of Thrace, son of the Muse Terpsichore.*
ODYSSEUS, *a crafty Greek.*
DIOMEDES, *a valiant Greek.*
ATHENA, *a Goddess.*
PARIS, *named also Alexander, a Trojan, son of Priam.*
CHARIOTEER *of Rhesus.*
THE MUSE *Terpsichore, mother of Rhesus.*
CHORUS, *consisting of sentinels of the Trojan army.*
Guards of Hector, Soldiers of the Thracian army.

SCENE: In the camp of Troy, before Hector's tent.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Βᾶθι πρὸς εὐνὰς
τὰς Ἑκτορέους τις ὑπασπιστῶν
ἄγρυπνος βασιλέως, εἰ τευχοφόρων
δέξαιτο νέων κληδόνα μύθων,
οἳ τετράμοιρον νυκτὸς φρουρὰν
πάσης στρατιᾶς προκάθηνται.
ὄρθου κεφαλὴν πῆχυν ἐρείσας,
λῦσον βλεφάρων γοργωπὸν ἕδραν,
λεῖπε χαμεύνας φυλλοστρώτους,
Ἕκτορ· καιρὸς γὰρ ἀκοῦσαι.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τίς ὅδ'; ἦ φίλιος φθόγγος; τίς ἀνήρ;
τί τὸ σῆμα; θρόει·
τίνες ἐκ νυκτῶν τὰς ἡμετέρας
κοίτας πλάθουσ'; ἐνέπειν χρή.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φύλακες στρατιᾶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τί φέρει θορύβῳ;

RHESUS

Enter CHORUS *marching to Hector's tent, before which stand guards.*

CHORUS

Ho, pass to the couch of Hector your lord,
Ye watchful henchmen that guard his sleep,
If perchance he will hearken our tidings, the word
Of them through the night's fourth watch that keep
The wide war-host safe-fenced with the spear.
Ho! raise thine head on thine arm upstaying;
Unseal thine eyes, the battle-dismaying:
Leap from thine earth-strewn leaf-bed sere,
Hector: 'tis time to hear.

Enter HECTOR *from the tent.*

HECTOR

Who cometh?—the voice of a friend?—what wight?
The watchword give. Speak thou!
Who are ye that draw nigh in the hours of the night
To my couch? Ye must answer now.

CHORUS

Sentinels we.

HECTOR

Why then this affright?

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

μῶν τις λόχος ἐκ νυκτῶν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστι.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τί γὰρ φυλακὰς προλιπὼν
κινεῖς στρατιάν, εἰ μή τιν' ἔχων
νυκτηγορίαν ; οὐκ οἶσθα δορὸς
πέλας Ἀργείου νυχίαν ἡμᾶς
κοίτην πανόπλους κατέχοντας ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁπλίζου χέρα, συμμάχων, στρ.
Ἕκτορ, βᾶθι πρὸς εὐνάς,
ὄτρυνον ἔγχος ἀείρειν, ἀφύπνισον,
πέμπε φίλους ἰέναι ποτὶ σὸν λόχον,
ἁρμόσατε ψαλίοις ἵππους.
τίς εἶσ' ἐπὶ Πανθοΐδαν,
ἢ τὸν Εὐρώπας, Λυκίων ἀγὸν ἀνδρῶν ;
ποῦ σφαγίων ἔφοροι ;
ποῦ δὲ γυμνήτων μόναρχοι ;
τοξοφόροι δὲ Φρυγῶν
ζεύγνυτε κερόδετα τόξα νευραῖς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τὰ μὲν ἀγγέλλεις δείματ' ἀκούειν,
τὰ δὲ θαρσύνεις, κοὐδὲν καθαρῶς·
ἀλλ' ἦ Κρονίου Πανὸς τρομερᾷ
μάστιγι φοβεῖ ; φυλακὰς δὲ λιπὼν
κινεῖς στρατιάν ; τί θροεῖς ; τί σε φῶ
νέον ἀγγέλλειν ; πολλὰ γὰρ εἰπὼν
οὐδὲν τρανῶς ἀπέδειξας.

CHORUS

Fear not.

HECTOR

Is an ambush of darkness on us?

CHORUS

Nay, none.

HECTOR

Why then hast forsaken thus
Thy watch, and uprousest the host, if thou bring
No tidings? Knowest thou not how nigh
To the Argive spears lie slumbering
Our ranks in their battle-panoply?

CHORUS

Nay, but with armed hand, Hector, speed (*Str.*)
Hence to thine allies' resting-place:
Rouse them from slumber, and bid upraise
Spears: let a friend to thy war-band run.
Bit ye and bridle the chariot-steed.
Who will go for us to Panthoüs' son,
Or Europa's, the chief of the Lycian array?
Where be the choosers of victims to bleed?
And the captains of dartmen, where be they?
Archers of Phrygia, let sinews be slipped
O'er the notches, to strain the bows horn-tipt!

HECTOR

In part dost thou bring to us tidings of dread,
In part of good cheer; nought plainly is said.
Hath Zeus' son Pan with the Scourge of Quaking
Struck thee, that thus thy watch forsaking
Thou startlest the host? What meaneth thy clamour?
What tidings are thine? In thy panic-stammer
Of thronging words is a riddle unread.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πύρ' αἴθει στρατὸς Ἀργόλας, ἀντ.
Ἕκτορ, πᾶσαν ἀν' ὄρφναν,
διιπετῆ δὲ νεῶν πυρσοῖς σταθμά.
πᾶς δ' Ἀγαμεμνονίαν προσέβα στρατὸς
ἐννύχιος θορύβῳ σκηνάν,
νέαν τιν' ἐφιέμενοι
βάξιν. οὐ γάρ πω πάρος ὧδ' ἐφοβήθη
ναυσιπόρος στρατιά.
σοὶ δ', ὑποπτεύων τὸ μέλλον,
ἤλυθον ἄγγελος, ὡς
μήποτέ τιν' ἐς ἐμὲ μέμψιν εἴπῃς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

εἰς καιρὸν ἦλθες, καίπερ ἀγγέλλων φόβον·
ἄνδρες γὰρ ἐκ γῆς τῆσδε νυκτέρῳ πλάτῃ
λαθόντες ὄμμα τοὐμὸν αἴρεσθαι φυγὴν
μέλλουσι· σαίνει μ' ἔννυχος φρυκτωρία.
ὦ δαῖμον, ὅστις μ' εὐτυχοῦντ' ἐνόσφισας
θοίνης λέοντα, πρὶν τὸν Ἀργείων στρατὸν
σύρδην ἅπαντα τῷδ' ἀναλῶσαι δορί.
† εἰ γὰρ φαεννοὶ μὴ ξυνέσχον ἡλίου
λαμπτῆρες, οὐκ ἂν ἔσχον εὐτυχοῦν δόρυ,
πρὶν ναῦς πυρῶσαι καὶ διὰ σκηνῶν μολεῖν
κτείνων Ἀχαιοὺς τῇδε πολυφόνῳ χερί.
κἀγὼ μὲν ἦ πρόθυμος ἱέναι δόρυ
ἐν νυκτὶ χρῆσθαί τ' εὐτυχεῖ ῥύμῃ θεοῦ·
ἀλλ' οἱ σοφοί με καὶ τὸ θεῖον εἰδότες
μάντεις ἔπεισαν ἡμέρας μεῖναι φάος,
κἄπειτ' Ἀχαιῶν μηδέν' ἐν χέρσῳ λιπεῖν.
οἱ δ' οὐ μένουσι τῶν ἐμῶν θυοσκόων
βουλάς· ἐν ὄρφνῃ δραπέτης μέγα σθένει.
ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα χρὴ παραγγέλλειν στρατῷ

CHORUS

Argos' array is with bale-fires aglow, (*Ant.*)
  Hector, enkindled the livelong night;
  And the lines of their galleys with torches are
      bright.
And with tumult to King Agamemnon's tent
Streaming their warrior-thousands go:
"Thy behest?" they cry: they are vehement.
  Never in such wise heretofore
Scared was the sea-borne host of the foe.
  So—for I doubted what time hath in store—
Bearing my tidings to thee I came,
That with thee I be henceforth clear of blame.

HECTOR

Timely thou com'st, though thou dost herald fear.
Yon men are minded to flee forth the land
With darkling oar, escaping so my ken:
Their beacons of the night flash this to me.
Ah Fortune, that thou shouldst in triumph's hour
Rob of his prey the lion, ere my spear
With one swoop make an end of Argos' host!
For, had the sun's bright torches not been quenched,
I had not stayed the triumph of my spear
Ere I had burnt their ships, swept through their
    tents,
Slaying Achaeans with this death-fraught hand.
Afire was I to press on with the spear
By night, take heaven-sent fortune at the flood;
But your wise seers, which know the mind of God,
Persuaded me to wait the dawn of day,
And leave then no Achaean on dry land.
But the foe—*they* for my soothsayers' rede
Wait not: in darkness runaways wax in might!
Swift must we speed our summons through the host

τεύχη πρόχειρα λαμβάνειν λῆξαί θ' ὕπνου,
ὡς ἄν τις αὐτῶν καὶ νεῶν θρῴσκων ἔπι
νῶτον χαραχθεὶς κλίμακας ῥάνῃ φόνῳ,
οἱ δ' ἐν βρόχοισι δέσμιοι λελημμένοι
Φρυγῶν ἀρούρας ἐκμάθωσι γαπονεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἕκτορ, ταχύνεις πρὶν μαθεῖν τὸ δρώμενον·
ἄνδρες γὰρ εἰ φεύγουσιν οὐκ ἴσμεν τορῶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τίς γὰρ πύρ' αἴθειν πρόφασις Ἀργείων στρατόν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ὕποπτον δ' ἐστὶ κάρτ' ἐμῇ φρενί.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

πάντ' ἂν φοβηθεὶς ἴσθι, δειμαίνων τόδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔπω πρὶν ἧψαν πολέμιοι τοσόνδε φῶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οὐδ' ὧδέ γ' αἰσχρῶς ἔπεσον ἐν τροπῇ δορός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ ταῦτ' ἔπραξας· καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ νῦν σκόπει.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἁπλοῦς ἐπ' ἐχθροῖς μῦθος ὁπλίζειν χέρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὅδ' Αἰνέας καὶ μάλα σπουδῇ ποδὸς
στείχει, νέον τι πρᾶγμ' ἔχων φίλοις φράσαι.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

Ἕκτορ, τί χρῆμα νύκτεροι κατὰ στρατὸν
τὰς σὰς πρὸς εὐνὰς φύλακες ἐλθόντες φόβῳ
νυκτηγοροῦσι καὶ κεκίνηται στρατός;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

Αἰνέα, πυκάζου τεύχεσιν δέμας σέθεν.

To grasp their ready arms, to shake off sleep,
That some—yea, as aboard their ships they spring,—
With backs spear-scored may stain their gangways red,
And others, bondmen snared in coiling cords,
May learn to till the glebe of Phrygian fields.

CHORUS

Hector, thy fiery haste outrunneth knowledge.
Whether they flee we know not certainly.

HECTOR

Why then should Argos' host set fires ablaze?

CHORUS

I know not: yet mine heart misgives me much.

HECTOR

If this thou dread, then know thyself all fears!

CHORUS

Such blaze our foes ne'er kindled heretofore.

HECTOR

Nor ever knew such shameful rout as this.

CHORUS

This *thou* achievedst: see thou to the rest.

HECTOR

'Gainst foes one watchword shall suffice—to arm.

CHORUS

Lo, where Aeneas comes in hot-foot haste,
As one that beareth tidings to his friends.

Enter AENEAS, DOLON, *and others.*

AENEAS

Hector, for what cause through the host have come
Darkling unto thy couch scared sentinels,
Startling the host, for nightly communing?

HECTOR

Aeneas, in war-harness case thy limbs.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

τί δ' ἔστι; μῶν τις πολεμίων ἀγγέλλεται
λόχος κρυφαῖος ἑστάναι κατ' εὐφρόνην;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

φεύγουσιν ἄνδρες κἀπιβαίνουσιν νεῶν.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

τί τῶνδ' ἂν εἴποις ἀσφαλὲς τεκμήριον;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

αἴθουσι πᾶσαν νύκτα λαμπάδας πυρός·
καί μοι δοκοῦσιν οὐ μενεῖν ἐς αὔριον,
ἀλλ' ἐκκέαντες πύρσ' ἐπ' εὐσέλμων νεῶν
φυγῇ πρὸς οἴκους τῆσδ' ἀφορμήσειν χθονός.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

σὺ δ' ὡς τί δράσων πρὸς τάδ' ὁπλίζει χέρας;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

φεύγοντας αὐτοὺς κἀπιθρῴσκοντας νεῶν
λόγχῃ καθέξω κἀπικείσομαι βαρύς·
αἰσχρὸν γὰρ ἡμῖν καὶ πρὸς αἰσχύνῃ κακὸν
θεοῦ διδόντος πολεμίους ἄνευ μάχης
φεύγειν ἐᾶσαι πολλὰ δράσαντας κακά.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

εἴθ' ἦσθ' ἀνὴρ εὔβουλος, ὡς δρᾶσαι χερί.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐτὸς πάντ' ἐπίστασθαι βροτῶν
πέφυκεν· ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλο πρόσκειται γέρας,
σὲ μὲν μάχεσθαι, τοὺς δὲ βουλεύειν καλῶς·
ὅστις πυρὸς λαμπτῆρας ἐξήρθης κλύων
φεύγειν Ἀχαιούς, καὶ στρατὸν μέλλεις ἄγειν
τάφρους ὑπερβὰς νυκτὸς ἐν καταστάσει.
καίτοι περάσας κοῖλον αὐλώνων βάθος,
εἰ μὴ κυρήσεις πολεμίους ἀπὸ χθονὸς
φεύγοντας, ἀλλὰ σὸν βλέποντας εἰς δόρυ,
νικώμενος μὲν τήνδε μὴ οὐ μόλῃς πόλιν·

AENEAS

What meaneth this? Is stealthy ambuscade
Of foes 'neath darkness' screen announced afoot?

HECTOR

Our enemies flee: even now they board their ships.

AENEAS

What certain proof hereof hast thou to tell?

HECTOR

All through the night they kindle flaming brands:
Yea, and methinks they will not wait the morn,
But, burning torches on the fair-benched ships,
In homeward flight will get them from this land.

AENEAS

And thou, with what intent dost arm thine hand?

HECTOR

Even as they flee, and leap upon their decks,
My spear shall stay them and mine onset crush.
Shameful it were, and dastardly withal,
When God to us gives unresisting foes,
After such mischiefs wrought to let them flee.

AENEAS

Would that thy prudence matched thy might of hand!
So is it: one man cannot be all-wise,
But diverse gifts to diverse men belong—
Prowess to thee, to others prudent counsel.
Thou hear'st of these fire-beacons, leap'st to think
The Achaeans flee, dost pant to lead thine host
Over the trenches in the hush of night.
Yet if, the foss's yawning chasm crossed,
Thou find the foeman not in act to flee
The land, but set to face thy spear, beware
Lest, vanquished, thou return not unto Troy.

πῶς γὰρ περάσει σκόλοπας ἐν τροπῇ στρατός ;
πῶς δ' αὖ γεφύρας διαβαλοῦσ' ἱππηλάται,
ἢν ἆρα μὴ θραύσαντες ἀντύγων χνόας ;
νικῶν δ' ἔφεδρον παῖδ' ἔχεις τὸν Πηλέως,
ὅς σ' οὐκ ἐάσει ναυσὶν ἐμβαλεῖν φλόγα
οὐδ' ὧδ' Ἀχαιοὺς ὡς δοκεῖς ἀναρπάσαι.
αἴθων γὰρ ἀνὴρ καὶ πεπύργωται θράσει.
ἀλλὰ στρατὸν μὲν ἥσυχον παρ' ἀσπίδας
εὕδειν ἐῶμεν ἐκ κόπων ἀρειφάτων,
κατάσκοπον δὲ πολεμίων, ὃς ἂν θέλῃ,
πέμπειν δοκεῖ μοι· κἂν μὲν αἴρωνται φυγήν,
στείχοντες ἐμπέσωμεν Ἀργείων στρατῷ·
εἰ δ' εἰς δόλον τιν' ἥδ' ἄγει φρυκτωρία,
μαθόντες ἐχθρῶν μηχανὰς κατασκόπου
βουλευσόμεσθα· τήνδ' ἔχω γνώμην, ἄναξ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάδε δοκεῖ, τάδε μεταθέμενος νόει. στρ.
σφαλερὰ δ' οὐ φιλῶ στρατηγῶν κράτη.
τί γὰρ ἄμεινον ἢ
ταχυβάταν νεῶν κατόπταν μολεῖν
πέλας ὅ τί ποτ' ἄρα δαΐοις
πυρὰ κατ' ἀντίπρῳρα ναυστάθμων δαίεται ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

νικᾶτ', ἐπειδὴ πᾶσιν ἁνδάνει τάδε.
στείχων δὲ κοίμα συμμάχους· τάχ' ἂν στρατὸς
κινοῖτ' ἀκούσας νυκτέρους ἐκκλησίας.
ἐγὼ δὲ πέμψω πολεμίων κατάσκοπον.
κἂν μέν τιν' ἐχθρῶν μηχανὴν πυθώμεθα,
σὺ πάντ' ἀκούσει καὶ παρὼν εἴσει λόγους·
ἐὰν δ' ἀπαίρωσ' εἰς φυγὴν ὁρμώμενοι,

How shall we pass in rout their palisades?
How shall thy charioteers the causeways cross
And shatter not the axles of the cars?
Though victor, thou must still meet Peleus' son,
Who will not suffer thee to fire the ships,
Nor take the Achaeans captive, as thou hopest—
That man of fire, in valour a very tower.
Nay, leave we sleeping under shield in peace
Our host, at rest from travail of the strife.
I counsel, send to spy upon the foe
Whoso will go, and, if they purpose flight,
Forth let us charge, and fall on Argos' host.
But if these beacons lure us to a snare,
We from the spy our foes' devices learn,
And so confer: this is my mind, O King.

CHORUS

(*Str.*)

Even such is my mind; be it thine, from thy mood be thou swayed;
For I love not behests of captains that bring but a snare.
Now what thing better than this shall our emprise aid
Than to send forth a scout who anigh to the galleys shall fare
Swift-footed, and learn why comes it that, where be arrayed
The prows of the galleys, the fires of the foemen glare?

HECTOR

So be it, since ye all be in one mind.
Go, still our allies: haply shall the host,
Hearing of our night-council, be aroused.
I will send one to spy upon the foe.
If aught we learn of any stratagem,
Thou shalt hear all, shalt know and share our counsel.
But if now flightward they be hastening,

σάλπιγγος αὐδὴν προσδοκῶν καραδόκει,
ὡς οὐ μενοῦντά μ'· ἀλλὰ προσμίξω νεῶν
ὁλκοῖσι νυκτὸς τῆσδ' ἐπ' Ἀργείων στρατῷ.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

πέμφ' ὡς τάχιστα· νῦν γὰρ ἀσφαλῶς φρονεῖς.
σὺν σοὶ δ' ἔμ' ὄψει καρτεροῦνθ' ὅσ' ἂν δέῃ.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τίς δῆτα Τρώων οἳ πάρεισιν ἐν λόγῳ
θέλει κατόπτης ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν ;
τίς ἂν γένοιτο τῆσδε γῆς εὐεργέτης ;
τίς φησιν ; οὔτοι πάντ' ἐγὼ δυνήσομαι
πόλει πατρῴᾳ συμμάχοις θ' ὑπηρετεῖν.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ἐγὼ πρὸ γαίας τόνδε κίνδυνον θέλω
ῥίψας κατόπτης ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν,
καὶ πάντ' Ἀχαιῶν ἐκμαθὼν βουλεύματα
ἥξω· 'πὶ τούτοις τόνδ' ὑφίσταμαι πόνον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἐπώνυμος μὲν κάρτα καὶ φιλόπτολις
Δόλων· πατρὸς δὲ καὶ πρὶν εὐκλεᾶ δόμον
νῦν δὶς τόσῳ τέθεικας εὐκλεέστερον.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

οὐκοῦν πονεῖν μὲν χρή, πονοῦντα δ' ἄξιον
μισθὸν φέρεσθαι. παντὶ γὰρ προκείμενον
κέρδος πρὸς ἔργῳ τὴν χάριν τίκτει διπλῆν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ναί, καὶ δίκαια ταῦτα κοὐκ ἄλλως λέγω.
τάξαι δὲ μισθὸν πλὴν ἐμῆς τυραννίδος·

ΔΟΛΩΝ

οὐ σῆς ἐρῶμεν πολιόχου τυραννίδος.

Watch thou, expecting aye the trumpet's call.
I will not tarry, but with Argos' host
This night will clash beside their launching-ways.

AENEAS

Send with all speed: safe now is thine intent.
Me shalt thou find a strenuous help at need.

HECTOR

Who of you Trojans present at our speech
Consents to go, a spy on Argos' fleet?
Who will be benefactor of this land?
Who answers?—not in everything can I
My native city and her allies serve.

DOLON

I for my land consent to dare the risk,
And go a spy unto the Argive ships;
And, all their counsels learnt, will I return.
On one condition will I face the task.

HECTOR

Well-named art thou, O lover of thy land,
Dolon: thy sire's house, glorious heretofore,
Is now of thee made doubly glorious.

DOLON

Then must I toil—but for my toil receive
Fit guerdon; for all work that hath reward
In prospect, is with double pleasure wrought.

HECTOR

Yea, just thy claim is; I gainsay it not.
Fix any guerdon, save my royal power.

DOLON

Thy burden of royalty I covet not.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ γήμας Πριαμιδῶν γαμβρὸς γενοῦ.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

οὐκ ἐξ ἐμαυτοῦ μειζόνων γαμεῖν θέλω.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

χρυσὸς πάρεστιν, εἰ τόδ' αἰτήσει γέρας.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ἀλλ' ἔστ' ἐν οἴκοις· οὐ βίου σπανίζομεν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα χρῄζεις ὧν κέκευθεν Ἴλιον ;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ἑλὼν Ἀχαιοὺς δῶρά μοι ξυναίνεσον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

δώσω· σὺ δ' αἴτει πλὴν στρατηλάτας νεῶν.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

κτεῖν', οὔ σ' ἀπαιτῶ Μενέλεω σχέσθαι χέρα.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οὐ μὴν τὸν Οἰλέως παῖδά μ' ἐξαιτεῖς λαβεῖν ;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

κακαὶ γεωργεῖν χεῖρες εὖ τεθραμμέναι.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τίν' οὖν Ἀχαιῶν ζῶντ' ἀποινᾶσθαι θέλεις ;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

καὶ πρόσθεν εἶπον· ἔστι χρυσὸς ἐν δόμοις.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

καὶ μὴν λαφύρων γ' αὐτὸς αἱρήσει παρών.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

θεοῖσιν αὐτὰ πασσάλευε πρὸς δόμους.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα μεῖζον τῶνδέ μ' αἰτήσει γέρας ;

HECTOR
A child of Priam wed, become my kinsman.

DOLON
No bride for me of folk too high for me!

HECTOR
Ready lies gold, if thou wilt ask this meed.

DOLON
That have I in mine halls: not wealth I lack.

HECTOR
What wouldst thou then of treasures Ilium hoards?

DOLON
Pledge me my gift, if thou destroy the foe.

HECTOR
I will deny naught—save their captive chiefs.

DOLON
Slay them: not Menelaus' life I ask.

HECTOR
Sure, thou wouldst ask not of me Oïleus' son?

DOLON
Ill at field-toil be dainty-nurtured hands.

HECTOR
Whom of the Greeks wouldst hold to ransom then?

DOLON
Erewhile I said it—gold my halls lack not.

HECTOR
Then come, and of the spoils make choice thyself.

DOLON
These to the Gods hang thou on temple-walls.

HECTOR
What greater guerdon canst thou ask than these?

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ἵππους Ἀχιλλέως· χρὴ δ' ἐπ' ἀξίοις πονεῖν
ψυχὴν προβάλλοντ' ἐν κύβοισι δαίμονος.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

καὶ μὴν ἐρῶντί γ' ἀντερᾷς ἵππων ἐμοί·
ἐξ ἀφθίτων γὰρ ἄφθιτοι πεφυκότες
τὸν Πηλέως φέρουσι θούριον γόνον·
δίδωσι δ' αὐτοὺς πωλοδαμνήσας ἄναξ
Πηλεῖ Ποσειδῶν, ὡς λέγουσι, πόντιος.
ἀλλ' οὔ σ' ἐπάρας ψεύσομαι· δώσω δέ σοι
κάλλιστον οἴκοις κτῆμ' Ἀχιλλέως ὄχον.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

αἰνῶ· λαβὼν δέ φημι κάλλιστον Φρυγῶν
δῶρον δέχεσθαι τῆς ἐμῆς εὐσπλαγχνίας.
σὲ δ' οὐ φθονεῖν χρή· μυρί' ἔστιν ἄλλα σοί,
ἐφ' οἷσι τέρψει τῆσδ' ἀριστεύων χθονός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέγας ἀγών, μεγάλα δ' ἐπινοεῖς ἑλεῖν· ἀντ.
μακάριός γε μὴν κυρήσας ἔσει.
πόνος ὅδ' εὐκλεής·
μέγα δὲ κοιράνοισι γαμβρὸν πέλειν.
τὰ θεόθεν ἐπιδέτω Δίκα,
τὰ δὲ παρ' ἀνδράσιν τέλειά σοι φαίνεται.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

στείχοιμ' ἄν· ἐλθὼν δ' ἐς δόμους ἐφέστιος
σκευῇ πρεπόντως σῶμ' ἐμὸν καθάψομαι,
κἀκεῖθεν ἥσω ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων πόδα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἴπ' εἴ τιν' ἄλλην ἀντὶ τῆσδ' ἕξεις στολήν.

DOLON

Achilles' horses. He for worthy meed
Must toil, who sets his life on fortune's hazard.

HECTOR

Ha ! steeds I covet dost thou covet too,
For, foals immortal of immortal sires,
They bear the battle-eager Peleus' son.
These King Poseidon, even the Sea-god, tamed,
Men say, and unto Peleus gave them first.
Yet will I cheat not hopes I raised, but give
Achilles' team, a glory to thine house

DOLON

I thank thee : so I win them, goodliest prize
Mid Phrygia's thousands is my valour's guerdon.
Be thou not envious : countless things beside
Shall make thee glad, the ruler of the land.

[*Exit* HECTOR.

CHORUS

(*Ant.*)

Great thine emprise is, and great the reward thou dost claim ; [shalt thou know.
So thou may'st but attain thereunto, high bliss
Verily this thine adventure is fraught with fame.
Yet, to wed with a princess !—glory had this been, I trow.
For the God's part, even let Justice look to the same :
But for men—never guerdon more perfect may man bestow.

DOLON

Now will I go : to mine own halls I pass,
To clothe me in such garb as best befits.
Thence will I speed my feet to Argos' ships.

CHORUS

Say, wilt thou don aught save the attire thou hast ?

ΔΟΛΩΝ

πρέπουσαν ἔργῳ κλωπικοῖς τε βήμασιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σοφοῦ παρ' ἀνδρὸς χρὴ σοφόν τι μανθάνειν·
λέξον, τίς ἔσται τοῦδε σώματος σαγή;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

λύκειον ἀμφὶ νῶτον ἅψομαι δορὰν
καὶ χάσμα θηρὸς ἀμφ' ἐμῷ θήσω κάρᾳ,
βάσιν τε χερσὶ προσθίαν καθαρμόσας
καὶ κῶλα κώλοις, τετράπουν μιμήσομαι
λύκου κέλευθον πολεμίοις δυσεύρετον,
τάφροις πελάζων καὶ νεῶν προβλήμασιν.
ὅταν δ' ἔρημον χῶρον ἐμβαίνω ποδί,
δίβαμος εἶμι· τῇδε σύγκειται δόλος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' εὖ σ' ὁ Μαίας παῖς ἐκεῖσε καὶ πάλιν
πέμψειεν Ἑρμῆς, ὅς γε φηλητῶν ἄναξ.
ἔχεις δὲ τοὔργον, εὐτυχεῖν μόνον σε χρή.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

σωθήσομαί τε καὶ κτανὼν Ὀδυσσέως
οἴσω κάρα σοι, σύμβολον δ' ἔχων σαφὲς
φήσεις Δόλωνα ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν,
ἢ παῖδα Τυδέως· οὐδ' ἀναιμάκτῳ χερὶ
ἥξω πρὸς οἴκους πρὶν φάος μολεῖν χθόνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Θυμβραῖε καὶ Δάλιε καὶ Λυκιας ναὸν ἐμβατεύων, *στρ. α'*
Ἄπολλον, ὦ δία κεφαλά, μόλε τοξήρης, ἱκοῦ ἐννύχιος

DOLON

Yea, such as fits my work, my stealthy steps.

CHORUS

Behoves that from the crafty craft we learn.
Say, what shall be the vesture of thy limbs?

DOLON

Over my back a wolfskin will I draw,
And the brute's gaping jaws shall frame mine head:
Its forefeet will I fasten to mine hands,
Its legs to mine: the wolf's four-footed gait
I'll mimic, baffling so our enemies,
While near the trench and pale of ships I am:
But whenso to a lone spot come my feet,
Two-footed will I walk: my ruse is this.

CHORUS

Now kindly speed thee Hermes, Maia's son,
Prince of the guileful, going and returning.
Thou know'st thy work: thou needest but good speed.

DOLON

Return I shall, with slain Odysseus' head
To show thee,—when thou hast this token sure,
"Dolon," shalt thou say, "reached the Argive ships,"—
Or Tydeus' son's head. Not with bloodless hand
Will I win home ere dawn rise o'er the earth.

[*Exit.*

CHORUS

(*Str.* 1)

O King Thymbraean, O Delian Lord, O haunter of Lycia's fane,
O sunlit brow, with thy bow do thou, Apollo, this night draw near:

καὶ γενοῦ σωτήριος ἀνέρι πομπᾶς
ἁγεμὼν καὶ ξύλλαβε Δαρδανίδαις,
ὦ παγκρατές, ὦ Τροΐας
τείχη παλαιὰ δείμας.

μόλοι δὲ ναυκλήρια, καὶ στρατιᾶς ἀντ. α
Ἑλλάδος διόπτας
ἵκοιτο, καὶ κάμψειε πάλιν θυμέλας οἴκων πατρὸς Ἰλιάδας.
Φθιάδων δ' ἵππων ποτ' ἐπ' ἄντυγι βαίη,
δεσπότου πέρσαντος Ἀχαιὸν Ἄρη,
τὰς πόντιος Αἰακίδᾳ
Πηλεῖ δίδωσι δαίμων.

ἐπεὶ πρό τ' οἴκων πρό τε γᾶς ἔτλα μόνος στρ. β'
ναύσταθμα βὰς κατιδεῖν· ἄγαμαι
λήματος· ἦ σπανία
τῶν ἀγαθῶν, ὅταν ᾖ
δυσάλιον ἐν πελάγει καὶ σαλεύῃ
πόλις· ἔστι Φρυγῶν τις ἔστιν ἄλκιμος·
ἔνι δὲ θράσος ἐν αἰχμᾷ· ποτὶ Μυσῶν, ὃς ἐμὰν συμμαχίαν ἀτίζει.

τίν' ἄνδρ' Ἀχαιῶν ὁ πεδοστιβὴς σφαγεὺς ἀντ. β'
οὐτάσει ἐν κλισίαις, τετραπουν
μῖμον ἔχων ἐπὶ γᾶν
θηρός; ἕλοι Μενέλαν,
κτανὼν δ' Ἀγαμεμνόνιον κρᾶτ' ἐνέγκοι
Ἑλένᾳ κακόγαμβρον ἐς χέρας γόον,
ὃς ἐπὶ πόλιν, ὃς ἐς γᾶν Τροΐαν χιλιόναυν ἤλυθ' ἔχων στρατείαν.

To our hero's perilous mission be guide and saviour,
and O maintain,
Almighty helper, our cause, who of old didst the
ramparts of Troy uprear.

(*Ant.* 1)

May he win to the galleys and enter the host of Hellas,
and spy out their deeds,
And home return to the altars that burn in his father's
halls unto thee:
And, when Hector hath harried Achaea's array, may
he drive the Phthian steeds,
The steeds that on Peleus, Aeacus' son, were bestowed
by the Lord of the Sea.

(*Str.* 2)

Forasmuch as for home and for fatherland alone he
hath dared to go [of the Hellene ships,
Thither, and gaze on the fencèd place, on the camp
His hardihood I extol,—of such heroes but few shall
be found, I trow, [state's prow heavily dips.
When the sun in the sea sinks stormily, and the
There is, there is mid the Phrygians found a hero!—
our prowess shall glow
Mid the clash of the spears:—at our help who sneers,
save the envious Mysian lips?

(*Ant.* 2)

What chieftain Achaean shall he, as with death in his
hand he prowls to and fro, [earth he steals,
As in shape of a brute of fourfold foot o'er the darkling
Stab mid the tents? May he slay Menelaus, and lay
Agamemnon low, [her shriek outpeals,
Yea, bear the head of the war-king dead, and, loud as
Lay it in Helen's hands—the head of her kinsman who
worked us woe, [array of a thousand keels.
Who sailed to the strand of Troy's fair land with

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἄναξ, τοιούτων δεσπόταισιν ἄγγελος
εἴην τὸ λοιπὸν οἷά σοι φέρω μαθεῖν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἦ πόλλ' ἀγρώσταις σκαιὰ πρόσκειται φρενί·
καὶ γὰρ σὺ ποίμνας δεσπόταις τευχεσφόροις
ἥκειν ἔοικας ἀγγελῶν ἵν' οὐ πρέπει.
οὐκ οἶσθα δῶμα τοὐμὸν ἢ θρόνους πατρός,
οἷ χρῆν γεγωνεῖν σ' εὐτυχοῦντα ποίμνια;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

σκαιοὶ βοτῆρές ἐσμεν· οὐκ ἄλλως λέγω.
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἧσσόν σοι φέρω κεδνοὺς λόγους.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

παῦσαι λέγων μοι τὰς προσαυλείους τύχας·
μάχας πρὸ χειρῶν καὶ δόρη βαστάζομεν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

τοιαῦτα κἀγὼ σημανῶν ἐλήλυθα·
ἀνὴρ γὰρ ἀρχῆς μυρίας στρατηλατῶν
στείχει φίλος σοὶ σύμμαχός τε τῇδε γῇ.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ποίας πατρῴας γῆς ἐρημώσας πέδον;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Θρῄκης· πατρὸς δὲ Στρυμόνος κικλήσκεται.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

Ῥῆσον τιθέντ' ἔλεξας ἐν Τροίᾳ πόδα;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἔγνως· λόγου δὲ δὶς τόσου μ' ἐκούφισας.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

καὶ πῶς πρὸς Ἴδης ὀργάδας πορεύεται,
πλαγχθεὶς πλατείας πεδιάδος θ' ἁμαξιτοῦ;

Re-enter HECTOR. *Enter* SHEPHERD *as messenger.*

SHEPHERD

King, still through days to come be it mine to bear
Such tidings to my lords as now I bring!

HECTOR

Dull-witted oft the spirits are of clowns.
Thou com'st, meseems, to place that ill befits,
With tidings of thy flocks to warring lords.
Know'st not my mansion, nor my father's throne?
Thither shouldst thou bear word of flocks' increase.

SHEPHERD

Dull-witted are we clowns, I gainsay not:
Yet none the less I bring thee welcome news.

HECTOR

Forbear to tell me how the sheep-pens thrive.
Battles have we in hand, and brandish spears.

SHEPHERD

Even such the tidings are wherewith I come.
A warrior captaining a countless host
Draws nigh,—thy friend, and this land's war-ally.

HECTOR

Leaving what country's plains untenanted?

SHEPHERD

Thrace: and he bears the name of Strymon's son.

HECTOR

Rhesus! Doth *he* set foot in Troy, say'st thou?

SHEPHERD

Even so: thou lightenest half my speech's load.

HECTOR

Why journeyeth he to Ida's pasture-lands,
Swerving from yon broad highway o'er the plain?

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἀκριβῶς, εἰκάσαι γε μὴν πάρα.
νυκτὸς γὰρ οὔτι φαῦλον ἐμβαλεῖν στρατόν,
κλύοντα πλήρη πεδία πολεμίας χερός.
φόβον δ' ἀγρώσταις, οἳ κατ' Ἰδαῖον λέπας
οἰκοῦμεν αὐτόρριζον ἑστίαν χθονός,
παρέσχε δρυμὸν νυκτὸς ἔνθηρον μολών.
πολλῇ γὰρ ἠχῇ Θρῄκιος ῥέων στρατὸς
ἔστειχε· θάμβει δ' ἐκπλαγέντες ἵεμεν
ποίμνας πρὸς ἄκρας, μή τις Ἀργείων μόλῃ
λεηλατήσων καὶ σὰ πορθήσων σταθμά,
πρὶν δὴ δι' ὤτων γῆρυν οὐχ Ἑλληνικὴν
ἐδεξάμεσθα καὶ μετέστημεν φόβου.
στείχων δ' ἄνακτος προυξερευνητὰς ὁδοῦ
ἀνιστόρησα Θρῃκίοις προσφθέγμασιν,
τίς ὁ στρατηγὸς καὶ τίνος κεκλημένος
στείχει πρὸς ἄστυ Πριαμίδαισι σύμμαχος.
καὶ πάντ' ἀκούσας ὧν ἐφιέμην μαθεῖν,
ἔστην· ὁρῶ δὲ Ῥῆσον ὥστε δαίμονα
ἑστῶτ' ἐν ἱππείοισι Θρῃκίοις ὄχοις.
χρυσῆ δὲ πλάστιγξ αὐχένα ζυγηφόρον
πώλων ἔκλῃε χιόνος ἐξαυγεστέρων.
πέλτης δ' ἐπ' ὤμων χρυσοκόλλητος τύπος
ἔλαμπε· Γοργὼν δ' ὡς ἀπ' αἰγίδος θεᾶς
χαλκῆ μετώποις ἱππικοῖσι πρόσδετος
πολλοῖσι σὺν κώδωσιν ἐκτύπει φόβον.
στρατοῦ δὲ πλῆθος οὐδ' ἂν ἐν ψήφου λόγῳ
θέσθαι δύναι' ἄν, ὡς ἄπλατον ἦν ἰδεῖν,
πολλοὶ μὲν ἱππῆς, πολλὰ πελταστῶν τέλη,
πολλοὶ δ' ἀτράκτων τοξόται, πολὺς δ' ὄχλος
γυμνὴς ὁμαρτῇ, Θρῃκίαν ἔχων στολήν.
τοιόσδε Τροίᾳ σύμμαχος πάρεστ' ἀνήρ,

SHEPHERD

I know not certainly: one may divine.
Wise strategy was his to march by night,
Hearing how foeman-bands beset the plains.
Yet us, the hinds who dwell on Ida's slopes,
The immemorial cradle of your race,
His night-faring through woods beast-haunted scared.
For with loud shouts the on-surging Thracian host
Marched; and in panic-struck amaze we drove
Our flocks to ridges, lest of the Argives some
Were drawing nigh, to harry and to spoil
Thy folds, till accents fell upon our ears
Of no Greek tongue, and so we ceased from dread.
Then, drawing nigh, their chieftain's vanward scouts
I questioned in the Thracian speech, and asked
Who and whose son their captain was, that marched
Troyward, as war-ally to Priam's sons.
And, having heard whate'er I craved to know,
I stood still, and saw Rhesus, like a God,
Towering upon his Thracian battle-wain.
Golden the yoke-beam was that linked the necks
Of car-steeds gleaming whiter than the snow.
Upon his shoulders his gold-blazoned targe
Flashed: a bronze Gorgon, as on Pallas' shield,
Upon the frontlet of his horses bound,
Clanging with many a bell clashed forth dismay.
The number of his host thou couldst not sum
In strict account—eye could not measure it.
Many a knight, long lines of targeteers,
And archers multitudinous, and a swarm
Of dartmen passed, accoutred Thracian-wise.
Such warrior is at hand for Troy's ally

ὃν οὔτε φεύγων οὔθ' ὑποσταθεὶς δορὶ
ὁ Πηλέως παῖς ἐκφυγεῖν δυνήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅταν πολίταις εὐσταθῶσι δαίμονες,
ἕρπει κατάντης συμφορὰ πρὸς τἀγαθά.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

πολλούς, ἐπειδὴ τοὐμὸν εὐτυχεῖ δόρυ
καὶ Ζεὺς πρὸς ἡμῶν ἐστιν, εὑρήσω φίλους.
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν αὐτῶν δεόμεθ', οἵτινες πάλαι
μὴ ξυμπονοῦσιν, ἡνίκ' ἐξώστης Ἄρης
ἔθραυε λαίφη τῆσδε γῆς μέγας πνέων.
Ῥῆσος δ' ἔδειξεν οἷος ἦν Τροίᾳ φίλος·
ἥκει γὰρ εἰς δαῖτ', οὐ παρὼν κυνηγέταις
αἱροῦσι λείαν οὐδὲ συγκαμὼν δορί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀρθῶς ἀτίζεις κἀπίμομφος εἶ φίλοις·
δέχου δὲ τοὺς θέλοντας ὠφελεῖν πόλιν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἀρκοῦμεν οἱ σῴζοντες Ἴλιον πάλαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέποιθας ἤδη πολεμίους ᾑρηκέναι;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

πέποιθα· δείξει τοὐπιὸν σέλας θεοῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅρα τὸ μέλλον· πόλλ' ἀναστρέφει θεός.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

μισῶ φίλοισιν ὕστερον βοηδρομεῖν.
ὁ δ' οὖν ἐπείπερ ἦλθε, σύμμαχος μὲν οὔ,
ξένος δὲ πρὸς τράπεζαν ἡκέτω ξένων·
χάρις γὰρ αὐτῷ Πριαμιδῶν διώλετο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄναξ, ἀπωθεῖν συμμάχους ἐπίφθονον.

As Peleus' son shall not prevail to escape,
Fleeing or biding onset of the spear.

CHORUS

When to our burghers heaven lends present aid,
Down-gliding to success fleets Fortune's stream.

HECTOR

Ha, many a friend shall I find, now my spear
Is triumphing, and Zeus is on our side!
But need we have none of such as in days past
Shared not our toil, when Ares buffeting
With mighty blast was rending this land's sails.
Then Rhesus showed what friend he was to Troy.
To the feast he comes, who came not to the hunters
With help of spear, what time they took the prey.

CHORUS

Rightly dost thou contemn and blame such friends:
Yet welcome them that fain would help our Troy.

HECTOR

Enough are we, who warded Ilium long.

CHORUS

Art sure thou hast even now destroyed the foe?

HECTOR

Sure: this the splendour of coming dawn shall prove.

CHORUS

Beware the future: oft doth fortune veer.

HECTOR

I hate to come with help to friends o'erlate:—
Yet, since he hath come, not as our ally,
But guest, unto our table let him come.
The sons of Priam owe no thanks to him.

CHORUS

King, hate were bred of allies thrust away.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

φόβος γένοιτ' ἂν πολεμίοις ὀφθεὶς μόνον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

σύ τ' εὖ παραινεῖς καὶ σὺ καιρίως σκοπεῖς.
ὁ χρυσοτευχὴς δ' οὔνεκ' ἀγγέλου λόγῳ
Ῥῆσος πάρεσται τῇδε σύμμαχος χθονί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἀδράστεια μὲν ἁ Διὸς παῖς — στρ. α
εἴργοι στομάτων φθόνον·
φράσω γὰρ δὴ ὅσον μοι
ψυχᾷ προσφιλές ἐστιν εἰπεῖν.
ἥκεις, ὦ ποταμοῦ παῖ,
ἥκεις, ἐπλάθης Φρυγίαν πρὸς αὐλὰν
ἀσπαστός, ἐπεί σε χρόνῳ
Πιερὶς μάτηρ ὅ τε καλλιγέφυ-
ρος ποταμὸς πορεύει

Στρυμών, ὅς ποτε τᾶς μελῳδοῦ — ἀντ. α
Μούσας δι' ἀκηράτων
δινηθεὶς ὑδροειδὴς
κόλπων σὰν ἐφύτευσεν ἥβαν.
σύ μοι Ζεὺς ὁ φαναῖος
ἥκεις διφρεύων βαλιαῖσι πώλοις.
νῦν, ὦ πατρὶς ὦ Φρυγία,
ξὺν θεῷ νῦν σοι τὸν ἐλευθέριον
Ζῆνα πάρεστιν ᾄδειν.

ἆρά ποτ' αὖθις ἁ παλαιὰ — στρ. β'
Τροία τοὺς προπότας παναμερεύσει
θιάσους ἐρώτων
ψαλμοῖσι καὶ κυλίκων οἰνοπλανήτοις
ἐπιδεξίαις ἁμίλλαις,

SHEPHERD

His mere appearing should dismay our foes.

HECTOR

Well counsellest thou—thou too dost see aright.
This golden-mailèd Rhesus then shall come,
According to thy word, our land's ally.

CHORUS

Nemesis, child of the Highest, (*Str.* 1)
My lips from presumption refrain;
For the thoughts to mine heart that are nighest
Shall ring through my paean-strain.
Thou hast come, O River-god's son, to our land !
Welcome to Phrygia's palace-gate,
Whom thy mother Pierian hath sent so late
From the river with goodly bridges spanned,

Even Strymon, whose waterbreaks eddied (*Ant.* 1)
'Twixt the breasts of the Queen of Song,
That the maid with the River-god wedded
Bare thee, young champion and strong.
Thou art come to me, manifest Zeus, borne high
O'er thy silver-flecked horses! O fatherland mine,
Lo, Phrygia, a saviour !—acclaim him for thine
By the Gods' grace :—" Zeus my deliverer ! " cry.

Shall she ever again, our ancient Troy, (*Str.* 2)
See the sun go down on the revel's joy,
While the songs that extol sweet love are pealing,
While feaster to feaster the wine-challenge crieth,
As circles the cup, and the brain is reeling,

κατὰ πόντον Ἀτρειδᾶν
Σπάρταν οἰχομένων Ἰλιάδος παρ᾽ ἀκτᾶς;
ὦ φίλος, εἴθε μοι
σᾷ χερὶ καὶ σῷ δορὶ πρά-
ξας τάδ᾽ ἐς οἶκον ἔλθοις.

ἐλθέ, φάνηθι, τὰν ζάχρυσον ἀντ. β′
Πηλείδα προβαλοῦ κατ᾽ ὄμμα πέλταν
δοχμίαν πεδαίρων
σχιστὰν παρ᾽ ἄντυγα, πώλους ἐρεθίζων
δίβολόν τ᾽ ἄκοντα πάλλων.
σὲ γὰρ οὔτις ὑποστὰς
Ἀργείας ποτ᾽ ἐν Ἥρας δαπέδοις χορεύσει·
ἀλλά νιν ἅδε γᾶ
καταφθίμενον Θρῃκὶ μόρῳ
φίλτατον ἄχθος οἴσει.

ἰὼ ἰώ.
μέγας ὦ βασιλεῦ, καλόν, ὦ Θρῄκη,
σκύμνον ἔθρεψας πολίαρχον ἰδεῖν.
ἴδε χρυσόδετον σώματος ἀλκήν,
κλύε καὶ κόμπους κωδωνοκρότους,
παρὰ πορπάκων κελαδοῦντας.
θεός, ὦ Τροία, θεὸς αὐτὸς Ἄρης,
ὁ Στρυμόνιος πῶλος ἀοιδοῦ
Μούσης ἥκων καταπνεῖ σε.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

χαῖρ᾽, ἐσθλὸς ἐσθλοῦ παῖ, τύραννε τῆσδε γῆς,
Ἕκτορ· παλαιᾷ σ᾽ ἡμέρᾳ προσεννέπω.
χαίρω δέ σ᾽ εὐτυχοῦντα καὶ προσήμενον
πύργοισιν ἐχθρῶν· συγκατασκάψων δ᾽ ἐγὼ
τείχη πάρειμι καὶ νεῶν πρήσων σκάφη.

While the Atreïds' sail o'er the dark sea flieth
From Troy low down in the offing that lieth?
O friend, mayest thou with thine arm and thy spear
To help me in this my need appear,
And return safe home from thy glory here!

Come thou, appear, thy buckler upraise: (*Ant.* 2)
Be its gold-sheen flashed in Achilles' face
As it gleameth athwart the chariot-railing,
As thou speedest thy steeds on thunderous-prancing
At the foe from thy spear's forked lightning quailing.
None, who hath braved thee in fury advancing,
Upon Argive lawn unto Hera dancing
Shall stand, but here shall the corpse of him slain
Lie, by the Thracians' doom of bane,
To cumber the soil of its load full fain.

Enter RHESUS *in his chariot, with Thracian guard.*

Hail, great King, hail!—O Thrace, of thy scions
The glory is this—true prince to behold!
Mark ye the strong limbs lapped in gold:
Heard ye the bells clash proud defiance,
As their tongues from his buckler-handles tolled?
'Tis a God, Troy! Ares' self is there,
This Strymon's son, whom the Song-queen bare!
Bringing times of refreshing to thee doth he fare.

RHESUS

Brave son of brave sire, prince of this land, hail,
Hector! I greet thee after many days.
I joy in thy good speed, who see thee camped
Nigh the foes' towers. I come to help thee raze
Their ramparts, and to fire their galleys' hulls.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

παῖ τῆς μελῳδοῦ μητέρος Μουσῶν μιᾶς
Θρῃκός τε ποταμοῦ Στρυμόνος, φιλῶ λέγειν
τἀληθὲς ἀεὶ κοὐ διπλοῦς πέφυκ' ἀνήρ.
πάλαι πάλαι χρῆν τῇδε συγκάμνειν χθονὶ
ἐλθόντα, καὶ μὴ τοὐπὶ σ' Ἀργείων ὕπο
Τροίαν ἐᾶσαι πολεμίων πεσεῖν δορί.
οὐ γάρ τι λέξεις ὡς ἄκλητος ὢν φίλοις
οὐκ ἦλθες οὐδ' ἤμυνας οὐδ' ἐπεστράφης.
τίς γάρ σε κῆρυξ ἢ γερουσία Φρυγῶν
ἐλθοῦσ' ἀμύνειν οὐκ ἐπέσκηψεν πόλει;
ποίων δὲ δώρων κόσμον οὐκ ἐπέμψαμεν;
σὺ δ' ἐγγενὴς ὢν βάρβαρός τε βαρβάρους
Ἕλλησιν ἡμᾶς προὔπιες τὸ σὸν μέρος.
καίτοι σε μικρᾶς ἐκ τυραννίδος μέγαν
Θρῃκῶν ἄνακτα τῇδ' ἔθηκ' ἐγὼ χερί,
ὅτ' ἀμφὶ Πάγγαιόν τε Παιόνων τε γῆν
Θρῃκῶν ἀρίστοις ἐμπεσὼν κατὰ στόμα
ἔρρηξα πέλτην, σοὶ δὲ δουλώσας λεὼν
παρέσχον· ὧν σὺ λακτίσας πολλὴν χάριν,
φίλων νοσούντων ὕστερος βοηδρομεῖς.
οἱ δ' οὐδὲν ἡμῖν ἐν γένει[1] πεφυκότες,
πάλαι παρόντες, οἱ μὲν ἐν χωστοῖς τάφοις
κεῖνται πεσόντες, πίστις οὐ σμικρὰ πόλει,
οἱ δ' ἔν θ' ὅπλοισι καὶ παρ' ἱππείοις ὄχοις
ψυχρὰν ἄησιν δίψιόν τε πῦρ θεοῦ
μένουσι καρτεροῦντες, οὐκ ἐν δεμνίοις
πυκνὴν ἄμυστιν ὡς σὺ δεξιούμενοι.
ταῦθ', ὡς ἂν εἰδῇς Ἕκτορ' ὄντ' ἐλεύθερον,
καὶ μέμφομαί σοι καὶ λέγω κατ' ὄμμα σόν.

[1] Valckenaer and Paley: for ἐγγενεῖς of MSS.

HECTOR

Son of the Songful Mother, of the Muse,
And Thracian Strymon's flood, I love to speak
The truth: no man am I of double tongue.
Long, long since shouldest thou have come to aid
This land, nor suffered, for all help of thine,
That Troy should stoop 'neath spears of Argive foes.
Thou canst not say thou cam'st not to thy friends,
Nor visitedst for their help, for lack of bidding.
What Phrygian herald, or what ambassage,
Came not with instant prayer for help to Troy?
What splendour of gifts did we not send to thee?
Alien from Greece as we, our countryman,
To Greeks didst thou betray us, all thou couldst.
Yet thee from petty lordship made I great,
Yea, king of all the Thracians, with this arm,
When round Pangaeus and Paeonia's land
In battle-brunt on Thracian chiefs I fell,
Shattered their shield, and gave their folk to thee
In thrall. This grace thou hast trodden under foot,
And laggard com'st to help afflicted friends,
While they that are in no wise kin to us
Have long been here; and some in grave-mounds lie
Slain,—no mean loyalty to our city this,—
Some yet in arms beside their battle-cars
Abide, enduring hardness—chilly blast
And the sun's glare throat-parching, not on beds,
Like thee, with pledge of many a long deep draught.
Thus, that thou may'st know Hector's plain blunt mood,
I blame thee and I speak it to thy face.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

τοιοῦτός εἰμι καὐτός, εὐθεῖαν λόγων
τέμνων κέλευθον, κοὐ διπλοῦς πέφυκ' ἀνήρ.
ἐγὼ δὲ μεῖζον ἢ σὺ τῆσδ' ἀπὼν χθονὸς
λύπῃ πρὸς ἧπαρ δυσφορῶν ἐτειρόμην·
ἀλλ' ἀγχιτέρμων γαῖά μοι, Σκύθης λεώς,
μέλλοντι νόστον τὸν πρὸς Ἴλιον περᾶν
ξυνῆψε πόλεμον· Εὐξένου δ' ἀφικόμην
πόντου πρὸς ἀκτάς, Θρῇκα πορθμεῦσαι στρατόν.
ἔνθ' αἱματηρὸς πέλανος ἐς γαῖαν Σκύθης
ἠντλεῖτο λόγχῃ, Θρῄξ τε συμμιγὴς φόνος.

τοιάδε τοί μ' ἀπεῖργε συμφορὰ πέδον
Τροίας ἱκέσθαι σύμμαχόν τέ σοι μολεῖν.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἔπερσα, τῶνδ' ὁμηρεύσας τέκνα,
τάξας ἔτειον δασμὸν εἰς δόμους φέρειν,
ἥκω περάσας ναυσὶ πόντιον στόμα,
τὰ δ' ἄλλα πεζὸς γῆς περῶν ὁρίσματα,
οὐχ ὡς σὺ κομπεῖς τὰς ἐμὰς ἀμύστιδας,
οὐδ' ἐν ζαχρύσοις δώμασιν κοιμώμενος,
ἀλλ' οἷα πόντον Θρῄκιον φυσήματα
κρυσταλλόπηκτα Παίονάς τ' ἐπεζάρει,
ξὺν τοῖσδ' ἄυπνος οἶδα τλὰς πορπάμασιν.

ἀλλ' ὕστερος μὲν ἦλθον, ἐν καιρῷ δ' ὅμως·
σὺ μὲν γὰρ ἤδη δέκατον αἰχμάζεις ἔτος
κοὐδὲν περαίνεις, ἡμέραν δ' ἐξ ἡμέρας
ῥίπτεις κυβεύων τὸν πρὸς Ἀργείους Ἄρην·
ἐμοὶ δὲ φῶς ἓν ἡλίου καταρκέσει
πέρσαντι πύργους ναυστάθμοις ἐπεισπεσεῖν
κτεῖναί τ' Ἀχαιούς· θατέρᾳ δ' ἀπ' Ἰλίου
πρὸς οἶκον εἶμι, συντεμὼν τοὺς σοὺς πόνους.
ὑμῶν δὲ μή τις ἀσπίδ' ἄρηται χερί·

RHESUS

Even such am I: no devious track of words
I follow: no man I of double tongue.
I for my absence from this land was vexed,
Chafing with grief of heart, far more than thou.
But Scythia's folk, whose frontiers march with mine,
Even as I set forward, Troyward bound,
Fell on me, even as I reached the shores
Of Euxine, with my Thracian host to cross.
There upon Scythia's soil great blood-gouts dripped
From spears, of Thracian slaughter blent with Scythian.

Such was the chance that barred my journeying
To Troyland's plains to be thy battle-aid.
I smote them, took their sons for hostages,
Set them a yearly tribute to my house,
Straight sailed across the sea-gorge, and am here.
I passed afoot the borders of thy land,
Not, as thou proudly tauntest, with deep draughts
Of wine, nor lying soft in golden halls:
But what the icy storm-blasts are that sweep
Paeonian steppes and Thracian sea, I learnt
By sleepless suffering, wrapped but in this cloak.

Late is my coming, timely none the less;
For ten full years hast thou been warring now,
Yet hast achieved nought, dost from day to day
Against the Argives cast the dice of war.
But for me one sun's dawning shall suffice
To storm their towers, to fall upon their fleet,
And slay the Achaeans. So, thy toils cut short,
From Ilium on the morrow home I pass,
Of you let no man lift in hand a shield:

ἐγὼ γὰρ ἕξω τοὺς μέγ' αὐχοῦντας δορὶ
πέρσας Ἀχαιούς, καίπερ ὕστερος μολών.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ. *στρ.*
φίλα θροεῖς, φίλος Διόθεν εἶ· μόνον
φθόνον ἄμαχον ὕπατος
Ζεὺς θέλοι ἀμφὶ
σοῖς λόγοισιν εἴργειν.
τὸ δὲ νάϊον Ἀργόθεν δόρυ
οὔτε πρίν τιν' οὔτε νῦν
ἀνδρῶν ἐπόρευσε σέθεν κρείσσω. πῶς μοι
Ἀχιλεὺς τὸ σὸν ἔγχος ἂν δύναιτο,
πῶς δ' Αἴας ὑπομεῖναι;
εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόδ' ἦμαρ εἰσίδοιμ', ἄναξ,
ὅτῳ πολυφόνου
χειρὸς ἀποινάσαιο λόγχᾳ.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

τοιαῦτα μέν σοι τῆς μακρᾶς ἀπουσίας
πρᾶξαι παρέξω· σὺν δ' Ἀδραστείᾳ λέγω·
ἐπειδὰν ἐχθρῶν τήνδ' ἐλευθέραν πόλιν
θῶμεν θεοῖσί τ' ἀκροθίνι' ἐξέλῃς,
ξὺν σοὶ στρατεύειν γῆν ἐπ' Ἀργείων θέλω
καὶ πᾶσαν ἐλθὼν Ἑλλάδ' ἐκπέρσαι δορί,
ὡς ἂν μάθωσιν ἐν μέρει πάσχειν κακῶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

εἰ τοῦ παρόντος τοῦδ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς κακοῦ
πόλιν νεμοίμην ὡς τὸ πρίν ποτ' ἀσφαλῆ,
ἦ κάρτα πολλὴν θεοῖς ἂν εἰδείην χάριν.
τὰ δ' ἀμφί τ' Ἄργος καὶ νομὸν τὸν Ἑλλάδος
οὐχ ὧδε πορθεῖν ῥᾴδι', ὡς λέγεις, δορί.

I ruining with my spear will still the vaunts
Of yon Achaeans, howso late I come.

CHORUS

(*Str. to Ant.* 820-832)

Hail to thee! welcome thy shout is, our champion from Zeus and our friend!
Only may Zeus the most highest forgive thee thy vaunt, and defend
Thee from the malice of Jealousy, her with whom none may contend!
Never the galleys of Argos, aforetime nor late, to our land
Brought mid the hosts of their heroes a champion so mighty of hand.
How shall Achilles or Aias thy battle-spear's lightning withstand?
O that I also may live to behold it, the on-coming day!
O to behold it, thy vengeance triumphant, when lifted to slay
Flasheth the lance in thine hand, spreading havoc through Hellas' array!

RHESUS

Such deeds will I, for my long absence' sake,
Perform for thee. So Nemesis say not nay,
When we have freed this city of foes, and thou
Hast chosen triumph's firstfruits for the Gods,
Then will I march with thee to Argive land,
Swoop down, and waste all Hellas with the spear,
That they in turn may learn what suffering means.

HECTOR

If I, delivered from this imminent curse,
Might sway a city as of old secure,
Then were my soul all thankfulness to heaven.
But, for thy talk of Argos and the meads
Of Hellas, these shall no spear lightly waste.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

οὐ τούσδ' ἀριστέας φασὶν Ἑλλήνων μολεῖν;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

κοὐ μεμφόμεσθά γ', ἀλλ' ἄδην ἐλαύνομεν.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

οὔκουν κτανόντες τούσδε πᾶν εἰργάσμεθα;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

μή νυν τὰ πόρρω τἀγγύθεν μεθεὶς σκόπει.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ἀρκεῖν ἔοικέ σοι παθεῖν, δρᾶσαι δὲ μή.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

πολλῆς γὰρ ἄρχω κἀνθάδ' ὢν τυραννίδος.
ἀλλ' εἴτε λαιὸν εἴτε δεξιὸν κέρας,
εἴτ' ἐν μέσοισι συμμάχοις, πάρεστί σοι
πέλτην ἐρεῖσαι καὶ καταστῆσαι στρατόν.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

μόνος μάχεσθαι πολεμίοις, Ἕκτορ, θέλω.
εἰ δ' αἰσχρὸν ἡγεῖ μὴ συνεμπρῆσαι νεῶν
πρύμνας, πονήσας τὸν πάρος πολὺν χρόνον,
τάξον μ' Ἀχιλλέως καὶ στρατοῦ κατὰ στόμα

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οὐκ ἔστ' ἐκείνῳ θοῦρον ἀντᾶραι δόρυ.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

καὶ μὴν λόγος γ' ἦν ὡς ἔπλευσ' ἐπ' Ἴλιον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἔπλευσε καὶ πάρεστιν· ἀλλὰ μηνίων
στρατηλάταισιν οὐ συναίρεται δόρυ.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

τίς δὴ μετ' αὐτὸν ἄλλος εὐδοξεῖ στρατοῦ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

Αἴας ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐδὲν ἡσσᾶσθαι δοκεῖ
χὠ Τυδέως παῖς· ἔστι δ' αἱμυλώτατον

RHESUS

These that have come, are they not named her best?

HECTOR

Nor I misprise them, who can scarce repel.

RHESUS

Then is not all achieved when these are slain?

HECTOR

Gaze not afar, neglecting things at hand.

RHESUS

Thou seem'st content to suffer unavenged!

HECTOR

My realms be wide enow, though here I stay.
But thou—upon the left wing or the right,
Or centre of our allies, mayst thou plant
Thy buckler, and array thy battle-line.

RHESUS

Hector, alone I fain would fight the foe.
Yet, if thou think shame not to help to fire
The ship-sterns, after all thy toils o'erpast,
Post me to face Achilles and his host.

HECTOR

'Gainst him one cannot lift the eager spear.

RHESUS

Yet rumour ran that he too sailed to Troy.

HECTOR

He sailed, and he is here; but, being wroth
With fellow-chieftains, lifteth not the spear.

RHESUS

Who next him in their host hath high renown?

HECTOR

Aias I count no whit outdone by him,
And Tydeus' son; and that glib craftiest knave

κρότημ' Ὀδυσσεύς, λῆμά τ' ἀρκούντως θρασὺς
καὶ πλεῖστα χώραν τήνδ' ἀνὴρ καθυβρίσας.
ὃς εἰς Ἀθάνας σηκὸν ἔννυχος μολὼν
κλέψας ἄγαλμα ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων φέρει.
ἤδη δ' ἀγύρτης πτωχικὴν ἔχων στολὴν
εἰσῆλθε πύργους, πολλὰ δ' Ἀργείοις κακὰ
ἠρᾶτο, πεμφθεὶς Ἴλιον κατάσκοπος·
κτανὼν δὲ φρουροὺς καὶ παραστάτας πυλῶν
ἐξῆλθεν· ἀεὶ δ' ἐν λόχοις εὑρίσκεται
Θυμβραῖον ἀμφὶ βωμὸν ἄστεος πέλας
θάσσων· κακῷ δὲ μερμέρῳ παλαίομεν.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

οὐδεὶς ἀνὴρ εὔψυχος ἀξιοῖ λάθρᾳ
κτεῖναι τὸν ἐχθρόν, ἀλλ' ἰὼν κατὰ στόμα.
τοῦτον δ' ὃν ἵζειν φὴς σὺ κλωπικὰς ἕδρας
καὶ μηχανᾶσθαι, ζῶντα συλλαβὼν ἐγὼ
πυλῶν ἐπ' ἐξόδοισιν ἀμπείρας ῥάχιν
στήσω πετεινοῖς γυψὶ θοινατήριον.
ληστὴν γὰρ ὄντα καὶ θεῶν ἀνάκτορα
συλῶντα δεῖ νιν τῷδε κατθανεῖν μόρῳ.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

νῦν μὲν καταυλίσθητε· καὶ γὰρ εὐφρόνη.
δείξω δ' ἐγώ σοι χῶρον, ἔνθα χρὴ στρατὸν
τὸν σὸν νυχεῦσαι τοῦ τεταγμένου δίχα.
ξύνθημα δ' ἡμῖν Φοῖβος, ἤν τι καὶ δέῃ,
μέμνησ' ἀκούσας Θρῃκί τ' ἄγγειλον στρατῷ.
ὑμᾶς δὲ βάντας χρὴ προταινὶ τάξεων
φρουρεῖν ἐγερτί, καὶ νεῶν κατάσκοπον
δέχθαι Δόλωνα· καὶ γὰρ εἴπερ ἐστὶ σῶς,
ἤδη πελάζει στρατοπέδοισι Τρωικοῖς.

Odysseus—yet, for courage, brave enow,
And chief of mischief-workers to this land;
Who came by night unto Athena's fane,
Her image stole, and bare to Argos' ships.
In vile attire but now, in beggar's guise,
He passed our gate-towers: loudly did he curse
The Argives—he, their spy to Ilium sent!
He slew the guards, the warders of the gates,
And stole forth. Aye in ambush is he found
By the Thymbraean altars nigh the town
Lurking—a foul pest he to wrestle with!

RHESUS

No man of knightly soul would deign by stealth
To slay his foe; he meets him face to face.
This man who skulks, thou sayest, like a thief,
And weaves his plots, him will I take alive,
And at your gates' outgoings set him up
Impaled, a feast for vultures heavy-winged.
Robber and rifler of the shrines of Gods,
Meet is it that he die by such a doom!

HECTOR

Encamp ye now and rest, for it is night.
A spot myself will show thee, where thine host
Must pass the night, apart from our array.
"Phoebus" the watchword is, if need arise:
Remember it, and tell thy Thracian host.
(*To the Chorus*) Ye must go forth in front of all our lines:
Watch keenly, and our spy upon the ships,
Dolon, receive; for, if he be unharmed,
By this he draweth nigh the camp of Troy.

[*Exeunt* HECTOR *and* RHESUS.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίνος ἁ φυλακά; τίς ἀμείβει *στρ.*
τὰν ἐμάν; πρῶτα
δύεται σημεῖα καὶ ἑπτάποροι
Πλειάδες αἰθέριαι·
μέσα δ' αἰετὸς οὐρανοῦ ποτᾶται.
ἔγρεσθε, τί μέλλετε; κοιτᾶν
ἔγρεσθε πρὸς φυλακάν.
οὐ λεύσσετε μηνάδος αἴγλαν;
ἀὼς δὴ πέλας ἀὼς
γίγνεται, καί τις προδρόμων
ὅδε γ' ἐστὶν ἀστήρ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίς ἐκηρύχθη πρώτην φυλακήν;
* * * * [1]

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

Μυγδόνος ὅν φασι Κόροιβον.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίς γὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

Κίλικας Παίων
στρατὸς ἤγειρεν, Μυσοὶ δ' ἡμᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οὐκοῦν Λυκίους πέμπτην φυλακὴν
βάντας ἐγείρειν
καιρὸς κλήρου κατὰ μοῖραν.

[1] A line is lost here, which should correspond to l. 558.

CHORUS

(*Str.*)

Ho, warders, to whom is the next watch given? whose warding followeth mine?
For the stars that were high in the evening sky are setting: uprisen ye see
The Pleiads seven: in the midst of heaven the Eagle's broad wings shine.
Ho, comrades, awake from your slumber! Why do ye linger? Hither to me!
Ho ye, ho ye, from your couches leap, for the sentinel-tramp appear!
Do ye see not afar where the silver car of the moon o'er the sea hangs low?
The dayspring cometh—break off your sleep, for the dawning is near, is near.
Lo there in the east where gleameth a star—'tis her harbinger: rouse ye, ho!

SEMICHORUS 1

For whom was the night's first watch proclaimed?

SEMICHORUS 2

For the scion of Mygdon, Coroebus named.

SEMICHORUS 1

Who then?

SEMICHORUS 2

The Paeonians roused the folk
Of Cilicia: us the Mysians woke.

SEMICHORUS 1

High time is it then that we hasted to call
The Lycians; to them did the fifth watch fall,
When the lot to our stations assigned us all.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ἀιω, Σιμόεντος ἀντ.
ἡμένα κοίτας
φοινίας ὑμνεῖ πολυχορδοτάτᾳ
γῆρυϊ παιδολέτωρ
μελοποιὸς ἀηδονὶς μέριμναν·
ἤδη δὲ νέμουσι κατ' Ἴδαν
ποίμνια· νυκτιβρόμου
σύριγγος ἰὰν κατακούω·
θέλγει δ' ὄμματος ἕδραν
ὕπνος· ἅδιστος γὰρ ἔβα
βλεφάροις πρὸς ἀοῦς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τι ποτ' οὐ πλάθει σκοπός, ὃν ναῶν
Ἕκτωρ ὤτρυνε κατόπταν ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ταρβῶ· χρόνιος γὰρ ἄπεστιν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἀλλ' ἦ κρυπτὸν λόχον εἰσπαίσας
διόλωλε ; τάχ' ἂν εἴη φανερόν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

αὐδῶ Λυκίους πέμπτην φυλακὴν
βάντας ἐγείρειν
ἡμᾶς κλήρου κατὰ μοῖραν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Διόμηδες, οὐκ ἤκουσας — ἢ κενὸς ψόφος
στάζει δι' ὤτων ; — τευχέων τινὰ κτύπον ;

CHORUS

(*Ant.*)

I hear, I hear—'tis the nightingale! The mother that
slew her child— [murder-stain—
As broodeth her wing o'er the fearful thing, the eternal
By Simoïs chanteth her heart-stricken wail; the voice
of her woe rings wild, [hopeless pain!
As passions a lute of many a string,—winged poet of
Hark! flocks to the pasture are going: they bleat as
they stray down Ida's brow;
And I hear it float through the dark, the note of the
pipe's ethereal cry;
And drowsihead with her witchery sweet is lulling
mine eyelids now; [the dawn is nigh.
For to weary eyes she cometh, I wot, most dear when

SEMICHORUS 1

Why draweth not near unto us that scout
Whom Hector to spy on the fleet sent out?

SEMICHORUS 2

Long stays he: there haunts me a fearful doubt.

SEMICHORUS 1

Is he slain, think ye, in an ambuscade?
Manifest soon shall his fate be made.

SEMICHORUS 2

I rede ye then that we haste to call
The Lycians; to them did the fifth watch fall,
When the lot to our stations assigned us all.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ODYSSEUS *and* DIOMEDES.

ODYSSEUS

Diomedes, heard'st thou not—or through mine ears
Thrills but an empty sound?—a clash of arms?

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ
οὔκ, ἀλλὰ δεσμὰ πωλικῶν ἐξ ἀντύγων
κλάζει σιδήρου· κἀμέ τοι, πρὶν ᾐσθόμην
δεσμῶν ἀραγμὸν ἱππικῶν, ἔδυ φόβος.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
ὅρα κατ' ὄρφνην μὴ φύλαξιν ἐντύχῃς.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ
φυλάξομαί τοι κἀν σκότῳ τιθεὶς πόδα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
ἢν δ' οὖν ἐγείρῃς, οἶσθα σύνθημα στρατοῦ ;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ
Φοῖβον Δόλωνος οἶδα σύμβολον κλύων.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
ἔα·
εὐνὰς ἐρήμους τάσδε πολεμίων ὁρῶ

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ
καὶ μὴν Δόλων γε τάσδ' ἔφραζεν Ἕκτορος
κοίτας, ἐφ' ᾧπερ ἔγχος εἵλκυσται τόδε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
τί δῆτ' ἂν εἴη ; μῶν λόχος βέβηκέ ποι ;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ
ἴσως ἐφ' ἡμῖν μηχανὴν στήσων τινά.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
θρασὺς γὰρ Ἕκτωρ νῦν, ἐπεὶ κρατεῖ, θρασύς.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ
τί δῆτ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, δρῶμεν ; οὐ γὰρ ηὕρομεν
τὸν ἄνδρ' ἐν εὐναῖς, ἐλπίδων δ' ἡμάρτομεν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
στείχωμεν ὡς τάχιστα ναυστάθμων πέλας.
σῴζει γὰρ αὐτὸν ὅστις εὐτυχῆ θεῶν
τίθησιν· ἡμῖν δ' οὐ βιαστέον τύχην.

DIOMEDES

Nay, 'tis steel harness hung o'er chariot-rails
That rings. Through me too passed a shiver of fear,
Till I discerned the clank of horses' chains.

ODYSSEUS

Beware thou light not darkling on their guards.

DIOMEDES

Even in darkness will I step with heed.

ODYSSEUS

But, shouldst thou rouse them, knowest thou the watchword?

DIOMEDES

"Phoebus"—from Dolon's mouth I heard the word.

ODYSSEUS

Ha! void of foes this bivouac I see!

DIOMEDES

Yet surely Dolon told us that here lay
Hector, against whom this my spear is trailed.

ODYSSEUS

What means this? Is his troop elsewhither gone?

DIOMEDES

Perchance he frames 'gainst us a stratagem.

ODYSSEUS

Ay, bold is Hector, now triumphant—bold!

DIOMEDES

What then, Odysseus, shall we do? The man
We find not on his couch: our hopes are foiled.

ODYSSEUS

Return we to the ships' array in haste.
Some God, whoever giveth him good speed,
Shields him. 'Tis not for us to strive with fate.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

οὐκοῦν ἐπ' Αἰνέαν ἢ τὸν ἔχθιστον Φρυγῶν
Πάριν μολόντε χρὴ καρατομεῖν ξίφει.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πῶς οὖν ἐν ὄρφνῃ πολεμίων ἀνὰ στρατὸν
ζητῶν δυνήσει τούσδ' ἀκινδύνως κτανεῖν;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

αἰσχρόν γε μέντοι ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν,
δράσαντε μηδὲν πολεμίους νεώτερον.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πῶς δ' οὐ δέδρακας; οὐ κτανόντε ναυστάθμων
κατάσκοπον Δόλωνα σῴζομεν τάδε
σκυλεύματ'; ἢ πᾶν στρατόπεδον πέρσειν δοκεῖς;
πείθου, πάλιν στείχωμεν· εὖ δ' εἴη τυχεῖν.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ποῖ δὴ λιπόντες Τρωικῶν ἐκ τάξεων
χωρεῖτε, λύπῃ καρδίαν δεδηγμένοι,
εἰ μὴ κτανεῖν σφῷν Ἕκτορ' ἢ Πάριν θεὸς
δίδωσιν; ἄνδρα δ' οὐ πέπυσθε σύμμαχον
Τροίᾳ μολόντα Ῥῆσον οὐ φαύλῳ τρόπῳ;
ὃς εἰ διοίσει νύκτα τήνδ' ἐς αὔριον,
οὔτ' ἄν σφ' Ἀχιλλέως οὔτ' ἂν Αἴαντος δόρυ
μὴ πάντα πέρσαι ναύσταθμ' Ἀργείων σχέθοι
τείχη κατασκάψαντα καὶ πυλῶν ἔσω
λόγχῃ πλατεῖαν εἰσδρομὴν ποιούμενον.
τοῦτον κατακτὰς πάντ' ἔχεις. τὰς δ' Ἕκτορος
εὐνὰς ἔασον καὶ καρατόμους σφαγάς.
ἔσται γὰρ αὐτῷ θάνατος ἐξ ἄλλης χερός.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

δέσποιν' Ἀθάνα, φθέγματος γὰρ ᾐσθόμην
τοῦ σοῦ συνήθη γῆρυν· ἐν πόνοισι γὰρ

DIOMEDES

Nay, on Aeneas fall we, or on Paris—
Of foes most hated,—and smite off their heads.

ODYSSEUS

How in the dark, amidst a host of foes,
Unperilled wilt thou search, and slay these twain?

DIOMEDES

Yet base it were to hie to Argos' ships
With nought of mischief to the foe achieved.

ODYSSEUS

Nothing achieved? Have we not slain the spy
Upon the galleys, Dolon? Have we not
His spoils? Look'st thou to ravage all their camp?
Hear me—return we; so good speed be ours.

ATHENA *appears above the stage.*

ATHENA

Ho! whither go ye, from the lines of Troy
Fleeing, with sorrow rankling in your hearts
That Fortune grants you not the life of Hector,
Nor Paris? Know ye not of this ally,
Rhesus, to Troy magnificently come?
If he live through this night until the dawn,
Him neither Aias' nor Achilles' spear
Shall stay from wasting all the Argive fleet,
Razing your ramparts, and within your gates
Making broad havoc of onslaught with his lance.
Slay him, and all is thine. But Hector's couch
Let be: spare thou to smite his head from him.
To him shall death come from another hand.

ODYSSEUS

O Queen Athena—for I know the sound
Of thy familiar voice, since evermore

παροῦσ' ἀμύνεις τοῖς ἐμοῖς ἀεί ποτε·
τὸν ἄνδρα δ' ἡμῖν ποῦ κατηύνασται φράσον,
πόθεν τέτακται βαρβάρου στρατεύματος;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ὅδ' ἐγγὺς ἧσται κοὐ συνήθροισται στρατῷ,
ἀλλ' ἐκτὸς αὐτὸν τάξεων κατηύνασεν
Ἕκτωρ, ἕως ἂν νὺξ ἀμείψηται φάος.
πέλας δὲ πῶλοι Θρῃκίων ἐξ ἁρμάτων
λευκαὶ δέδενται, διαπρεπεῖς ἐν εὐφρόνῃ·
στίλβουσι δ' ὥστε ποταμίου κύκνου πτερόν.
ταύτας κτανόντες δεσπότην κομίζετε,
κάλλιστον οἴκοις σκῦλον· οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπου
τοιόνδ' ὄχημα χθὼν κέκευθε πωλικόν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Διόμηδες, ἢ σὺ κτεῖνε Θρῄκιον λεών,
ἢ 'μοὶ πάρες γε, σοὶ δὲ χρὴ πώλους μέλειν.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

ἐγὼ φονεύσω, πωλοδαμνήσεις δὲ σύ·
τρίβων γὰρ εἶ τὰ κομψὰ καὶ νοεῖν σοφός.
χρὴ δ' ἄνδρα τάσσειν οὗ μάλιστ' ἂν ὠφελοῖ.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

καὶ μὴν καθ' ἡμᾶς τόνδ' Ἀλέξανδρον βλέπω
στείχοντα, φυλάκων ἔκ τινος πεπυσμένον
δόξας ἀσήμους πολεμίων μεμβλωκότων.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

πότερα σὺν ἄλλοις ἢ μόνος πορεύεται;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

μόνος· πρὸς εὐνὰς δ', ὡς ἔοικεν, Ἕκτορος
χωρεῖ, κατόπτας σημανῶν ἥκειν στρατοῦ.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

οὔκουν ὑπάρχειν τόνδε κατθανόντα χρή;

Beside me in my toils thou wardest me,—
Tell to us where this hero sleeping lies,
Where he is stationed in the alien host.

ATHENA

Here is he, nigh, not quartered with the host:
Hector to him assigned a resting-place
Without his lines, till night give place to day.
Hard by, his white steeds to his Thracian car
Are tethered: clear they gleam athwart the dark
As gleams the white wing of a river-swan.
These lead ye hence when ye have slain their lord,
Proud trophy for your halls: there is no land
That holdeth such a team of chariot-steeds.

ODYSSEUS

Diomedes, either slay thou Thracia's folk,
Or leave to me, and thou the horses heed.

DIOMEDES

I will be slayer. Manage thou the steeds;
For versed art thou in craft, and keen of wit.
Best set each man where best his help avails.

ATHENA

Lo, yonder Alexander I discern
Draw nigh us. From some watchman hath he heard
A doubtful rumour of the approach of foes.

DIOMEDES

Or cometh he with others, or alone?

ATHENA

Alone. To Hector's couch, meseems, he fares,
To tell how spies upon the host be here.

DIOMEDES

Ought he not then to be the first to die?

ΑΘΗΝΑ

οὐκ ἂν δύναιο τοῦ πεπρωμένου πλέον.
τοῦτον δὲ πρὸς σῆς οὐ θέμις χειρὸς θανεῖν.
ἀλλ' ᾧπερ ἥκεις μορσίμους φέρων σφαγάς,
τάχυν'· ἐγὼ δὲ τῷδε ξύμμαχος Κύπρις
δοκοῦσ' ἀρωγὸς ἐν πόνοις παραστατεῖν,
σαθροῖς λόγοισιν ἐχθρὸν ἄνδρ' ἀμείψομαι.
καὶ ταῦτ' ἐγὼ μὲν εἶπον· ὃν δὲ χρὴ παθεῖν,
οὐκ οἶδεν οὐδ' ἤκουσεν ἐγγὺς ὢν λόγου.

ΠΑΡΙΣ

σὲ τὸν στρατηγὸν καὶ κασίγνητον λέγω,
Ἕκτορ, καθεύδεις ; οὐκ ἐγείρεσθαί σ' ἐχρῆν ;
ἐχθρῶν τις ἡμῖν χρίμπτεται στρατεύματι,
ἢ κλῶπες ἄνδρες ἢ κατάσκοποί τινες.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

θάρσει· φυλάσσει σ' ἥδε πρευμενὴς Κύπρις.
μέλει δ' ὁ σός μοι πόλεμος, οὐδ' ἀμνημονῶ
τιμῆς, ἐπαινῶ δ' εὖ παθοῦσα πρὸς σέθεν.
καὶ νῦν ἐπ' εὐτυχοῦντι Τρωικῷ στρατῷ
ἥκω πορεύουσ' ἄνδρα σοι μέγαν φίλον,
τῆς ὑμνοποιοῦ παῖδα Θρῄκιον θεᾶς
Μούσης, πατρὸς δὲ Στρυμόνος κικλήσκεται.

ΠΑΡΙΣ

ἀεί ποτ' εὖ φρονοῦσα τυγχάνεις πόλει
κἀμοί, μέγιστον δ' ἐν βίῳ κειμήλιον
κρίνας σέ φημι τῇδε προσθέσθαι πόλει.
ἥκω δ' ἀκούσας οὐ τορῶς, φήμη δέ τις
φύλαξιν ἐμπέπτωκεν ὡς κατάσκοποι
ἥκουσ' Ἀχαιῶν. χὠ μὲν οὐκ ἰδὼν λέγει,
ὁ δ' εἰσιδὼν μολόντας οὐκ ἔχει φράσαι,
ὧν εἵνεκ' εὐνὰς ἤλυθον πρὸς Ἕκτορος.

ATHENA

Thou canst not overpass the doom of fate.
It may not be that by thine hand he die.
Haste thou against the man for whom thou bring'st
The slaughter-doom. To Paris will I seem
Cypris his friend, present to aid his toils,
And with false words will answer him I hate.
This have I told you: nought the doomed man knows,
Nor aught hath heard, for all he is so near.

[*Exeunt* OD. *and* DIOM.

Enter PARIS.

PARIS

War-chief and brother, ho, to thee I call,
Hector! Dost sleep? Behoves thee not to watch?
Some foe to us is nigh unto the host—
Marauders they, or peradventure spies.

ATHENA

Fear not. I, Cypris, ward thee graciously.
I take thought for thy warfare, nor forget
Thine honour done me, and thy service thank.
And now, when triumpheth the host of Troy,
Leading to thee a mighty friend I come,
The Thracian scion of the Muse, the Queen
Of Song: he bears the name of Strymon's son.

PARIS

Gracious art thou unto my city still,
And unto me, I trow I won for Troy
Life's goodliest treasure, judging thee most fair.
Vague rumour brought me hither: some report
Amongst the guard had risen of Argive spies
Even now at hand. One saith it that saw nought:
One saw them come, yet nothing more can tell.
Wherefore to Hector's resting-place I came.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

μηδὲν φοβηθῇς· οὐδὲν ἐν στρατῷ νέον·
Ἕκτωρ δὲ φροῦδος Θρῇκα κοιμήσων στρατόν.

ΠΑΡΙΣ

σύ τοί με πείθεις, σοῖς δὲ πιστεύων λόγοις
τάξιν φυλάξων εἶμ' ἐλεύθερος φόβου.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

χώρει· μέλειν γὰρ πάντ' ἐμοὶ δόκει τὰ σά,
ὥστ' εὐτυχοῦντας συμμάχους ἐμοὺς ὁρᾶν.
γνώσει δὲ καὶ σὺ τὴν ἐμὴν προθυμίαν.

ὑμᾶς δ' ἀϋτῶ τοὺς ἄγαν ἐρρωμένους,
Λαερτίου παῖ, θηκτὰ κοιμίσαι ξίφη.
κεῖται γὰρ ἡμῖν Θρῄκιος στρατηλάτης,
ἵπποι τ' ἔχονται, πολέμιοι δ' ᾐσθημένοι
χωροῦσ' ἐφ' ὑμᾶς· ἀλλ ὅσον τάχιστα χρὴ
φεύγειν πρὸς ὁλκοὺς ναυστάθμων. τί μέλλετε
σκηπτοῦ 'πιόντος πολεμίων σῴζειν βίον ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔα ἔα·
βάλε βάλε βάλε βάλε,
θένε θένε· τίς ὅδ' ἀνήρ ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

λεύσσετε, τοῦτον αὐδῶ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

κλῶπες οἵτινες κατ' ὄρφνην
τόνδε κινοῦσι στρατόν.
δεῦρο δεῦρο πᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τούσδ' ἔχω, τούσδ' ἔμαρψα.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίς ὁ λόχος ; πόθεν ἔβας ; ποδαπὸς εἶ ;

ATHENA

Fear nothing: in the host no peril is.
Hector to quarter Thracia's host is gone.

PARIS

Thou dost assure me: lo, I trust thy words.
And free of fear I go to guard my post.

ATHENA

Go: be thou sure that all thy care is mine,
That so triumphant I may see my friends.
Yea, and thou too shalt prove my zeal for thee

[*Exit* PARIS.

Ho ye! I bid you, over-eager twain—
Laertes' son!—let sleep the whetted swords;
For at our feet dead lies the Thracian chief;
Our prize his steeds are. But the foe have heard,
And close on you. Now must ye with all speed
To yon ship-channels flee. Why linger ye,
When bursts the storm of foes, to save your lives?

Enter ODYSSEUS *followed by* CHORUS, *tumultuously.*

CHORUS

Ha, smite!—ha, smite!—ha, smite!—ha, smite!
Stab thou!—stab thou!—who is this wight?

SEMICHORUS 1

Look ye on him—this fellow, I say!—

SEMICHORUS 2

Marauders who under night's dark pall
Are startling our array!—
Hitherward, hitherward, all!

SEMICHORUS 1

I have them caught in the grasp of mine hand!

SEMICHORUS 2

(*To* OD.) What is thy troop?—whence art thou?—a man of what land?

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ[1]

οὔ σε χρὴ εἰδέναι·

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

θανεῖ γὰρ σήμερον δράσας κακῶς.
οὐκ ἐρεῖς ξύνθημα, λόγχην πρὶν διὰ στέρνων μολεῖν;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἦ σὺ δὴ Ῥῆσον κατέκτας;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἀλλὰ τὸν κτενοῦντα σὲ
ἱστορῶ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

θάρσει, πέλας ἴθι.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

παῖε, παῖε, παῖε πᾶς.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἴσχε πᾶς τις.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οὐ μὲν οὖν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἆ, φίλιον ἄνδρα μὴ θένῃς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

καὶ τί δὴ τὸ σῆμα;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Φοῖβος.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἔμαθον· ἴσχε πᾶς δόρυ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἶσθ' ὅποι βεβᾶσιν ἄνδρες;

[1] The dialogue that follows is differently distributed by various editors. Badham's arrangement, adopted by Paley, is here followed, also his reading of ἱστορῶ for ἴστω of MSS.

ODYSSEUS

Nought to thee is this!

SEMICHORUS 1

For thou shalt die for evil wrought this day!
Tell the watchword, ere the spear unto thine heart
have found the way!

ODYSSEUS

Ha! and hast thou murdered Rhesus?

SEMICHORUS 2

Nay his would-be murderer, thee,
Question I.

ODYSSEUS (*beckoning them off the stage*).

Fear not, come hither.

SEMICHORUS 1

Strike him! strike him! strike him, ye!

ODYSSEUS

Hold, each man!

SEMICHORUS 2

Nay, hold we will not!

ODYSSEUS

Ho! let not a friend be slain!

SEMICHORUS 1

What then is the watchword?

ODYSSEUS

Phoebus.

SEMICHORUS 2

Right: his spear let each refrain.

SEMICHORUS 1

Know'st thou whither went the men?

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τῇδέ πη κατείδομεν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἕρπε πᾶς κατ' ἴχνος αὐτῶν, ἢ βοὴν ἐγερτέον ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἀλλὰ συμμάχους ταράσσειν δεινὸν ἐν νυκτῶν φόβῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς ἀνδρῶν ὁ βάς ; στρ.
τίς ὃς μέγα θράσος ἐπεύξεται,
χέρα φυγὼν ἐμάν ;
πόθεν νιν κυρήσω ;
τίνι προσεικάσω,
ὅστις δι' ὄρφνης ἦλθ' ἀδειμάντῳ ποδὶ
διά τε τάξεων καὶ φυλάκων ἕδρας ;
Θεσσαλὸς ἢ
παραλίαν Λοκρῶν νεμόμενος πόλιν ;
ἢ νησιώτης σποράδα κέκτηται βίον ;
τίς ἦν πόθεν ; ποίας πάτρας ;
ποῖον ἐπεύχεται τὸν ὕπατον θεῶν ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἆρ' ἔστ' Ὀδυσσέως τοὔργον ἢ τίνος τόδε ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

εἰ τοῖς πάροιθε χρὴ τεκμαίρεσθαι, δοκεῖ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

δοκεῖς γάρ ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τί μὴν οὔ ;

ODYSSEUS

I marked them somewhere yonder nigh.

SEMICHORUS 2

Press, each man, upon their track!—or shall we raise the 'larum cry?

ODYSSEUS

Nay, 'twere perilous to scare with night-alarms a war-ally.

[ODYSSEUS *slips away into the darkness.*

CHORUS

(*Str.*)

He is gone from us!—who was the man
Who shall vaunt of his aweless might?
Out of mine hands, lo, he ran—
Where on him now shall I light?
Unto whom shall I liken him—him, who with foot unafraid through the night
Passed ranks, passed many a sentinel-post?
A Thessalian is he?
Doth he dwell in a town that from Locris' coast
Looketh over the sea?
Or, an islander, lives he by piracy?
Who?—whence?—what fatherland-home doth he [boast?
Of the Gods whom doth he confess most high?

SEMICHORUS 1

Whose deed is this?—Odysseus' dark design?

SEMICHORUS 2

Yea, if from his past deeds we may divine.

SEMICHORUS 1

Ha, thinkest thou so?

SEMICHORUS 2

Yea, how should I not?

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

θρασὺς γοῦν ἐς ἡμᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίν' ἀλκήν ; τίν' αἰνεῖς ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

'Οδυσσῆ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

μὴ κλωπὸς αἴνει φωτὸς αἱμύλον δόρυ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔβα καὶ πάρος ἀντ.
κατὰ πτόλιν, ὕπαφρον ὄμμ' ἔχων,
ῥακοδύτῳ στολᾷ
πυκασθείς, ξιφήρης
κρύφιος ἐν πέπλοις.
βίον δ' ἐπαιτῶν εἷρπ' ἀγύρτης τις λάτρις,
ψαφαρόχρουν κάρα πουλυπινές τ' ἔχων·
πολλὰ δὲ τὰν
βασιλίδ' ἑστίαν 'Ατρειδᾶν κακῶς
ἔβαζε δῆθεν ἐχθρὸς ὢν στρατηλάταις.
ὄλοιτ' ὄλοιτο πανδίκως,
πρὶν ἐπὶ γᾶν Φρυγῶν ποδὸς ἴχνος βαλεῖν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

εἴτ' οὖν 'Οδυσσέως εἴτε μή, φόβος μ' ἔχει·
Ἕκτωρ γὰρ ἡμῖν τοῖς φύλαξι μέμψεται.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τί λάσκων ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

δυσοίζων—

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τί δρᾶσαι ; τί ταρβεῖς ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

καθ' ἡμᾶς περᾶσαι—

SEMICHORUS 1

A daring foe unto us, I wot!

SEMICHORUS 2

Whose courage, what man, dost thou praise?

SEMICHORUS 1

Odysseus the chief.

SEMICHORUS 2

Praise not the prowess thou of a knavish thief!

CHORUS

He came in the days overpast (*Ant.*)
Unto Troy:—from his eyes rheum poured:
Rags round his body were cast:
'Neath his cloak was a hidden sword:
Like a vagabond varlet he prowled, begging crumbs from the feastful board,
With head overgrimed with foulness, and hair
All filth-defiled.
As though the war-chiefs' foe he were,
The house he reviled—
The house of the Atreïd kings:—O meet,
O just should it be that he perish, ere
He trample Phrygia beneath his feet.

SEMICHORUS 1

Whether Odysseus or another came,
I fear me: us the guards shall Hector blame,—

SEMICHORUS 2

How blame us?

SEMICHORUS 1

Shall speak his suspicion out,—

SEMICHORUS 2

Of what deed? What is thy fearful doubt?

SEMICHORUS 1

That even by us passed in—

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίν' ἀνδρῶν ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἳ τῆσδε νυκτὸς ἦλθον εἰς Φρυγῶν στρατόν.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἰώ, δαίμονος τύχη βαρεῖα. φεῦ φεῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔα·
σῖγα πᾶς, ὕφιζ'· ἴσως γὰρ εἰς βόλον τις ἔρχεται.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ,
συμφορὰ βαρεῖα Θρῃκῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

συμμάχων τις ὁ στένων.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἰώ.
δύστηνος ἐγὼ σύ τ', ἄναξ Θρῃκῶν,
ὦ στυγνοτάτην Τροίαν ἐσιδών·
οἷόν σε βίου τέλος εἷλεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς εἶ ποτ' ἀνδρῶν συμμάχων ; κατ' εὐφρόνην
ἀμβλῶπες αὐγαί, κοὔ σε γιγνώσκω τορῶς.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ποῦ τιν' ἀνάκτων Τρωικῶν εὕρω ;
ποῦ δῆθ' Ἕκτωρ
τὸν ὑπασπίδιον κοῖτον ἰαύει ;
τίνι σημήνω διόπων στρατιᾶς ;
οἷα πεπόνθαμεν, οἷά τις ἡμᾶς
δράσας ἀφανῆ φροῦδος, φανερὸν
Θρῃξὶν πένθος τολυπεύσας.

SEMICHORUS 2

What men?—say who!

SEMICHORUS 1

They that this night to the Phrygian array won through.

CHARIOTEER (*behind the scenes*)

O heavy chance of fate! Woe's me! Woe's me!

CHORUS

Ha! Now hush ye all! Crouch low! Perchance one cometh to the snare.

CHARIOTEER (*behind scenes*)

O the sore mischance to Thrace!

CHORUS

'Tis some ally that waileth there.

Enter CHARIOTEER, *wounded.*

CHARIOTEER

Woe's me! O King of Thracians, woe for thee!
O bitter sight of Troy to thee this day!
What end of life hath snatched thee hence away!

CHORUS

Who art thou?—what ally?—mine eyes the night
Makes dim: thee cannot I discern aright.

CHARIOTEER

Where shall I light on a Trojan chief?
O where shall Hector be found of my quest
Slumbering yet in shield-fenced rest?
Unto whom of your chiefs shall I tell our grief?
Ah our calamities!—ah for the deeds in the night
Unto Thracia wrought of the felon who vanished from sight,
Who hath knit up a skein of misery manifest!

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κακὸν κυρεῖν τι Θρῃκίῳ στρατεύματι
ἔοικεν, οἷα τοῦδε γιγνώσκω κλύων.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἔρρει στρατιά, πέπτωκεν ἄναξ
δολίῳ πληγῇ.
ἆ ἆ ἆ ἆ,
οἵα μ' ὀδύνη τείρει φονίου
τραύματος εἴσω. πῶς ἂν ὀλοίμην;
χρῆν γάρ μ' ἀκλεῶς Ῥῆσόν τε θανεῖν.
Τροίᾳ κέλσαντ' ἐπίκουρον;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάδ' οὐκ ἐν αἰνιγμοῖσι σημαίνει κακά·
σαφῶς γὰρ αὐδᾷ συμμάχους ὀλωλότας.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

κακῶς πέπρακται κἀπὶ τοῖς κακοῖσι πρὸς
αἴσχιστα· καίτοι δὶς τόσον κακὸν τόδε·
θανεῖν γὰρ εὐκλεῶς μέν, εἰ θανεῖν χρεών,
λυπρὸν μὲν οἶμαι τῷ θανόντι· πῶς γὰρ οὔ;
τοῖς ζῶσι δ' ὄγκος καὶ δόμων εὐδοξία.
ἡμεῖς δ' ἀβούλως κἀκλεῶς ὀλώλαμεν.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς ηὔνασ' Ἑκτόρεια χείρ,
ξύνθημα λέξας, ηὕδομεν πεδοστιβεῖς,
κόπῳ δαμέντες, οὐδ' ἐφρουρεῖτο στρατὸς
φυλακαῖσι νυκτέροισιν, οὐδ' ἐν τάξεσιν
ἔκειτο τεύχη, πλῆκτρά τ' οὐκ ἐπὶ ζυγοῖς
ἵππων καθήρμοσθ', ὡς ἄναξ ἐπεύθετο
κρατοῦντας ὑμᾶς κἀφεδρεύοντας νεῶν
πρύμναισι· φαύλως δ' ηὕδομεν πεπτωκότες.
κἀγὼ μελούσῃ καρδίᾳ λήξας ὕπνου
πώλοισι χόρτον, προσδοκῶν ἑωθινὴν
ζεύξειν ἐς ἀλκήν, ἀφθόνῳ μετρῶ χερί.

CHORUS

Some ill, meseems, to Thracia's company
Befalls—if this man's words mean aught for me.

CHARIOTEER

Undone is our host, laid low is our king
By a deadly stab, by a stroke of guile!
Alas and alas! woe worth the while!
Ah, how am I inly racked by the sting [die!
Of my gory wound! Would God I might straightway
Was it meet that so soon as he came, your Troy's ally,
Rhesus and I should perish by end so vile?

CHORUS

Lo, not in riddles doth he publish this:
Nay, plainly of allies destroyed he tells.

CHARIOTEER

Ill hath been wrought us—shame, to crown that
"ill,"
The foulest shame! Yea, double ill is this!
To die with fame, if one must die, I trow,
Is bitterness to him who dies—how not?
Yet fame and honour crown his living kin.
But, as a fool dies, fameless we have died.
For, soon as Hector pointed us our quarters,
And told the watchword, couched on earth we slept,
Outworn with toil: our host no watchmen set
For nightlong guard, nor rank by rank were laid
Our arms, nor from the horses' yokes were hung
The ear-whips, since our king had word that ye
Were camped triumphant nigh the galley-sterns:
So, careless all, we flung us down and slept.
Now I with heedful heart from slumber rose,
And dealt the steeds their corn with stintless hand,
Looking to yoke them with the dawn for fight.

λεύσσω δὲ φῶτε περιπολοῦνθ' ἡμῶν στρατὸν
πυκνῆς δι' ὄρφνης· ὡς δ' ἐκινήθην ἐγώ,
ἐπτηξάτην τε κἀνεχωρείτην πάλιν·
ἤπυσα δ' αὐτοῖς μὴ πελάζεσθαι στρατῷ,
κλῶπας δοκήσας συμμάχων πλάθειν τινάς.
οἱ δ' οὐδέν· οὐ μὴν οὐδ' ἐγὼ τὰ πλείονα,
ηὗδον δ' ἀπελθὼν αὖθις εἰς κοίτην πάλιν.
καί μοι καθ' ὕπνον δόξα τις παρίσταται·
ἵππους γὰρ ἃς ἔθρεψα κἀδιφρηλάτουν
Ῥήσῳ παρεστώς, εἶδον, ὡς ὄναρ δοκῶν,
λύκους ἐπεμβεβῶτας ἑδραίαν ῥάχιν·
θείνοντε δ' οὐρᾷ πωλικῆς ῥινοῦ τρίχα,
ἤλαυνον, αἱ δ' ἔρρεγκον ἐξ ἀρτηριῶν
θυμὸν πνέουσαι κἀνεχαίτιζον φόβην.
ἐγὼ δ' ἀμύνων θῆρας ἐξεγείρομαι
πώλοισιν· ἔννυχος γὰρ ἐξώρμα φόβος.
κλύω δ' ἐπάρας κρᾶτα μυχθισμὸν νεκρῶν.
θερμὸς δὲ κρουνὸς δεσπότου παρὰ σφαγαῖς
βάλλει με δυσθνητοῦντος αἵματος νέου.
ὀρθὸς δ' ἀνᾴσσω χειρὶ σὺν κενῇ δορός.
καί μ' ἔγχος αὐγάζοντα καὶ θηρώμενον
παίει παραστὰς νεῖραν εἰς πλευρὰν ξίφει
ἀνὴρ ἀκμάζων· φασγάνου γὰρ ᾐσθόμην
πληγῆς, βαθεῖαν ἄλοκα τραύματος λαβών.
πίπτω δὲ πρηνής· οἱ δ' ὄχημα πωλικὸν
λαβόντες ἵππων ἵεσαν φυγῇ πόδα.
ἆ ἆ.
ὀδύνη με τείρει, κοὐκέτ' ὀρθοῦμαι τάλας.
καὶ συμφορὰν μὲν οἶδ' ὁρῶν, τρόπῳ δ' ὅτῳ
τεθνᾶσιν οἱ θανόντες οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι,
οὐδ' ἐξ ὁποίας χειρός. εἰκάσαι δέ μοι
πάρεστι λυπρὰ πρὸς φίλων πεπονθέναι.

Then spied I twain that prowled around our host
Through the thick gloom; but, soon as I bestirred me,
They cowered low, and straight drew back again.
I cried to them to come not near our host,—
Deeming some thieves from our allies drew nigh:—
Nought said they; neither added I thereto,
But to my couch went back and slept again.
And in my sleep a vision nightmared me:—
The steeds I tended, and at Rhesus' side
Drave in the car, I saw as in a dream
Mounted of wolves that rode upon their backs;
And with their tails these lashed the horses' flanks,
Scourging them on. They snorted, and outbreathed
Rage from their nostrils, tossing high their manes.
I, even in act to save from those fierce things
The steeds, woke: the night-horror smote me awake.
Then death-moans, as I raised my head, I heard;
And new-shed blood hot-welling plashed on me
As by my murdered lord's death-throes I lay.
Upright I leapt, with never a spear in hand.
But, as I peered and groped to find my lance,
From hard by came a sword-thrust 'neath my ribs
From some strong man—strong, for I felt the blade
Strike home, felt that deep furrow of the gash.
Face-down I fell: the chariot and the steeds
The robbers took, and fled into the night.
Ah me! Ah me!
Pain racketh me—O wretch! I cannot stand.
What ill befell I know—I saw it. How
The slain men perished, this I cannot tell,
Nor by what hand; but this do I divine—
Foully have they been dealt with by allies.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡνίοχε Θρῃκὸς τοῦ κακῶς πεπραγότος,
μηδὲν δύσοιζ᾿ οὐ πολεμίους δρᾶσαι τάδε.
Ἕκτωρ δὲ καὐτὸς συμφορᾶς πεπυσμένος
χωρεῖ· συναλγεῖ δ᾿, ὡς ἔοικε, σοῖς κακοῖς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

πῶς οἱ μέγιστα πήματ᾿ ἐξειργασμένοι
μολόντες ὑμᾶς πολεμίων κατάσκοποι
λήθουσιν αἰσχρῶς, καὶ κατεσφάγη στρατός,
κοὔτ᾿ εἰσιόντας στρατόπεδ᾿ ἐξαπώσατε
οὔτ᾿ ἐξιόντας; τῶνδε τίς δώσει δίκην
πλὴν σοῦ; σὲ γὰρ δὴ φύλακά φημ᾿ εἶναι στρατοῦ
φροῦδοι δ᾿ ἄπληκτοι, τῇ Φρυγῶν κακανδρίᾳ
πόλλ᾿ ἐγγελῶντες τῷ στρατηλάτῃ τ᾿ ἐμοί.
εὖ νυν τόδ᾿ ἴστε, Ζεὺς ὀμώμοσται πατήρ,
ἤτοι μάραγνά γ᾿ ἢ καρανιστὴς μόρος
μένει σε δρῶντα τοιάδ᾿, ἢ τὸν Ἕκτορα
τὸ μηδὲν εἶναι καὶ κακὸν νομίζετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ,
μέγ᾿ ἄρ᾿ ἐμοὶ μέγ᾿, ὦ πολίοχον κράτος, ἀντ.
κακὸν ἔμολεν, ὅτε σοι
ἄγγελος ἦλθον,
ἀμφὶ ναῦς πύρ᾿ αἴθειν Ἀργείων στρατόν·

ἐπεὶ ἄγρυπνον ὄμμ᾿ ἐν εὐφρόνῃ
οὔτ᾿ ἐκοίμισ᾿ οὔτ᾿ ἔβριξ᾿,
οὐ τὰς Σιμοεντιάδας πηγάς· μή μοι
κότον, ὦ ἄνα, θῇς· ἀναίτιος γὰρ
ἔγωγε πάντων.

CHORUS

O charioteer of Thracia's lord ill-starred,
Never suspect of this deed thine allies.
Lo, Hector's self, who hath heard of your mischance,
Comes: in thine ills he sorroweth, as beseems.

Enter HECTOR.

HECTOR

How passed the men who wrought this direst scathe—
Spies from the foemen—passed unmarked of you,
For your shame, and for slaughter of the host,
Nor ye withstood them entering the camp,
Nor going forth? Shall any smart for this
Save thee?—for thou wast warder of the host.
They are gone, unsmitten!—gone, with many a scoff
At Phrygian cowardice and me, your chief!
Now know this well—by father Zeus 'tis sworn—
Surely the scourge, or doom of headsman's axe
Awaits thee for this work: else reckon thou
Hector a thing of nought, a craven wretch.

CHORUS

(*Ant. to Str.* 454–466)

Woe for me! terrible evil, ah terrible, lighted on me
When with my tidings I came, O thou warder of Troy, unto thee,—
Tidings of beacon-fires lit through the Argive array by the sea.

Yet have I suffered the night not to drop from her slumberous wing
Sleep on mine eyelids—I swear it by holiest Simoïs' spring!
Let not thine anger against me be hot, who am guiltless, O King!

ἢν δὲ χρόνῳ παράκαιρον ἔργον ἢ λόγον
πύθῃ, κατά με γᾶς
ζῶντα πόρευσον· οὐ παραιτοῦμαι.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

τί τοῖσδ' ἀπειλεῖς, βάρβαρός τε βαρβάρου
γνώμην ὑφαιρεῖ τὴν ἐμήν, πλέκων λόγους;
σὺ ταῦτ' ἔδρασας· οὐδέν' ἂν δεξαίμεθα
οὔθ' οἱ παθόντες οὔτ' ἂν οἱ τετρωμένοι
ἄλλον· μακροῦ γε δεῖ σε καὶ σοφοῦ λόγου,
ὅτῳ με πείσεις μὴ φίλους κατακτανεῖν,
ἵππων ἐρασθείς, ὧν ἕκατι συμμάχους
τοὺς σοὺς φονεύεις, πόλλ' ἐπισκήπτων μολεῖν.
ἦλθον, τεθνᾶσιν· εὐπρεπέστερον Πάρις
ξενίαν κατῄσχυν' ἢ σὺ συμμάχους κτανών.
μὴ γάρ τι λέξῃς ὥς τις Ἀργείων μολὼν
διώλεσ' ἡμᾶς· τίς ἂν ὑπερβαλὼν λόχους
Τρώων ἐφ' ἡμᾶς ἦλθεν, ὥστε καὶ λαθεῖν;
σὺ πρόσθεν ἡμῶν ἧσο καὶ Φρυγῶν στρατός.
τίς οὖν τέτρωται, τίς τέθνηκε συμμάχων
τῶν σῶν, μολόντων ὧν σὺ πολεμίων λέγεις;
ἡμεῖς δὲ καὶ τετρώμεθ', οἱ δὲ μείζονα
παθόντες οὐχ ὁρῶσιν ἡλίου φάος.
ἁπλῶς δ' Ἀχαιῶν οὐδέν' αἰτιώμεθα.
τίς δ' ἂν χαμεύνας πολεμίων κατ' εὐφρόνην
Ῥήσου μολὼν ἐξηῦρεν, εἰ μή τις θεῶν
ἔφραζε τοῖς κτανοῦσιν; οὐδ' ἀφιγμένον
τὸ πάμπαν ᾖσαν· ἀλλὰ μηχανᾷ τάδε.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

χρόνον μὲν ἤδη συμμάχοισι χρώμεθα
ὅσονπερ ἐν γῇ τῇδ' Ἀχαϊκὸς λεώς,
κοὐδὲν πρὸς αὐτῶν οἶδα πλημμελὲς κλύων·

Then, if hereafter, as time runneth on, or in word or
in deed
Ever thou find me transgressing, O then to the grave
do thou speed [I plead.
Me,—yea, alive to go down to the pit; nor for mercy

CHARIOTEER

Why threaten these, and strive, barbarian thou,
To cozen barbarian wit with glozing speech?
Thine was this murder! None save thee the dead,
Or wounded living, shall account thereof
Guilty! Long speech and subtle shalt thou need
To make me think thou murderedst not thy friends,
As coveting the steeds, for which thou slayest
Allies whose coming was so straitly urged.
They came—they are dead! More seemly Paris
shamed
Guest-faith, than thou, who murderedst thine allies!
Nay, never tell me 'twas some Argive came
And slew us! Who could through the Trojan lines
Have passed, and won to us, unmarked of them?
Before us camped were thou and Phrygia's host:—
Of *thy* friends who was wounded then, who slain,
When came the foes whereof thou tellest us?
We—some are wounded, some have suffered scathe
More deadly, and the sun's light see no more.
In plain words, no Achaean we accuse.
Who of the foe had come, and in the night
Found Rhesus' couch—except a very God
Guided the slayers? They not even knew
That he had come! O nay, this plot is thine.

HECTOR

Long time have I had dealings with allies,
Long as Achaean folk have trod my land;
Nor ever bare I ill report of them.

ἐν σοὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀρχώμεσθα; μή μ' ἔρως ἕλοι
τοιοῦτος ἵππων ὥστ' ἀποκτείνειν φίλους.
καὶ ταῦτ' Ὀδυσσέως· τίς γὰρ ἄλλος ἄν ποτε
ἔδρασεν ἢ 'βούλευσεν Ἀργείων ἀνήρ;
δέδοικα δ' αὐτὸν καί τί μου θράσσει φρένας,
μὴ καὶ Δόλωνα συντυχὼν κατέκτανεν·
χρόνον γὰρ ἤδη φροῦδος ὢν οὐ φαίνεται.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδα τοὺς σοὺς οὓς λέγεις Ὀδυσσέας·
ἡμεῖς δ' ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν οὐδενὸς πεπλήγμεθα.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

σὺ δ' οὖν νόμιζε ταῦτ', ἐπείπερ σοι δοκεῖ.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ὦ γαῖα πατρίς, πῶς ἂν ἐνθάνοιμί σοι;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

μὴ θνῆσχ'· ἅλις γὰρ τῶν τεθνηκότων ὄχλος.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ποῖ δὴ τράπωμαι δεσποτῶν μονούμενος;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οἶκός σε κεύθων οὑμὸς ἐξιάσεται.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

καὶ πῶς με κηδεύσουσιν αὐθεντῶν χέρες;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ὅδ' αὖ τὸν αὐτὸν μῦθον οὐ λήξει λέγων.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ὄλοιθ' ὁ δράσας. οὐ γὰρ εἰς σὲ τείνεται
γλῶσσ', ὡς σὺ κομπεῖς· ἡ Δίκη δ' ἐπίσταται.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

λάζυσθ'· ἄγοντες δ' αὐτὸν εἰς δόμους ἐμούς,
οὕτως ὅπως ἂν μὴ 'γκαλῇ πορσύνετε·
ὑμᾶς δ' ἰόντας τοῖσιν ἐν τείχει χρεὼν
Πριάμῳ τε καὶ γέρουσι σημῆναι νεκροὺς
θάπτειν κελεύειν λεωφόρου πρὸς ἐκτροπάς.

With thee should I begin? May no such lust
For steeds take me, that I should slay my friends!
This is Odysseus' work—for who beside
Of Argives had devised or wrought such deed?
I fear him, and my mind misgives me sore
Lest he have met our Dolon too, and slain.
Long time hath he been gone, nor yet appears.

CHARIOTEER

I know not thine Odysseus, whom thou nam'st.
I have been smitten by no alien foe.

HECTOR

Then think thou so, if this to thee seem good.

CHARIOTEER

Land of my fathers, O to die in thee!

HECTOR

Die not: suffice this multitude of dead.

CHARIOTEER

Ah, whither turn me, of my lord bereft?

HECTOR

Shelter and healing shall mine own house give thee.

CHARIOTEER

How shall the hands of murderers tend mine hurts?

HECTOR

This man will cease not telling the same tale.

CHARIOTEER

Perish the doer! Not at thee my tongue
Hurls this, as plains thy pride:—but Justice knows.

HECTOR (*to attendants*)

Ye, take him up and bear him to mine house.
So tend him that he shall not slander us.
And ye must go to those upon the wall,
To Priam and our elders, bidding them
Bury the slain beside the public way.

[*Exeunt bearers with* CHARIOTEER.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί ποτ' εὐτυχίας ἐκ τῆς μεγάλης
Τροίαν ἀνάγει πάλιν εἰς πένθος
δαίμων ἄλλος, τί φυτεύων;

ἔα ἔα. ὢ ὤ.
τίς ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς θεός, ὦ βασιλεῦ,
τὸν νεόδμητον νεκρὸν ἐν χειροῖν
φοράδην πέμπει;
ταρβῶ λεύσσων τόδε φάσμα.

ΜΟΥΣΑ

ὁρᾶν πάρεστι, Τρῶες· ἡ γὰρ ἐν σοφοῖς
τιμὰς ἔχουσα Μοῦσα, συγγόνων μία,
πάρειμι, παῖδα τόνδ' ὁρῶσ' οἰκτρῶς φίλον
θανόνθ' ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν· ὅν ποθ' ὁ κτείνας χρόνῳ
δόλιος Ὀδυσσεὺς ἀξίαν τίσει δίκην.

ἰαλέμῳ αὐθιγενεῖ, στρ.
τέκνον, σ' ὀλοφύρομαι, ὦ
ματρὸς ἄλγος, οἵαν
ἔκελσας ὁδὸν ποτὶ Τροίαν,
ἦ δυσδαίμονα καὶ μελέαν,
ἀπομεμφομένας ἐμοῦ πορευθείς,
ἀπὸ δ' ἀντομένου πατρός, βιαίως.
ὤμοι ἐγὼ σέθεν, ὦ φιλία
φιλία κεφαλά, τέκνον, ὤμοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅσον προσήκει μὴ γένους κοινωνίαν
ἔχοντι, κἀγὼ τὸν σὸν οἰκτείρω γόνον.

CHORUS

Wherefore from heights of victory
Doth Fortune drag down Troy unto woe—
Fortune estranged? What purposeth she?

(*The* MUSE *appears above the stage with* RHESUS *in her arms.*)

Ho ye!—lo there!—what ho!
What God overhead, O King, doth appear,
In whose hands is the corpse of the newly dead
Borne as it were on a bier?
I quail as I look on the vision of dread.

MUSE

Trojans, fear not to look: the Muse am I,
One of the Song-queens, honoured of the wise.
My dear son I behold in piteous sort
Slain by his foes. One day shall he who slew,
Guileful Odysseus, pay fit penalty.

(*Raises the death-dirge.*)

In moans that of no strange lips I borrow, (*Str.*)
O son, my sorrow,
I wail for thee.
What woefullest journey was thine, thy faring
Of ill-starred daring
To Troy oversea,
Despite my warning, thy father's pleading!
Dear head!—O bleeding
Heart of me!

CHORUS

So far as one may take on him who hath
No tie of kinship, I too wail thy son.

ΜΟΥΣΑ

ὄλοιτο μὲν Οἰνεΐδας, ἀντ.
ὄλοιτο δὲ Λαρτιάδας,
ὅς μ' ἄπαιδα γέννας
ἔθηκεν ἀριστοτόκοιο·
ἅ θ' Ἕλλανα λιποῦσα δόμον
Φρυγίων λεχέων ἔπλευσε πλαθεῖσ'
ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ ὤλεσε μέν σ' ἕκατι[1] Τροίας,
φίλτατε, μυριάδας τε πόλεις
ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ἐκένωσεν.

ἦ πολλὰ μὲν ζῶν, πολλὰ δ' εἰς Ἅιδου μολών,
Φιλάμμονος παῖ, τῆς ἐμῆς ἥψω φρενός·
ὕβρις γάρ, ἥ σ' ἔσφηλε, καὶ Μουσῶν ἔρις
τεκεῖν μ' ἔθηκε τόνδε δύστηνον γόνον.
περῶσα γὰρ δὴ ποταμίους διὰ ῥοὰς
λέκτροις ἐπλάθην Στρυμόνος φυταλμίοις,
ὅτ' ἤλθομεν γῆς χρυσόβωλον ἐς λέπας
Πάγγαιον ὀργάνοισιν ἐξησκημέναι
Μοῦσαι μεγίστην εἰς ἔριν μελῳδίας
δεινῷ σοφιστῇ Θρῃκί, κἀτυφλώσαμεν
Θάμυριν, ὃς ἡμῶν πόλλ' ἐδέννασεν τέχνην.
κἀπεὶ σὲ τίκτω, συγγόνους αἰδουμένη
καὶ παρθενείαν, ἧκ' ἐς εὐύδρου πατρὸς
δίνας· τρέφειν δέ σ' οὐ βρότειον ἐς χέρα
Στρυμὼν δίδωσιν, ἀλλὰ πηγαίαις κόραις.
ἔνθ' ἐκτραφεὶς κάλλιστα παρθένων ὕπο,
Θρῄκης ἀνάσσων πρῶτος ἦσθ' ἀνδρῶν, τέκνον.
καί σ' ἀμφὶ γῆν μὲν πατρίαν φιλαιμάτους
ἀλκὰς κορύσσοντ' οὐκ ἐδείμαινον θανεῖν,
Τροίας δ' ἀπηύδων ἄστυ μὴ κέλσαι ποτέ,
εἰδυῖα τὸν σὸν πότμον· ἀλλά σ' Ἕκτορος

[1] Bruhn: for σὲ κατὰ of MSS.

MUSE

Curse ye, Odysseus and Oineus' scion, (*Ant.*)
Through whom I cry on
My noble dead!
Curse her, who voyaged from Hellas over
To a Phrygian lover,
A wanton's bed,
Who for Troy's sake hath widowed homes without number,
And bowed thee in slumber
Of death, dear head!

Sore hast thou wrung mine heart, Philammon's son,
In life, and since to Hades thou hast passed.
Thine overweening, ruinous rivalry
With Muses, made me bear this hapless child.
For, as I waded through the river's flow,
Lo, I was clasped in Strymon's fruitful couch,
What time we came unto Pangaeus' ridge,
Whose dust is gold, with flute and lyre arrayed,
We Muses, for great strife of minstrelsy
With Thracia's cunning bard; and we made blind
Thamyris, who full oft had mocked our skill.
And, when I bare thee, shamed before my sisters,
And for my maidenhead, down thy sire's fair swirls
I cast thee; and to nurse thee Strymon chose
Arms of no mortal, but the Fountain-maids.
There reared in glorious fashion by the Nymphs,
Thou ruledst Thrace, a king of men, my child.
While through thy native land thou didst achieve
Great deeds of war, I feared not for thy life;
But still I warned thee never to fare to Troy,
Knowing thy doom; but Hector's embassies,

πρεσβεύμαθ' αἵ τε μυρίαι γερουσίαι
ἔπεισαν ἐλθεῖν κἀπικουρῆσαι φίλοις.
σὺ τοῦδ', Ἀθάνα, παντὸς αἰτία μόρου,
οὐδὲν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς οὐδ' ὁ Τυδέως τόκος
ἔδρασε δράσας· μὴ δόκει λεληθέναι.
καίτοι πόλιν σὴν σύγγονοι πρεσβεύομεν
Μοῦσαι μάλιστα κἀπιχρώμεθα χθονί,
μυστηρίων τε τῶν ἀπορρήτων φανὰς
ἔδειξεν Ὀρφεύς, αὐτανέψιος νεκροῦ
τοῦδ' ὃν κατακτείνεις σύ· Μουσαῖόν τε σὸν
σεμνὸν πολίτην κἀπὶ πλεῖστον ἄνδρ' ἕνα
ἐλθόντα, Φοῖβος σύγγονοί τ' ἠσκήσαμεν.
καὶ τῶνδε μισθὸν παῖδ' ἔχουσ' ἐν ἀγκάλαις
θρηνῶ· σοφιστὴν δ' ἄλλον οὐκ ἐπάξομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μάτην ἄρ' ἡμᾶς Θρήκιος τροχηλάτης
ἐδέννασ', Ἕκτορ, τῷδε βουλεῦσαι φόνον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ᾔδη τάδ'· οὐδὲν μάντεων ἔδει φράσαι
Ὀδυσσέως τέχναισι τόνδ' ὀλωλότα.
ἐγὼ δὲ γῆς ἔφεδρον Ἑλλήνων στρατὸν
λεύσσων, τί μὴν ἔμελλον οὐ πέμψειν φίλοις
κήρυκας, ἐλθεῖν κἀπικουρῆσαι χθονί;
ἔπεμψ'· ὀφείλων δ' ἦλθε συμπονεῖν ἐμοί.
οὐ μὴν θανόντι γ' οὐδαμῶς συνήδομαι.
καὶ νῦν ἕτοιμος τῷδε καὶ τεῦξαι τάφον
καὶ ξυμπυρῶσαι μυρίων πέπλων χλιδήν·
φίλος γὰρ ἐλθὼν δυστυχῶς ἀπέρχεται.

ΜΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ εἶσι γαίας εἰς μελάγχιμον πέδον·
τοσόνδε νύμφην τὴν ἔνερθ' αἰτήσομαι
τῆς καρποποιοῦ παῖδα Δήμητρος θεᾶς,

And messages untold that elders bare,
Wrought on thee to set forth to aid thy friends.
Athena, thou art cause of all this doom!
Naught did Odysseus, neither Tydeus' son,
With all their doings:—think not I am blind!
And yet thine Athens we with honour crown:
My sister Song-queens chiefly haunt thy land;
And the torch-march of those veiled Mysteries
Did Orpheus teach her, cousin of the dead—
This dead, whom thou hast slain! Musaeus too,
Thy citizen revered, the chiefest bard
Of men, him Phoebus and the Muses trained:—
And this my meed!—with arms clasped round my son
I wail! No new sage will I bring to thee.

CHORUS

Falsely then Thracia's charioteer reviled
Us, Hector, as the plotters of his death.

HECTOR

I knew it: need was none of seers to tell
That this man perished by Odysseus' craft.
And how could I, beholding Hellas' host
Camped on this soil, but send mine heralds forth
To friends, to bid them come and help our land?
I sent them; and he came, who owed me aid.
Ah, little joy have I to see him dead!
Ready am I to rear him now a tomb,
And to burn with him splendour of countless robes.
A friend he came, in sorrow goeth hence.

MUSE

He shall not into earth's dark lap go down;
With such strong crying will I pray Hell's Queen,
Child of Demeter Lady of earth's increase,

ψυχὴν ἀνεῖναι τοῦδ'· ὀφειλέτις δέ μοι
τοὺς Ὀρφέως τιμῶσα φαίνεσθαι φίλους.
κἀμοὶ μὲν ὡς θανών τε κοὐ λεύσσων φάος
ἔσται τὸ λοιπόν· οὐ γὰρ ἐς ταὐτόν ποτε
ἔτ' εἶσιν οὐδὲ μητρὸς ὄψεται δέμας,
κρυπτὸς δ' ἐν ἄντροις τῆς ὑπαργύρου χθονὸς
ἀνθρωποδαίμων κείσεται βλέπων φάος,
Βάκχου προφήτης ὥστε Παγγαίου πέτραν
ᾤκησε σεμνὸς τοῖσιν εἰδόσιν θεός.
ῥᾷον δὲ πένθος τῆς θαλασσίας θεοῦ
οἴσω· θανεῖν γὰρ καὶ τὸν ἐκ κείνης χρεών.
θρήνοις δ' ἀδελφαὶ πρῶτα μὲν σ' ὑμνήσομεν,
ἔπειτ' Ἀχιλλῆ Θέτιδος ἐν πένθει ποτέ.
οὐ ῥύσεταί νιν Παλλάς, ἥ σ' ἀπέκτανε·
τοῖον φαρέτρα Λοξίου σῴζει βέλος.
ὦ παιδοποιοὶ συμφοραί, πόνοι βροτῶν,
ὡς ὅστις ὑμᾶς μὴ κακῶς λογίζεται,
ἄπαις διοίσει κοὐ τεκὼν θάψει τέκνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὗτος μὲν ἤδη μητρὶ κηδεύειν μέλει·
σὺ δ' εἴ τι πράσσειν τῶν προκειμένων θέλεις,
Ἕκτορ, πάρεστι· φῶς γὰρ ἡμέρας τόδε.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

χωρεῖτε, συμμάχους θ' ὁπλίζεσθαι τάχος
ἄνωχθε, πληροῦν τ' αὐχένας ξυνωρίδων.
πανοὺς δ' ἔχοντας χρὴ μένειν Τυρσηνικῆς
σάλπιγγος αὐδήν· ὡς ὑπερβαλὼν τάφρον
τείχη τ' Ἀχαιῶν ναυσὶν αἶθον ἐμβαλεῖν
πέποιθα Τρωσί θ' ἡμέραν ἐλευθέραν
ἀκτῖνα τὴν στείχουσαν ἡλίου φέρειν.

To grant his soul release. My debtor is she
To show that yet she honours Orpheus' friends.
Yet to me as one dead, that sees not light,
Henceforth shall he be : never shall he come
To meet me more, nor see his mother's form.
In caverns of the silver-veinèd land
A god-man shall he lie, beholding light,
As Bacchus' prophet 'neath Pangaeus' rock
Dwelt, god revered of them that knew the truth.
More lightly now the grief of that Sea-queen
Shall fall on me : for her son too must die.
Thee first we Sisters will with dirges hymn,
Achilles then, in Thetis' hour of grief.
Not him shall Pallas save, who murdered thee,
Such shaft doth Loxias' quiver keep for him.
Ah, woes of mothers ! Miseries of men !
Yea, whoso taketh true account of you
Childless will live, nor bear sons for the grave.

[*Exit.*

CHORUS

Now are the King's death-rites his mother's care.
But if thou wilt do work that lies to hand,
Hector, 'tis time ; for yonder dawns the day.

HECTOR

Depart ye : bid our comrades straightway arm,
And lay the yokes upon the car-steeds' necks.
Then torch in hand must ye await the blast
Of Tuscan clarion ; for I trust to press
Over their trench, their walls, and fire the ships
Achaean, and to bring in freedom's day
For Troy with yonder sun's uprising beams.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πείθου βασιλεῖ· στείχωμεν ὅπλοις
κοσμησάμενοι καὶ ξυμμαχίᾳ
τάδε φράζωμεν· τάχα δ' ἂν νίκην
δοίη δαίμων ὁ μεθ' ἡμῶν.

CHORUS

Give heed to the King: now march we in war's array,
And tell unto them that with Troy be allied
These things. May the God give triumph to us straightway
Who fights on our side.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.

HECUBA

ARGUMENT

When *Troy was taken by the Greeks, Hecuba, the wife of Priam, and her daughters, Cassandra the prophetess, and Polyxena, with the other women of Troy, were made slaves, being portioned among the victors, so that Cassandra became the concubine of Agamemnon. But Polydorus, the youngest of Priam's sons, had long ere this been sent, with much treasure of gold, for safe keeping to his father's friend, Polymestor king of Thrace, so that his mother had one consolation of hope amidst her afflictions. Now the host of Greece could not straightway sail home, because to the spirit of their dead hero Achilles was given power to hold the winds from blowing, till meet sacrifice were rendered to him, even a maiden of Troy, most beautiful of the seed royal; and for this they chose Polyxena. And now king Polymestor, lusting for the gold, and fearing no vengeance of man, slew his ward, the lad Polydorus, and flung his body into the sea, so that it was in process of time cast up by the waves on the shore whereby was the camp of the Greeks, and was brought to Hecuba. And herein are told the sorrow of Hecuba and her revenge.*

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΠΟΛΥΔΩΡΟΥ ΕΙΔΩΛΟΝ
ΕΚΑΒΗ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ
ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ
ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Phantom of POLYDORUS, *son of Priam King of Troy, and Hecuba.*

HECUBA, *wife of Priam, and mother of Polydorus and Polyxena.*

POLYXENA, *youngest daughter of Priam and Hecuba.*

ODYSSEUS, *chiefest in subtlety of the Greeks, King of Ithaca.*

TALTHYBIUS, *herald of King Agamemnon.*

AGAMEMNON, *King of Mycenae, and captain of the host of Greece.*

POLYMESTOR, *King of Eastern Thrace, which is called the Chersonese.*

HANDMAID *of Hecuba.*

CHORUS *of captive Trojan women.*

Attendants, Greek and Thracian guards, captive women.

SCENE :—Before Agamemnon's tent in the camp of the Greeks on the coast of the Thracian Chersonese.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΔΩΡΟΥ ΕΙΔΩΛΟΝ

Ἥκω νεκρῶν κευθμῶνα καὶ σκότου πύλας
λιπών, ἵν᾽ Ἅιδης χωρὶς ᾤκισται θεῶν,
Πολύδωρος, Ἑκάβης παῖς γεγὼς τῆς Κισσέως
Πριάμου τε πατρός, ὅς μ᾽, ἐπεὶ Φρυγῶν πόλιν
κίνδυνος ἔσχε δορὶ πεσεῖν Ἑλληνικῷ,
δείσας ὑπεξέπεμψε Τρωικῆς χθονὸς
Πολυμήστορος πρὸς δῶμα Θρῃκίου ξένου,
ὃς τὴν ἀρίστην Χερσονησίαν πλάκα
σπείρει, φίλιππον λαὸν εὐθύνων δορί.
πολὺν δὲ σὺν ἐμοὶ χρυσὸν ἐκπέμπει λάθρᾳ
πατήρ, ἵν᾽, εἴ ποτ᾽ Ἰλίου τείχη πέσοι,
τοῖς ζῶσιν εἴη παισὶ μὴ σπάνις βίου.
νεώτατος δ᾽ ἦν Πριαμιδῶν, ὃ καί με γῆς
ὑπεξέπεμψεν· οὔτε γὰρ φέρειν ὅπλα
οὔτ᾽ ἔγχος οἷός τ᾽ ἦν νέῳ βραχίονι.
ἕως μὲν οὖν γῆς ὄρθ᾽ ἔκειθ᾽ ὁρίσματα,
πύργοι τ᾽ ἄθραυστοι Τρωικῆς ἦσαν χθονός,
Ἕκτωρ τ᾽ ἀδελφὸς οὑμὸς ηὐτύχει δορί,
καλῶς παρ᾽ ἀνδρὶ Θρῃκὶ πατρῴῳ ξένῳ
τροφαῖσιν ὥς τις πτόρθος ηὐξόμην τάλας.

HECUBA

The phantom of POLYDORUS *appears hovering over the tent of Agamemnon.*

POLYDORUS

I come from vaults of death, from gates of
 darkness,
Where from the Gods aloof doth Hades dwell,
Polydorus, born of Hecuba, Cisseus' child,
And Priam, who, when peril girt the town
Of Phrygians, by the spear of Greece to fall,
In fear from Troyland privily sent me forth
To Polymestor's halls, his Thracian friend,
Lord of the fair tilth-lands of Chersonese,
Who with the spear rules that horse-loving folk.
And secretly with me my sire sent forth
Much gold, that, should the towers of Ilium fall,
His sons yet living might not beggared be.
Youngest of Priam's house was I: for this
He sent me forth the land, whose youthful arm
Availed not or to sway the shield or spear.
So, while unbowed the land's defences stood,
And yet unshattered were the towers of Troy,
While triumphed yet my brother Hector's spear,
Fair-nurtured by the Thracian, my sire's friend,
Like some young sapling grew I—hapless I!

ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροία θ' Ἕκτορός τ' ἀπόλλυται
ψυχή, πατρῴα θ' ἑστία κατεσκάφη,
αὐτὸς δὲ βωμῷ πρὸς θεοδμήτῳ πίτνει
σφαγεὶς Ἀχιλλέως παιδὸς ἐκ μιαιφόνου,
κτείνει με χρυσοῦ τὸν ταλαίπωρον χάριν
ξένος πατρῷος καὶ κτανὼν ἐς οἶδμ' ἁλὸς
μεθῆχ', ἵν' αὐτὸς χρυσὸν ἐν δόμοις ἔχῃ.
κεῖμαι δ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς, ἄλλοτ' ἐν πόντου σάλῳ,
πολλοῖς διαύλοις κυμάτων φορούμενος,
ἄκλαυστος, ἄταφος· νῦν δ' ὑπὲρ μητρὸς φίλης
Ἑκάβης ἀΐσσω, σῶμ' ἐρημώσας ἐμόν,
τριταῖον ἤδη φέγγος αἰωρούμενος,
ὅσονπερ ἐν γῇ τῇδε Χερσονησίᾳ
μήτηρ ἐμὴ δύστηνος ἐκ Τροίας πάρα.
πάντες δ' Ἀχαιοὶ ναῦς ἔχοντες ἥσυχοι
θάσσουσ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς τῆσδε Θρῃκίας χθονός·
ὁ Πηλέως γὰρ παῖς ὑπὲρ τύμβου φανεὶς
κατέσχ' Ἀχιλλεὺς πᾶν στράτευμ' Ἑλληνικόν,
πρὸς οἶκον εὐθύνοντας ἐναλίαν πλάτην·
αἰτεῖ δ' ἀδελφὴν τὴν ἐμὴν Πολυξένην
τύμβῳ φίλον πρόσφαγμα καὶ γέρας λαβεῖν.
καὶ τεύξεται τοῦδ', οὐδ' ἀδώρητος φίλων
ἔσται πρὸς ἀνδρῶν· ἡ πεπρωμένη δ' ἄγει
θανεῖν ἀδελφὴν τῷδ' ἐμὴν ἐν ἤματι.
δυοῖν δὲ παίδοιν δύο νεκρὼ κατόψεται
μήτηρ, ἐμοῦ τε τῆς τε δυστήνου κόρης.
φανήσομαι γάρ, ὡς τάφου τλήμων τύχω,
δούλης ποδῶν πάροιθεν ἐν κλυδωνίῳ.
τοὺς γὰρ κάτω σθένοντας ἐξῃτησάμην
τύμβου κυρῆσαι κεἰς χέρας μητρὸς πεσεῖν.
τοὐμὸν μὲν οὖν ὅσονπερ ἤθελον τυχεῖν
ἔσται· γεραιᾷ δ' ἐκποδὼν χωρήσομαι

But when Troy perished, perished Hector's soul,
And my sire's hearths were made a desolation,
And himself at the god-built altar fell
Slain by Achilles' son, the murder-stained,
Then me for that gold's sake my father's friend
Slew, and the slaughtered wretch mid sea-surge cast,
That in his halls himself might keep the gold.
Now on the beach I welter, surf-borne now
Drift on the racing waves' recoil and rush,
Tombless, unwept. O'er my dear mother's head
Now flit I, leaving tenantless my body.

This is the third day that I hover so,
Even all the time that in this Chersonese
My hapless mother tarrieth, haled from Troy.
And all the Achaeans idle with their ships
Sit on the beaches of this Thracian land.
For Peleus' son above his tomb appeared,
And all the Hellenic host Achilles stayed,
Even as they homeward aimed the brine-dipt oar,
And claimed for his Polyxena my sister,
For sacrifice and honour to his tomb;
Yea, and shall win, nor of his hero-friends
Giftless shall be. And Fate is leading on
Unto her death my sister on this day.

And of two children shall my mother see
Two corpses, mine, and that her hapless daughter's.
For I, to gain a tomb, will—wretch—appear
Before her handmaid's feet amidst the surge.
For with the Lords of Death have I prevailed
'Twixt mother-hands to fall, and win a tomb.
Accomplished shall be all for which I longed.

Ἑκάβῃ· περᾷ γὰρ ἥδ᾽ ὑπὸ σκηνῆς πόδα
Ἀγαμέμνονος, φάντασμα δειμαίνουσ᾽ ἐμόν.

φεῦ·
ὦ μῆτερ, ἥτις ἐκ τυραννικῶν δόμων
δούλειον ἦμαρ εἶδες, ὡς πράσσεις κακῶς
ὅσονπερ εὖ ποτ᾽· ἀντισηκώσας δέ σε
φθείρει θεῶν τις τῆς πάροιθ᾽ εὐπραξίας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄγετ᾽, ὦ παῖδες, τὴν γραῦν πρὸ δόμων,
ἄγετ᾽ ὀρθοῦσαι τὴν ὁμόδουλον,
Τρῳάδες, ὑμῖν, πρόσθε δ᾽ ἄνασσαν.
λάβετε, φέρετε, πέμπετ᾽, ἀείρετέ μου
γεραιᾶς χειρὸς προσλαζύμεναι·
κἀγὼ σκολιῷ σκίπωνι χερὸς
διερειδομένα σπεύσω βραδύπουν
ἤλυσιν ἄρθρων προτιθεῖσα.
ὦ στεροπὰ Διός, ὦ σκοτία νύξ,
τί ποτ᾽ αἴρομαι ἔννυχος οὕτω
δείμασι, φάσμασιν; ὦ πότνια Χθών,
μελανοπτερύγων μᾶτερ ὀνείρων,
ἀποπέμπομαι ἔννυχον ὄψιν,
ἣν περὶ παιδὸς ἐμοῦ τοῦ σῳζομένου κατὰ Θρῄκην
ἀμφὶ Πολυξείνης τε φίλης θυγατρὸς δι᾽ ὀνείρων
φοβερὰν ὄψιν ἔμαθον, ἐδάην.
ὦ χθόνιοι θεοί, σώσατε παῖδ᾽ ἐμόν,

But agèd Hecuba's sight will I avoid;
For forth of Agamemnon's tent she sets
Her feet, appalled by this my ghostly phantom.

HECUBA, *dressed as a slave, and supported by fellow-captives, appears coming out of Agamemnon's tent.*

Mother, who after royal halls hast seen
The day of thraldom, how thy depth of woe
Equals thine height of weal! A God bears down
The scale with olden bliss heaped, ruining thee.
[*Exit.*

HECUBA

Lead forth, O my children, the stricken in years from the tent.
O lead her, upbearing the steps of your fellow-thrall
Now, O ye daughters of Troy, but of old your queen.
Clasp me, uphold, help onward the eld-forspent,
Laying hold of my wrinkled hand, lest for weakness I fall;
And, sustained by a curving arm, thereon as I lean,
I will hasten onward with tottering pace,
Speeding my feet in a laggard's race.
O lightning-splendour of Zeus, O mirk of the night,
Why quake I for visions in slumber that haunt me
With terrors, with phantoms? O Earth's majestic might,
Mother of dreams that hover in dusk-winged flight,
I cry to the vision of darkness "Avaunt thee!"—
The dream of my son who was sent into Thrace to be saved from the slaughter,
The dream that I saw of Polyxena's doom, my dear-loved daughter,
Which I saw, which I knew, which abideth to daunt me.
Gods of the Underworld, save ye my son,

ὃς μόνος οἴκων ἄγκυρ' ἐμῶν
τὴν χιονώδη Θρῄκην κατέχει
ξείνου πατρίου φυλακαῖσιν.
ἔσται τι νέον,
ἥξει τι μέλος γοερὸν γοεραῖς.
οὔποτ' ἐμὰ φρὴν ὧδ' ἀλίαστος
φρίσσει, ταρβεῖ.
ποῦ ποτε θείαν Ἑλένου ψυχὰν
ἢ Κασάνδραν ἐσίδω, Τρῳάδες,
ὥς μοι κρίνωσιν ὀνείρους ;
εἶδον γὰρ βαλιὰν ἔλαφον λύκου αἵμονι χαλᾷ
σφαζομέναν, ἀπ' ἐμῶν γονάτων σπασθεῖσαν
 ἀνάγκᾳ
οἰκτρῶς· καὶ τόδε δεῖμά μοι·
ἦλθ' ὑπὲρ ἄκρας τύμβου κορυφᾶς
φάντασμ' Ἀχιλέως· ᾔτει δὲ γέρας
τῶν πολυμόχθων τινὰ Τρωιάδων.
ἀπ' ἐμᾶς οὖν ἀπ' ἐμᾶς τόδε παιδὸς
πέμψατε, δαίμονες, ἱκετεύω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἑκάβη, σπουδῇ πρός σ' ἐλιάσθην
τὰς δεσποσύνους σκηνὰς προλιποῦσ',
ἵν' ἐκληρώθην καὶ προσετάχθην
δούλη, πόλεως ἀπελαυνομένη
τῆς Ἰλιάδος, λόγχης αἰχμῇ
δοριθήρατος πρὸς Ἀχαιῶν,

Mine house's anchor, its only one,
By the friend of his father warded well
Where the snows of Thrace veil forest and fell!
But a strange new stroke draweth near,
And a strain of wailing for them that wail.
Ah, never as now did the heart in me quail
With the thrilling of ceaseless fear.
O that Cassandra I might but descry
To arrede me my dreams, O daughters of Troy,
Or Helenus, god-taught seer!
For a dappled fawn I beheld which a wolf's red fangs were tearing,
Which he dragged from my knees whereto she had clung in her piteous despairing.
This terror withal on my spirit is come,
That the ghost of the mighty Achilles hath risen, and stood
High on the crest of his earth-heaped tomb;
And he claimeth a guerdon of honour, the spilling of blood,
And a woe-stricken Trojan maiden's doom.
O Gods, I am suppliant before you!—in any wise turn, I implore you,
This fate from the child of my womb!

Enter CHORUS *of captive Trojan women.*

I have hasted hitherward; the pavilions of my lord,
O my queen, have I forsaken, in the which I sojourn here,
Whom the lot hath doomed to fall unto a king, a thrall
From Ilium chased, the quarry of Achaean hunters' spear,—

οὐδὲν παθέων ἀποκουφίζουσ',
ἀλλ' ἀγγελίας βάρος ἀραμένη
μέγα, σοί τε, γύναι, κῆρυξ ἀχέων.
ἐν γὰρ 'Αχαιῶν πλήρει ξυνόδῳ
λέγεται δόξαι σὴν παῖδ' 'Αχιλεῖ
σφάγιον θέσθαι· τύμβου δ' ἐπιβὰς
οἶσθ' ὅτε χρυσέοις ἐφάνη σὺν ὅπλοις,
τὰς ποντοπόρους δ' ἔσχε σχεδίας
λαίφη προτόνοις ἐπερειδομένας,
τάδε θωΰσσων·
ποῖ δή, Δαναοί, τὸν ἐμὸν τύμβον
στέλλεσθ' ἀγέραστον ἀφέντες;

πολλῆς δ' ἔριδος συνέπαισε κλύδων,
δόξα δ' ἐχώρει δίχ' ἀν' 'Ελλήνων
στρατὸν αἰχμητήν, τοῖς μὲν διδόναι
τύμβῳ σφάγιον, τοῖς δ' οὐχὶ δοκοῦν.

ἦν δὲ τὸ μὲν σὸν σπεύδων ἀγαθὸν
τῆς μαντιπόλου Βάκχης ἀνέχων
λέκτρ' 'Αγαμέμνων·
τὼ Θησείδα δ', ὄζω 'Αθηνῶν,
δισσῶν μύθων ῥήτορες ἦσαν·
γνώμῃ δὲ μιᾷ συνεχωρείτην,

τὸν 'Αχίλλειον τύμβον στεφανοῦν
αἵματι χλωρῷ, τὰ δὲ Κασάνδρας
λέκτρ' οὐκ ἐφάτην τῆς 'Αχιλείας
πρόσθεν θήσειν ποτὲ λόγχης.

Not for lightening of thy pain; nay, a burden have I ta'en
  Of heavy tidings, herald of sore anguish unto thee,
For that met is the array of Achaea, and they say
  That thy child unto Achilles a sacrifice must be.

For thou knowest how in sheen of golden armour seen
  He stood upon his tomb, and on the ocean-pacing ships
Laid a spell, that none hath sailed,—yea, though the halliards brailed
  The sails up to the yards;—and a cry rang from [his lips:
"Ho, Danaans! whither now, leaving unredeemed your vow
  Of honour to my tomb, and my glory spurned [away?"
Then a surge of high contention clashed: the spear-host in dissension
  Was cleft, some crying, "Yield his tomb the victim!"—others, "Nay!"

Now the King was fervent there that thy daughter they should spare,
  For that Agamemnon loveth thy prophet-bacchanal.
But the sons of Theseus twain, Athens' scions, for thy bane
  Pleaded both, yet for the victim did their vote at variance fall.

"Ye cannot choose but crown with the life-blood streaming down
  Achilles' grave!" they clamoured—"and, for this Cassandra's bed,
Shall any dare prefer to Achilles' prowess her—
  A concubine, a bondslave?—It shall never be!" they said.

σπουδαὶ δὲ λόγων κατατεινομένων
ἦσαν ἴσαι πως, πρὶν ὁ ποικιλόφρων
κόπις, ἡδυλόγος, δημοχαριστὴς
Λαερτιάδης πείθει στρατιὰν
μὴ τὸν ἄριστον Δαναῶν πάντων
δούλων σφαγίων εἵνεκ' ἀπωθεῖν,
μηδέ τιν' εἰπεῖν παρὰ Περσεφόνῃ
στάντα φθιμένων
ὡς ἀχάριστοι Δαναοὶ Δαναοῖς
τοῖς οἰχομένοις ὑπὲρ Ἑλλήνων
Τροίας πεδίων ἀπέβησαν.

ἥξει δ' Ὀδυσεὺς ὅσον οὐκ ἤδη,
πῶλον ἀφέλξων σῶν ἀπὸ μαστῶν
ἔκ τε γεραιᾶς χερὸς ὁρμήσων.

ἀλλ' ἴθι ναούς, ἴθι πρὸς βωμούς,
ἵζ' Ἀγαμέμνονος ἱκέτις γονάτων,
κήρυσσε θεοὺς τούς τ' οὐρανίδας
τούς θ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν.

ἢ γάρ σε λιταὶ διακωλύσουσ'
ὀρφανὸν εἶναι παιδὸς μελέας,

But the vehemence of speech, each contending against each, [souled,
Was balanced, as it were, till the prater subtle-
The man of honied tongue, the truckler to the throng, [mould:
Laertes' spawn, 'gan fashion the host unto his

"We may not thrust aside like an outcast wretch," he cried, [Danaan hand,
"The bravest Danaan heart and the stoutest
All to spare our hands the stain of the blood of bondmaid slain, [that stand
Neither suffer that a voice from the ranks of them

In the presence of Hell's Queen should with scoffing bitter-keen
Cry, 'Thankless from the plains of Troy the Danaans have sped,
Thankless unto Danaan kin whose graves are thick therein,
Who died to save their brethren—the soon-forgotten dead!'"

And Odysseus draweth near—even now shall he be here
From thy breast to rend thy darling, from thine age-enfeebled grasp.
Hie thee to the temples now: haste, before the altars bow: [clasp.
Crouch low to Agamemnon, his knees in suppliance
Lift up thy voice and cry to the Gods that sit on high:
Let the Nether-dwellers hear it through their darkness ringing wild.
For, except they turn and spare, and thy prevalence of prayer [child,
Redeem thee from bereavement of thy ruin-stricken

ἢ δεῖ σ' ἐπιδεῖν τύμβου προπετῆ
φοινισσομένην αἵματι παρθένον
ἐκ χρυσοφόρου
δειρῆς νασμῷ μελαναυγεῖ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἲ 'γὼ μελέα, τί ποτ' ἀπύσω;
ποίαν ἀχώ, ποῖον ὀδυρμόν;
δειλαία δειλαίου γήρως,
δουλείας τᾶς οὐ τλατᾶς,
τᾶς οὐ φερτᾶς· ὤμοι μοι.

τίς ἀμύνει μοι; ποία γέννα,
ποία δὲ πόλις;
φροῦδος πρέσβυς, φροῦδοι παῖδες.
ποίαν, ἢ ταύταν ἢ κείναν
στείχω; ποῖ δ' ἥσω; ποῦ τις θεῶν
ἢ δαίμων νῷν ἐπαρωγός;

ὦ κάκ' ἐνεγκοῦσαι Τρῳάδες, ὦ
κάκ' ἐνεγκοῦσαι
πήματ', ἀπωλέσατ' ὠλέσατ'· οὐκέτι μοι βίος
ἀγαστὸς ἐν φάει.

ὦ τλάμων ἄγησαί μοι
πούς, ἄγησαι τᾷ γραίᾳ
πρὸς τάνδ' αὐλάν· ὦ τέκνον, ὦ παῖ
δυστανοτάτας ματέρος, ἔξελθ'
ἔξελθ' οἴκων· ἄϊε ματέρος
αὐδάν, ὦ τέκνον, ὡς εἰδῇς
οἵαν οἵαν ἀΐω φάμαν
περὶ σᾶς ψυχᾶς.

Thou must surely live to gaze where a maiden on her face
[darkly-gleaming tide
On a grave-mound lieth slaughtered, while the
Welleth, welleth from the neck which the golden mockeries deck,
[dyed.
And all her body crimsons in the bubbling horror

HECUBA

Woe for mine anguish! what outcry availeth
To thrill forth its agony-throes?
What wailing its fulness of torment outwaileth—
Wretched eld—bitter bondage where heart and flesh faileth?
Ah me for my woes!

What champion is left me?—what sons to defend me?—
What city remains to me? Gone
Are my lord and my sons! Whither now shall I wend me?
[befriend me?
Whither flee? Is there God—is there fiend shall
Alone—alone!

Daughters of Troy—O ye heralds of ruin, ye heralds of ruin!—
What profits my life any more, whom your words have undone, have undone?
Now unto yonder pavilion, to tell to my child her undoing,
[one!
Lead, O ye wretchedest feet, lead ye the eld-stricken

O daughter, O child of a mother most wretched, forth faring, forth faring,
[mother's word,
Come from the tent, O hearken the voice of thy
To the end thou mayst know what a rumour of awful despairing, despairing,
[have I heard!
Concerning the life of thee, my belovèd, but now

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ἰώ,
μᾶτερ μᾶτερ, τί βοᾷς; τί νέον
καρύξασ' οἴκων μ' ὥστ' ὄρνιν
θάμβει τῷδ' ἐξέπταξας;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι, τέκνον.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

τί με δυσφημεῖς; φροίμιά μοι κακά.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ, σᾶς ψυχᾶς.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ἐξαύδα, μὴ κρύψῃς δαρόν.
δειμαίνω δειμαίνω, μᾶτερ,
τί ποτ' ἀναστένεις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέκνον τέκνον μελέας ματρός.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

τί τόδ' ἀγγέλλεις;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σφάξαι σ' Ἀργείων κοινὰ
συντείνει πρὸς τύμβον γνώμα
Πηλείδᾳ γέννᾳ.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

οἴμοι, μᾶτερ, πῶς φθέγγει
ἀμέγαρτα κακῶν; μάνυσόν μοι,
μάνυσον, μᾶτερ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αὐδῶ, παῖ, δυσφάμους φάμας·
ἀγγέλλουσ' Ἀργείων δόξαι
ψήφῳ τᾶς σᾶς περί μοι ψυχᾶς.

Enter POLYXENA

O mother, my mother, what meaneth thy crying?
What strange dread thing
Is this that thou heraldest
That hath scared me, like to a bird forth-flying
On startled wing
Out of the peace of her nest?

HECUBA

Alas! woe's me, my daughter!

POLYXENA

What word of ill-boding is thine? From thy preluding
ills I divine.

HECUBA

Ah me, life doomed unto slaughter!

POLYXENA

Tell it out, tell it out, neither hide o'erlong;
For mine heart, my mother, is heavy with dread
For the tidings that come in thy moan.

HECUBA

O child, O child of the grief-distraught!

POLYXENA

Ah, what is the message to me thou hast brought?

HECUBA

Death: for the Argive warrior-throng
Are in one mind set, that thy blood be shed
On the grave of Peleus' son.

POLYXENA

Ah me, my mother, how can thy tongue
Speak out the horror?—Let all be said:
O mother mine, say on.

HECUBA

O child, I have heard it, the shame and the wrong,
Of the Argive vote, of the doom forth sped,
Of the hope of thy life gone—gone!

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ὢ δεινὰ παθοῦσ', ὢ παντλάμων,
ὢ δυστάνου μᾶτερ βιοτᾶς,
οἵαν οἵαν αὖ σοι λώβαν
ἐχθίσταν ἀρρήταν τ'
ὦρσέν τις δαίμων;
οὐκέτι σοι παῖς ἅδ' οὐκέτι δὴ
γήρᾳ δειλαίῳ δειλαία
συνδουλεύσω.

σκύμνον γάρ μ' ὥστ' οὐριθρέπταν,
μόσχον δειλαία δειλαίαν
εἰσόψει χειρὸς ἀναρπαστὰν
σᾶς ἄπο λαιμότομόν τ' Ἀίδᾳ
γᾶς ὑποπεμπομέναν σκότον, ἔνθα νεκρῶν μέτα
τάλαινα κείσομαι.

καὶ σὲ μέν, μᾶτερ δύστανε βίου,
κλαίω πανδύρτοις θρήνοις·
τὸν ἐμὸν δὲ βίον, λώβαν λύμαν τ',
οὐ μετακλαίομαι, ἀλλὰ θανεῖν μοι
ξυντυχία κρείσσων ἐκύρησεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔρχεται σπουδῇ ποδός,
Ἑκάβη, νέον τι πρὸς σὲ σημανῶν ἔπος.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

γύναι, δοκῶ μέν σ' εἰδέναι γνώμην στρατοῦ
ψῆφόν τε τὴν κρανθεῖσαν· ἀλλ' ὅμως φράσω.
ἔδοξ' Ἀχαιοῖς παῖδα σὴν Πολυξένην
σφάξαι πρὸς ὀρθὸν χῶμ' Ἀχιλλείου τάφου.
ἡμᾶς δὲ πομποὺς καὶ κομιστῆρας κόρης
τάσσουσιν εἶναι· θύματος δ' ἐπιστάτης

POLYXENA

O stricken of anguish beyond all other!
O filled with affliction of desolate days!
What tempest, what tempest of outrage and shame,
Too loathly to look on, too awful to name,
Hath a fiend uproused, that on thee it came,
That thy woeful child by her woeful mother
Nevermore down thraldom's paths shall pace!

For me, like a youngling mountain-pastured,
Like a child of the herd, shalt thou see torn far,
In woe from thy woeful embraces torn,
And, with throat by the steel of the altar shorn,
Down to the underworld darkness borne,
In the Land Unseen to lie, overmastered
Of misery, there where the death-stricken are.

For thee, for the dark days closing around thee,
Mother, with uttermost wailings I cry:
But for this, the life that I now must lack,
For all the ruin thereof and the wrack,
I wail not, I, as I gaze aback:—
O nay, but a happier lot hath found me,
Forasmuch as to me it is given to die.

CHORUS

But lo, Odysseus comes with hurrying foot,
To tell thee, Hecuba, the new decree.

Enter ODYSSEUS.

ODYSSEUS

Lady, thou know'st, I trow, the host's resolve,
And the vote cast, yet will I tell it thee:
The Achaeans will to slay Polyxena
Thy child, upon Achilles' grave-mound's height.
Me they appoint to usher thitherward
And bring the maid: the president and priest

ἱερεύς τ' ἐπέσται τοῦδε παῖς Ἀχιλλέως.
οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον; μήτ' ἀποσπασθῇς βίᾳ
μήτ' εἰς χερῶν ἅμιλλαν ἐξέλθῃς ἐμοί·
γίγνωσκε δ' ἀλκὴν καὶ παρουσίαν κακῶν
τῶν σῶν. σοφόν τοι κἀν κακοῖς ἃ δεῖ φρονεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ· παρέστηχ', ὡς ἔοικ', ἀγὼν μέγας,
πλήρης στεναγμῶν οὐδὲ δακρύων κενός.
κἄγωγ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἔθνῃσκον οὗ μ' ἐχρῆν θανεῖν,
οὐδ' ὤλεσέν με Ζεύς, τρέφει δ', ὅπως ὁρῶ
κακῶν κάκ' ἄλλα μείζον' ἡ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.
εἰ δ' ἔστι τοῖς δούλοισι τοὺς ἐλευθέρους
μὴ λυπρὰ μηδὲ καρδίας δηκτήρια
ἐξιστορῆσαι, σοὶ μὲν εἰρῆσθαι χρεών,
ἡμᾶς δ' ἀκοῦσαι τοὺς ἐρωτῶντας τάδε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἔξεστ', ἐρώτα· τοῦ χρόνου γὰρ οὐ φθονῶ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶσθ' ἡνίκ' ἦλθες Ἰλίου κατάσκοπος,
δυσχλαινίᾳ τ' ἄμορφος, ὀμμάτων τ' ἄπο
φόνου σταλαγμοὶ σὴν κατέσταζον γένυν;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οἶδ'· οὐ γὰρ ἄκρας καρδίας ἔψαυσέ μου.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔγνω δέ σ' Ἑλένη καὶ μόνῃ κατεῖπ' ἐμοί;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

μεμνήμεθ' ἐς κίνδυνον ἐλθόντες μέγαν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἥψω δὲ γονάτων τῶν ἐμῶν ταπεινὸς ὤν;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὥστ' ἐνθανεῖν γε σοῖς πέπλοισι χεῖρ' ἐμήν.

Of sacrifice Achilles' son shall be.
Know'st thou thy part then?—be not torn away
Perforce, nor brave me to the strife of hands;
But know thy might, thine imminence of ills.
Wise is it even mid ills to hearken reason

HECUBA

Woe! A sore trial is at hand, meseems,
Burdened with groanings, and fulfilled of tears.
I died not there where well might I have died;
Nor Zeus destroyed, but holdeth me in life
To see—O wretch!—ills more than ills o'erpast.
Yet, if the bond may question of the free
Things that should vex them not, nor gall the heart,
Then fits it that thou be the questioned now,
And that I ask, and hearken thy reply.

ODYSSEUS

So be it: ask, I grudge not the delay.

HECUBA

Rememberest thou thy coming unto Troy
A spy, in rags vile-vestured; from thine eyes
Trickled adown thy cheeks the gouts of gore?

ODYSSEUS

I do, for deep it sank into mine heart.

HECUBA

And Helen knew thee, and told none save me?

ODYSSEUS

I call to mind: mid peril grim I fell.

HECUBA

And to my knees didst cling, wast lowly then?

ODYSSEUS

With grasp of death closed on thy robes mine hand.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δῆτ' ἔλεξας δοῦλος ὢν ἐμὸς τότε ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πολλῶν λόγων εὑρήμαθ', ὥστε μὴ θανεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔσωσα δῆτά σ' ἐξέπεμψά τε χθονός ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὥστ' εἰσορᾶν γε φέγγος ἡλίου τόδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὔκουν κακύνει τοῖσδε τοῖς βουλεύμασιν,
ὃς ἐξ ἐμοῦ μὲν ἔπαθες οἷα φὴς παθεῖν,
δρᾷς δ' οὐδὲν ἡμᾶς εὖ, κακῶς δ' ὅσον δύνᾳ ;
ἀχάριστον ὑμῶν σπέρμ', ὅσοι δημηγόρους
ζηλοῦτε τιμάς· μηδὲ γιγνώσκοισθέ μοι,
οἳ τοὺς φίλους βλάπτοντες οὐ φροντίζετε,
ἢν τοῖσι πολλοῖς πρὸς χάριν λέγητέ τι.
ἀτὰρ τί δὴ σόφισμα τοῦθ' ἡγούμενοι
εἰς τήνδε παῖδα ψῆφον ὥρισαν φόνου ;
πότερα τὸ χρῆν σφ' ἐπήγαγ' ἀνθρωποσφαγεῖν
πρὸς τύμβον, ἔνθα βουθυτεῖν μᾶλλον πρέπει ;
ἢ τοὺς κτανόντας ἀνταποκτεῖναι θέλων
εἰς τήνδ' Ἀχιλλεὺς ἐνδίκως τείνει φόνον ;
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν αὐτὸν ἥδε γ' εἴργασται κακόν.
Ἑλένην νιν αἰτεῖν χρῆν τάφῳ προσφάγματα·
κείνη γὰρ ὤλεσέν νιν εἰς Τροίαν τ' ἄγει.
εἰ δ' αἰχμαλώτων χρή τιν' ἔκκριτον θανεῖν
κάλλει θ' ὑπερφέρουσαν, οὐχ ἡμῶν τόδε·
ἡ Τυνδαρὶς γὰρ εἶδος ἐκπρεπεστάτη,
ἀδικοῦσά θ' ἡμῶν οὐδὲν ἧσσον ηὑρέθη.
τῷ μὲν δικαίῳ τόνδ' ἁμιλλῶμαι λόγον·
ἃ δ' ἀντιδοῦναι δεῖ σ' ἀπαιτούσης ἐμοῦ,
ἄκουσον. ἥψω τῆς ἐμῆς, ὡς φῄς, χερὸς

HECUBA

Ay, and what saidst thou—thou my bondman then?

ODYSSEUS

Words—words full many I found, to escape from death.

HECUBA

I saved thee—saved thee,—sent thee forth the land?

ODYSSEUS

Ay, thanks to thee, I see the sun's light now.

HECUBA

Art thou not caitiff proved then by these plots,
Who wast by me so dealt with as thou sayest,
Yet dost us nought good, but thine utmost ill?
A thankless spawn, all ye that grasp at honour
By babbling to the mob!—let me not know you,
Who injure friends, and nothing reck thereof,
So ye may something say to please the rabble!
What crafty wiliness imagined ye
This, on my child to pass your murder-vote?
Was't duty drew them on to human slaughter
Upon a grave more meet for oxen slain?
Or doth Achilles, fain to requite with death
His slayers, justly aim death's shaft at her?
Now never aught of harm wrought she to him.
Helen should he demand, his tomb's fit victim:
'Twas she to Troy that drew him, and destroyed.
And if some chosen captive needs must die,
In beauty peerless, not to us points this;
For Tyndareus' daughter matchless is in form,
And was found wronging him no less than we.
This plea against his "justice" I array.
But what return thou ow'st me, on my claim,
Hear—thou didst touch mine hand, as thou dost own,

καὶ τῆσδε γραίας προσπίτνων παρηίδος·
ἀνθάπτομαί σου τῶνδε τῶν αὐτῶν ἐγώ,
χάριν τ' ἀπαιτῶ τὴν τόθ' ἱκετεύω τέ σε,
μή μου τὸ τέκνον ἐκ χερῶν ἀποσπάσῃς,
μηδὲ κτάνητε· τῶν τεθνηκότων ἅλις.
ταύτῃ γέγηθα κἀπιλήθομαι κακῶν·
ἥδ' ἀντὶ πολλῶν ἐστί μοι παραψυχή,
πόλις, τιθήνη, βάκτρον, ἡγεμὼν ὁδοῦ.
οὐ τοὺς κρατοῦντας χρὴ κρατεῖν ἃ μὴ χρεών,
οὐδ' εὐτυχοῦντας εὖ δοκεῖν πράξειν ἀεί·
κἀγὼ γὰρ ἦν ποτ', ἀλλὰ νῦν οὐκ εἴμ' ἔτι,
τὸν πάντα δ' ὄλβον ἦμαρ ἕν μ' ἀφείλετο.
ἀλλ' ὦ φίλον γένειον, αἰδέσθητί με,
οἴκτειρον· ἐλθὼν δ' εἰς Ἀχαϊκὸν στρατὸν
παρηγόρησον, ὡς ἀποκτείνειν φθόνος
γυναῖκας, ἃς τὸ πρῶτον οὐκ ἐκτείνατε
βωμῶν ἀποσπάσαντες, ἀλλ' ᾠκτείρατε.
νόμος δ' ἐν ὑμῖν τοῖς τ' ἐλευθέροις ἴσος
καὶ τοῖσι δούλοις αἵματος κεῖται πέρι.
τὸ δ' ἀξίωμα, κἂν κακῶς λέγῃς, τὸ σὸν
πείσει· λόγος γὰρ ἔκ τ' ἀδοξούντων ἰὼν
κἀκ τῶν δοκούντων αὑτὸς οὐ ταὐτὸν σθένει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν οὕτω στερρὸς ἀνθρώπου φύσις,
ἥτις γόων σῶν καὶ μακρῶν ὀδυρμάτων
κλύουσα θρήνους οὐκ ἂν ἐκβάλοι δάκρυ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Ἑκάβη, διδάσκου μηδὲ τῷ θυμουμένῳ
τὸν εὖ λέγοντα δυσμενῆ ποιοῦ φρενί.
ἐγὼ τὸ μὲν σὸν σῶμ', ὑφ' οὗπερ ηὐτύχουν,
σῴζειν ἕτοιμός εἰμι κοὐκ ἄλλως λέγω·
ἃ δ' εἶπον εἰς ἅπαντας οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι,

And wrinkled cheek, low cowering at my feet.
Lo, in my turn thine hand, thy beard, I touch.
That grace of old reclaiming, now thy suppliant.
Not from mine arms tear thou my child away,
Nor slay ye her: suffice the already dead.
In her I joy, in her forget my woes:
For many a lost bliss she my solace is:
My city she, nurse, staff, guide for my feet.
Not tyrannously the strong should use their strength,
Nor they which prosper think to prosper aye.
I too once was, but now am I no more,
And all my weal one day hath reft from me.
O, by thy beard, have thou respect to me!
Pity me: go thou to Achaea's host;
Persuade them how that shame it is to slay
Women, whom first ye slew not, when ye tore
These from the altars, but for pity spared.
Lo, the same law is 'stablished among you
For free and bond as touching blood-shedding.
Thine high repute, how ill soe'er thou speak.
Shall sway them: for the same speech carrieth not
Like weight from men contemned and men revered.

CHORUS

There is no human nature so relentless
That, hearkening to thy groanings and thy wails
Long lengthened out, would not let fall the tear.

ODYSSEUS

Receive instruction, Hecuba, nor him
For wrath count foe, who wisely counselleth.
Thy life, through whom I found deliverance,
Ready am I to save; I stand thereto.
But what to all I said, I unsay not—

Τροίας ἁλούσης ἀνδρὶ τῷ πρώτῳ στρατοῦ
σὴν παῖδα δοῦναι σφάγιον ἐξαιτουμένῳ.
ἐν τῷδε γὰρ κάμνουσιν αἱ πολλαὶ πόλεις,
ὅταν τις ἐσθλὸς καὶ πρόθυμος ὢν ἀνὴρ
μηδὲν φέρηται τῶν κακιόνων πλέον.
ἡμῖν δ' Ἀχιλλεὺς ἄξιος τιμῆς, γύναι,
θανὼν ὑπὲρ γῆς Ἑλλάδος κάλλιστ' ἀνήρ.
οὔκουν τόδ' αἰσχρόν, εἰ βλέποντι μὲν φίλῳ
χρώμεσθ', ἐπεὶ δ' ὄλωλε, μὴ χρώμεσθ' ἔτι;
εἶεν· τί δῆτ' ἐρεῖ τις, ἤν τις αὖ φανῇ
στρατοῦ τ' ἄθροισις πολεμίων τ' ἀγωνία;
πότερα μαχούμεθ' ἢ φιλοψυχήσομεν,
τὸν κατθανόνθ' ὁρῶντες οὐ τιμώμενον;
καὶ μὴν ἔμοιγε ζῶντι μέν, καθ' ἡμέραν
κεἰ σμίκρ' ἔχοιμι, πάντ' ἂν ἀρκούντως ἔχοι·
τύμβον δὲ βουλοίμην ἂν ἀξιούμενον
τὸν ἐμὸν ὁρᾶσθαι· διὰ μακροῦ γὰρ ἡ χάρις.
εἰ δ' οἰκτρὰ πάσχειν φῄς, τάδ' ἀντάκουέ μου·
εἰσὶν παρ' ἡμῖν οὐδὲν ἧσσον ἄθλιαι
γραῖαι γυναῖκες ἠδὲ πρεσβῦται σέθεν,
νύμφαι τ' ἀρίστων νυμφίων τητώμεναι,
ὧν ἥδε κεύθει σώματ' Ἰδαία κόνις.
τόλμα τάδ'· ἡμεῖς δ', εἰ κακῶς νομίζομεν
τιμᾶν τὸν ἐσθλόν, ἀμαθίαν ὀφλήσομεν·
οἱ βάρβαροι δὲ μήτε τοὺς φίλους φίλους
ἡγεῖσθε μήτε τοὺς καλῶς τεθνηκότας
θαυμάζεθ', ὡς ἂν ἡ μὲν Ἑλλὰς εὐτυχῇ,
ὑμεῖς δ' ἔχηθ' ὅμοια τοῖς βουλεύμασιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ· τὸ δοῦλον ὡς κακὸν πέφυκ' ἀεὶ
τολμᾷ θ' ἃ μὴ χρή, τῇ βίᾳ νικώμενον.

That now, Troy taken, we should yield thy child,
At our great champion's claim, for sacrifice.
For of this cometh weakness in most states,
That, though a man be brave and patriot-souled,
No guerdon gains he more than baser men.
But we, we deem Achilles honour-worthy,
Who died for Hellas nobly as man may.
Were this not shame then, as a friend to treat
Him living, but no more when he is gone?
Yea, what will one say then, if once again
The host must gather for the strife with foes?
"Fight shall we," will they cry, "or cling to life,
Beholding how unhonoured go the dead?"
Yea, for myself, how scant soe'er in life
My fare for daily need, this should suffice:
Yet fain would I my tomb were reverence-crowned
In men's sight; evermore this grace abides.
But, if thou plain of hardship, hear mine answer:
With us there be grey matrons, aged sires,
Not any whit less wretched than art thou,
And brides of noblest bridegrooms left forlorn,
Whose corpses yonder dust of Ida shrouds.
Endure this: we, if err we do to honour
The brave, content will stand convict of folly.
But ye barbarians, still count not as friends
Your friends, nor render your heroic dead
Homage, that prosperous so may Hellas rise,
And your reward may match your policy.

CHORUS

Woe! What a curse is thraldom's nature, aye
Enduring wrong by strong constraint o'erborne!

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ θύγατερ, οὑμοὶ μὲν λόγοι πρὸς αἰθέρα
φροῦδοι μάτην ῥιφέντες ἀμφὶ σοῦ φόνου·
σὺ δ' εἴ τι μείζω δύναμιν ἢ μήτηρ ἔχεις,
σπούδαζε, πάσας ὥστ' ἀηδόνος στόμα
φθογγὰς ἱεῖσα, μὴ στερηθῆναι βίου.
πρόσπιπτε δ' οἰκτρῶς τοῦδ' Ὀδυσσέως γόνυ
καὶ πεῖθ'· ἔχεις δὲ πρόφασιν· ἔστι γὰρ τέκνα
καὶ τῷδε, τὴν σὴν ὥστ' ἐποικτεῖραι τύχην.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ὁρῶ σ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, δεξιὰν ὑφ' εἵματος
κρύπτοντα χεῖρα καὶ πρόσωπον ἔμπαλιν
στρέφοντα, μή σου προσθίγω γενειάδος.
θάρσει. πέφευγας τὸν ἐμὸν ἱκέσιον Δία·
ὡς ἕψομαί γε τοῦ τ' ἀναγκαίου χάριν
θανεῖν τε χρῄζουσ'· εἰ δὲ μὴ βουλήσομαι,
κακὴ φανοῦμαι καὶ φιλόψυχος γυνή.
τί γάρ με δεῖ ζῆν; ᾗ πατὴρ μὲν ἦν ἄναξ
Φρυγῶν ἁπάντων· τοῦτό μοι πρῶτον βίου·
ἔπειτ' ἐθρέφθην ἐλπίδων καλῶν ὕπο
βασιλεῦσι νύμφη, ζῆλον οὐ σμικρὸν γάμων
ἔχουσ', ὅτου δῶμ' ἑστίαν τ' ἀφίξομαι·
δέσποινα δ' ἡ δύστηνος Ἰδαίαισιν ἦν
γυναιξί, παρθένοις ἀπόβλεπτος μέτα,
ἴση θεοῖσι πλὴν τὸ κατθανεῖν μόνον·
νῦν δ' εἰμὶ δούλη. πρῶτα μέν με τοὔνομα
θανεῖν ἐρᾶν τίθησιν οὐκ εἰωθὸς ὄν·
ἔπειτ' ἴσως ἂν δεσποτῶν ὠμῶν φρένας
τύχοιμ' ἄν, ὅστις ἀργύρου μ' ὠνήσεται
τὴν Ἕκτορός τε χἀτέρων πολλῶν κάσιν,
προσθεὶς δ' ἀνάγκην σιτοποιὸν ἐν δόμοις,
σαίρειν τε δῶμα κερκίσιν τ' ἐφεστάναι

HECUBA

My daughter, wasted are my words in air,
Flung vainly forth my pleadings for thy life.
If thou canst aught prevail beyond thy mother,
Be instant; as with nightingale's sad throat
Moan, moan, that thou be not bereft of life.
Fall piteously at this Odysseus' knee:
Melt him. A plea thou hast—he too hath babes;
Well may he so compassionate thy lot.

POLYXENA

I see, Odysseus, how thou hid'st thine hand
Beneath thy vesture, how thou turn'st away
Thy face, lest I should touch thy beard. Fear not:
From Zeus safe art thou, from the Suppliant's Champion.
I will go with thee, both for that I must,
And that I long to die. And, were I loth,
A coward girl life-craving were I proved.
For, wherefore should I live, whose sire was king
Of all the Phrygians? Such was my life's dawn:
Thereafter was I nurtured mid bright hopes,
A bride for kings, for whose hand rivalry
Ran high, whose hall and hearth should hail me queen.
And I—ah me!—was Lady of the Dames
Of Ida, cynosure amidst the maidens,
Peer of the Gods—except that man must die:—
And now a slave! The name alone constrains me
To long for death, so strange it is to me.
More—haply upon brutal-hearted lords
I might light, such as would for silver buy me,—
Sister of Hector and of many a chief!—
Force me to grind the quern his halls within,
And make me sweep his dwelling, stand before

λυπρὰν ἄγουσαν ἡμέραν μ᾽ ἀναγκάσει·
λέχη δὲ τἀμὰ δοῦλος ὠνητός ποθεν
χρανεῖ, τυράννων πρόσθεν ἠξιωμένα.
οὐ δῆτ᾽· ἀφίημ᾽ ὀμμάτων ἐλεύθερον
φέγγος τόδ᾽, Ἅιδῃ προστιθεῖσ᾽ ἐμὸν δέμας.
ἄγ᾽ οὖν μ᾽, Ὀδυσσεῦ, καὶ διέργασαί μ᾽ ἄγων·
οὔτ᾽ ἐλπίδος γὰρ οὔτε του δόξης ὁρῶ
θάρσος παρ᾽ ἡμῖν ὥς ποτ᾽ εὖ πρᾶξαί με χρή.
μῆτερ, σὺ δ᾽ ἡμῖν μηδὲν ἐμποδὼν γένῃ
λέγουσα μηδὲ δρῶσα· συμβούλου δέ μοι
θανεῖν πρὶν αἰσχρῶν μὴ κατ᾽ ἀξίαν τυχεῖν.
ὅστις γὰρ οὐκ εἴωθε γεύεσθαι κακῶν,
φέρει μέν, ἀλγεῖ δ᾽ αὐχέν᾽ ἐντιθεὶς ζυγῷ·
θανὼν δ᾽ ἂν εἴη μᾶλλον εὐτυχέστερος
ἢ ζῶν· τὸ γὰρ ζῆν μὴ καλῶς μέγας πόνος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸς χαρακτὴρ κἀπίσημος ἐν βροτοῖς
ἐσθλῶν γενέσθαι, κἀπὶ μεῖζον ἔρχεται
τῆς εὐγενείας ὄνομα τοῖσιν ἀξίοις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

καλῶς μὲν εἶπας, θύγατερ· ἀλλὰ τῷ καλῷ
λύπη πρόσεστιν. εἰ δὲ δεῖ τῷ Πηλέως
χάριν γενέσθαι παιδὶ καὶ ψόγον φυγεῖν
ὑμᾶς, Ὀδυσσεῦ, τήνδε μὲν μὴ κτείνετε,
ἡμᾶς δ᾽ ἄγοντες πρὸς πυρὰν Ἀχιλλέως
κεντεῖτε, μὴ φείδεσθ᾽· ἐγὼ ᾽τεκον Πάριν,
ὃς παῖδα Θέτιδος ὤλεσεν τόξοις βαλών.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οὐ σ᾽, ὦ γεραιά, κατθανεῖν Ἀχιλλέως
φάντασμ᾽ Ἀχαιούς, ἀλλὰ τήνδ᾽ ᾐτήσατο.

The loom, while days of bitterness drag on.
And, somewhere bought, some bondslave shall defile
My couch—accounted once a prize for princes.
Never !—free light mine eyes shall last behold :
To Death my body will I dedicate.
Lead on, Odysseus, lead me to my doom ;
For I see no assurance, nor in hope,
No, nor in day-dreams, of good days to be.
Mother, do thou in no wise hinder me
By word or deed ; but thou consent with me
Unto my death, ere shame unmeet befall.
For whoso is not wont to taste of ills
Chafes, while he bears upon his neck the yoke,
And death for him were happier far than life ;
For life ignoble is but crushing toil.

CHORUS

Strange is the impress, clear-stamped upon men,
Of gentle birth, and aye nobility
Higher aspires in them that worthily wear it.

HECUBA

My daughter, nobly said : yet anguish cleaves
Unto that "nobly." But if Peleus' son
Must gain this grace, and ye must flee reproach,
Odysseus, slay not her in any wise ;
But me, lead me unto Achilles' pyre :
Stab me, spare not : 'twas I gave Paris birth
Who with his shafts smote Peleus' son and slew.

ODYSSEUS

Not thee, grey mother, did Achilles' ghost
Require the Achaean men to slay, but her.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὑμεῖς δέ μ' ἀλλὰ θυγατρὶ συμφονεύσατε,
καὶ δὶς τόσον πῶμ' αἵματος γενήσεται
γαίᾳ νεκρῷ τε τῷ τάδ' ἐξαιτουμένῳ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἅλις κόρης εἷς θάνατος, οὐ προσοιστέος
ἄλλος πρὸς ἄλλῳ· μηδὲ τόνδ' ὠφείλομεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πολλή γ' ἀνάγκη θυγατρὶ συνθανεῖν ἐμέ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πῶς; οὐ γὰρ οἶδα δεσπότας κεκτημένος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὁποῖα κισσὸς δρυὸς ὅπως τῆσδ' ἕξομαι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οὔκ, ἤν γε πείθῃ τοῖσι σοῦ σοφωτέροις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὡς τῆσδ' ἑκοῦσα παιδὸς οὐ μεθήσομαι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐγὼ μὴν τήνδ' ἄπειμ' αὐτοῦ λιπών.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

μῆτερ, πιθοῦ μοι· καὶ σύ, παῖ Λαερτίου,
χάλα τοκεῦσιν εἰκότως θυμουμένοις,
σύ τ', ὦ τάλαινα, τοῖς κρατοῦσι μὴ μάχου.
βούλει πεσεῖν πρὸς οὖδας ἑλκῶσαί τε σὸν
γέροντα χρῶτα πρὸς βίαν ὠθουμένη,
ἀσχημονῆσαί τ' ἐκ νέου βραχίονος
σπασθεῖσ', ἃ πείσει; μὴ σύ γ'· οὐ γὰρ ἄξιον.
ἀλλ', ὦ φίλη μοι μῆτερ, ἡδίστην χέρα
δὸς καὶ παρειὰν προσβαλεῖν παρηίδι·
ὡς οὔποτ' αὖθις, ἀλλὰ νῦν πανύστατον
ἀκτῖνα κύκλον θ' ἡλίου προσόψομαι.

HECUBA

Yet ye—at least me with my daughter slay:
Then twice so deep a draught of blood shall sink
To earth and to the dead who claimeth this.

ODYSSEUS

Thy daughter's death sufficeth: death on death
Must not be heaped. Would God we owed not this!

HECUBA

I must—I must die where my daughter dies

ODYSSEUS

Must?—I knew not that I had found a master!

HECUBA

As ivy clings to oak will I clasp her.

ODYSSEUS

Not if thou heed a wiser than thyself.

HECUBA

Consent I will not to let go my child.

ODYSSEUS

Nor I will hence depart and leave her here.

POLYXENA

Mother, heed me: and thou, Laertes' son,
O bear with parents which have cause to rage.
Mother, poor mother, strive not with the strong.
Wouldst thou be earthward hurled, and wound thy flesh,
Thine agèd flesh, with violence thrust away?
Be hustled shamefully, by young strong arms
Haled?—this shouldst thou. Nay, 'tis not worthy thee.
But mother, darling mother, give thine hand,
Thy dear, dear hand, and lay thy cheek to mine:
Since never more, but this last time of all
Shall I behold the sun's beam and his orb.

τέλος δέχει δὴ τῶν ἐμῶν προσφθεγμάτων,
ὦ μῆτερ, ὦ τεκοῦσ'· ἄπειμι δὴ κάτω.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ θύγατερ, ἡμεῖς δ' ἐν φάει δουλεύσομεν.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ἄνυμφος ἀνυμέναιος ὧν μ' ἐχρῆν τυχεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἰκτρὰ σύ, τέκνον, ἀθλία δ' ἐγὼ γυνή.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ἐκεῖ δ' ἐν Ἅιδου κείσομαι χωρὶς σέθεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι· τί δράσω; ποῖ τελευτήσω βίον;

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

δούλη θανοῦμαι, πατρὸς οὖσ' ἐλευθέρου.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἡμεῖς δὲ πεντήκοντά γ' ἄμμοροι τέκνων.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

τί σοι πρὸς Ἕκτορ' ἢ γέροντ' εἴπω πόσιν;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄγγελλε πασῶν ἀθλιωτάτην ἐμέ.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ὦ στέρνα μαστοί θ', οἵ μ' ἐθρέψαθ' ἡδέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τῆς ἀώρου θύγατερ ἀθλία τύχης.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

χαῖρ', ὦ τεκοῦσα, χαῖρε Κασάνδρα τ' ἐμοί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

χαίρουσιν ἄλλοι, μητρὶ δ' οὐκ ἔστιν τόδε.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ὅ τ' ἐν φιλίπποις Θρῃξὶ Πολύδωρος κάσις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

εἰ ζῇ γ'· ἀπιστῶ δ'· ὧδε πάντα δυστυχῶ.

Receive of all my greetings this the last:—
O mother—breast that bear me—I pass deathward.

HECUBA

O daughter, I shall yet live on in bondage.

POLYXENA

Bridegroom nor bridal!—nought of all my due!

HECUBA

Piteous thy plight, my child, and wretched I.

POLYXENA

There shall I lie in Hades, far from thee.

HECUBA

Ah me, what shall I do?—where end my life?

POLYXENA

To die a slave, whose father was free-born!

HECUBA

In fifty sons nor part nor lot have I!

POLYXENA

What shall I tell to Hector and thy lord?

HECUBA

Report me of all women wretchedest.

POLYXENA

O bosom, breasts that sweetly nurtured me

HECUBA

Woe is thee, daughter, for thy fate untimely!

POLYXENA

Mother, farewell: Cassandra, fare thee well.

HECUBA

Others *fare well*—not for thy mother this!

POLYXENA

Mid Thracians lives my brother Polydorus.

HECUBA

If he doth live. I doubt: so dark is all.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ζῇ καὶ θανούσης ὄμμα συγκλῄσει τὸ σόν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέθνηκ' ἔγωγε πρὶν θανεῖν κακῶν ὕπο.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

κόμιζ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, μ' ἀμφιθεὶς κάρᾳ πέπλους·
ὡς πρὶν σφαγῆναί γ' ἐκτέτηκα καρδίαν
θρήνοισι μητρὸς τήνδε τ' ἐκτήκω γόοις.
ὦ φῶς· προσειπεῖν γὰρ σὸν ὄνομ' ἔξεστί μοι,
μέτεστι δ' οὐδὲν πλὴν ὅσον χρόνον ξίφους
βαίνω μεταξὺ καὶ πυρᾶς Ἀχιλλέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἲ 'γώ, προλείπω· λύεται δέ μου μέλη.
ὦ θύγατερ, ἅψαι μητρός, ἔκτεινον χέρα,
δός· μὴ λίπῃς μ' ἄπαιδ'. ἀπωλόμην, φίλαι.
ὣς τὴν Λάκαιναν σύγγονον Διοσκόροιν
Ἑλένην ἴδοιμι· διὰ καλῶν γὰρ ὀμμάτων
αἴσχιστα Τροίαν εἷλε τὴν εὐδαίμονα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αὔρα, ποντιὰς αὔρα, στρ. α'
ἅτε ποντοπόρους κομίζεις
θοὰς ἀκάτους ἐπ' οἶδμα λιμνας,
ποῖ με τὰν μελέαν πορεύσεις;
τῷ δουλόσυνος πρὸς οἶκον
κτηθεῖσ' ἀφίξομαι;
ἢ Δωρίδος ὅρμον αἴας
ἢ Φθιάδος, ἔνθα καλλί-
στων ὑδάτων πατέρα
φασὶν Ἀπιδανὸν πεδία λιπαίνειν;

POLYXENA

He lives, and he shall close thy dying eyes.

HECUBA

I—I have died ere dying, through my woes.

POLYXENA

Muffle mine head, Odysseus, and lead on.
For, ere ye slay me, hath my mother's moan
Melted mine heart, and mine is melting hers.
O light !—for yet on thy name may I call ;
Yet all my share in thee is that scant space
Hence to the sword-edge and Achilles' pyre.
[*Exeunt* ODYSSEUS *and* POLYXENA.

HECUBA

Ah me ! I swoon—beneath me fail my limbs
O daughter, touch thy mother—reach thine hand—
Give it, nor childless leave me ! Friends—undone !
Oh thus to see that sister of Zeus' Sons,
Helen the Spartan !—for by her bright eyes
In shameful fall she brought down prosperous Troy.
[*Swoons.*

CHORUS

O breeze, O breeze, over sea-ways racing, (*Str.* 1)
Who onward waftest the ocean-pacing
Fleet-flying keels o'er the mere dark-swelling,
Whitherward wilt thou bear me, the sorrow-laden ?
From what slave-mart shall the captive maiden
Pass into what strange master's dwelling ?
To a Dorian haven ?—or where, overstreaming
Fat Phthia-land's meads, laugh loveliest-gleaming
Babe-waters from founts of Apidanus welling ?

ἢ νάσων, ἁλιήρει — ἀντ. α′
κώπᾳ πεμπομέναν τάλαιναν,
οἰκτρὰν βιοτὰν ἔχουσαν οἴκοις,
ἔνθα πρωτόγονός τε φοῖνιξ
δάφνα θ' ἱεροὺς ἀνέσχε
πτόρθους Λατοῖ φίλᾳ
ὠδῖνος ἄγαλμα Δίας;
σὺν Δηλιάσιν τε κούραις
Ἀρτέμιδός τε θεᾶς
χρυσέαν ἄμπυκα τόξα τ' εὐλογήσω;

ἢ Παλλάδος ἐν πόλει — στρ. β′
τᾶς καλλιδίφρου τ' Ἀθα-
ναίας ἐν κροκέῳ πέπλῳ
ζεύξομαι ἅρματι πώλους,
ἐν δαιδαλέαισι ποικίλλουσ'
ἀνθοκρόκοισι πήναις,
ἢ Τιτάνων γενεὰν
τὰν Ζεὺς ἀμφιπύρῳ
κοιμίζει φλογμῷ Κρονίδας;

ὤμοι τεκέων ἐμῶν, — ἀντ. β′
ὤμοι πατέρων χθονός θ',
ἃ καπνῷ κατερείπεται
τυφομένα δορίκτητος
Ἀργείων· ἐγὼ δ' ἐν ξεί-
νᾳ χθονὶ δὴ κέκλημαι
δούλα, λιποῦσ' Ἀσίαν
Εὐρώπας θεράπναν,
ἀλλάξασ' Ἅιδα θαλάμους.

(*Ant.* 1)

Or, to misery borne by the oars brine-sweeping,
In the island-halls through days of weeping
Shall we dwell, where the first-born palm, ascending
From the earth, with the bay twined, glorifying
With enshrining frondage the couch where lying
Dear Leto attained to her travail's ending,
There chanting of Artemis' bow all-golden,
And the brows with the frontlet of gold enfolden,
With the Delian maidens our voices blending?

Or in Pallas's town to the car all-glorious (*Str.* 2)
Shall I yoke the steeds on the saffron-glowing[1]
Veil of Athene, where flush victorious
The garlands that cunningest fingers are throwing
In manifold hues on its folds wide-flowing,—
Or the brood of the Titans whom lightnings, that fell
Flame-wrapt from Cronion, in long sleep quell?

Woe for our babes, for our fathers hoary! (*Ant.* 2)
Woe for our country, mid smoke and smoulder
Crashing to ruin, and all her glory
Spear-spoiled!—and an alien land shall behold her
Bond who was free; for that Asia's shoulder
Is bowed under Europe's yoke, and I dwell,
An exile from home, in a dungeon of hell.

[1] *i.e.* Embroider thereon the chariot and horses of Athene bearing the Goddess to battle against the Giants.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ποῦ τὴν ἄνασσαν δή ποτ' οὖσαν Ἰλίου
Ἑκάβην ἂν ἐξεύροιμι, Τρῳάδες κόραι ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αὕτη πέλας σου νῶτ' ἔχουσ' ἐπὶ χθονί,
Ταλθύβιε, κεῖται ξυγκεκλῃμένη πέπλοις.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί λέξω ; πότερά σ' ἀνθρώπους ὁρᾶν ;
ἢ δόξαν ἄλλως τήνδε κεκτῆσθαι μάτην
ψευδῆ, δοκοῦντας δαιμόνων εἶναι γένος,
τύχην δὲ πάντα τἀν βροτοῖς ἐπισκοπεῖν ;
οὐχ ἥδ' ἄνασσα τῶν πολυχρύσων Φρυγῶν,
οὐχ ἥδε Πριάμου τοῦ μέγ' ὀλβίου δάμαρ ;
καὶ νῦν πόλις μὲν πᾶς ἀνέστηκεν δορί,
αὕτη δὲ δούλη, γραῦς, ἄπαις, ἐπὶ χθονὶ
κεῖται, κόνει φύρουσα δύστηνον κάρα.
φεῦ φεῦ· γέρων μέν εἰμ', ὅμως δέ μοι θανεῖν
εἴη πρὶν αἰσχρᾷ περιπεσεῖν τύχῃ τινί.
ἀνίστασ', ὦ δύστηνε, καὶ μετάρσιον
πλευρὰν ἔπαιρε καὶ τὸ πάλλευκον κάρα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔα· τίς οὗτος σῶμα τοὐμὸν οὐκ ἐᾷς
κεῖσθαι ; τί κινεῖς μ', ὅστις εἶ, λυπουμένην ;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

Ταλθύβιος ἥκω Δαναϊδῶν ὑπηρέτης,
Ἀγαμέμνονος πέμψαντος, ὦ γύναι, μέτα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἆρα κἄμ' ἐπισφάξαι τάφῳ
δοκοῦν Ἀχαιοῖς ἦλθες ; ὡς φίλ' ἂν λέγοις.
σπεύδωμεν, ἐγκονῶμεν· ἡγοῦ μοι, γέρον.

Enter TALTHYBIUS.

TALTHYBIUS

Where shall I find her that of late was queen
Of Ilium, Hecuba, ye maids of Troy?

CHORUS

Lo there, anigh thee, on the ground outstretched,
Talthybius, lies she muffled in her robes.

TALTHYBIUS

What shall I say, Zeus?—that thou look'st on men?
Or that this fancy false we vainly hold
For nought, who deem there is a race of Gods,
While chance controlleth all things among men?
This—was she not the wealthy Phrygians' queen?
This—was she not all-prosperous Priam's wife?
And now her city is all spear-o'erthrown;
Herself a slave, old, childless, on the earth
Lieth, her hapless head with dust defiled.
Ah, old am I, yet be it mine to die
Ere into any shameful lot I fall!
Arise, ill-starred, and from the earth uplift
Thy body and thine head all snow-besprent.

HECUBA

Ha, who art thou that lettest not my frame
Rest?—why disturb my grief, whoe'er thou be?

TALTHYBIUS

Talthybius I, the Danaans' minister,
Of Agamemnon sent, O queen, for thee.

HECUBA

Friend, friend, art come because the Achaeans will
To slay me too? How sweet thy tidings were!
Haste we—make speed—O ancient, lead me on.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

σὴν παῖδα κατθανοῦσαν ὡς θάψῃς, γύναι,
ἥκω μεταστείχων σε· πέμπουσιν δέ με
δισσοί τ' Ἀτρεῖδαι καὶ λεὼς Ἀχαϊκός.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι, τί λέξεις; οὐκ ἄρ' ὡς θανουμένους
μετῆλθες ἡμᾶς, ἀλλὰ σημανῶν κακά;
ὄλωλας, ὦ παῖ, μητρὸς ἁρπασθεῖσ' ἄπο·
ἡμεῖς δ' ἄτεκνοι τοὐπὶ σ'· ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ·
πῶς καί νιν ἐξεπράξατ'; ἆρ' αἰδούμενοι;
ἢ πρὸς τὸ δεινὸν ἤλθεθ' ὡς ἐχθράν, γέρον,
κτείνοντες; εἰπέ, καίπερ οὐ λέξων φίλα.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

διπλᾶ με χρῄζεις δάκρυα κερδᾶναι, γύναι,
σῆς παιδὸς οἴκτῳ· νῦν τε γὰρ λέγων κακὰ
τέγξω τόδ' ὄμμα, πρὸς τάφῳ θ' ὅτ' ὤλλυτο.
παρῆν μὲν ὄχλος πᾶς Ἀχαϊκοῦ στρατοῦ
πλήρης πρὸ τύμβου σῆς κόρης ἐπὶ σφαγάς·
λαβὼν δ' Ἀχιλλέως παῖς Πολυξένην χερὸς
ἔστησ' ἐπ' ἄκρου χώματος, πέλας δ' ἐγώ·
λεκτοί τ' Ἀχαιῶν ἔκκριτοι νεανίαι,
σκίρτημα μόσχου σῆς καθέξοντες χεροῖν,
ἕσποντο. πλῆρες δ' ἐν χεροῖν λαβὼν δέπας
πάγχρυσον αἴρει χειρὶ παῖς Ἀχιλλέως
χοὰς θανόντι πατρί· σημαίνει δέ μοι
σιγὴν Ἀχαιῶν παντὶ κηρῦξαι στρατῷ.
κἀγὼ καταστὰς εἶπον ἐν μέσοις τάδε·
σιγᾶτ', Ἀχαιοί, σῖγα πᾶς ἔστω λεώς,
σίγα, σιώπα· νήνεμον δ' ἔστησ' ὄχλον.
ὁ δ' εἶπεν· ὦ παῖ Πηλέως, πατὴρ δ' ἐμός,
δέξαι χοάς μου τάσδε κηλητηρίους,
νεκρῶν ἀγωγούς· ἐλθὲ δ' ὡς πίῃς μέλαν

TALTHYBIUS

Lady, that thou mayst bury thy dead child,
I come in quest of thee ; and sent am I
Of Atreus' two sons and the Achaean folk.

HECUBA

Woe!—what wouldst say? Not as to one death-doomed
Cam'st thou to me, but heralding new woes?
Child, thou hast perished, from thy mother torn!
Childless, as touching thee, am I—ah wretch!—
How did ye slay her?—how?—with reverence meet,
Or with brute outrage, as men slay a foe,
Ancient? Tell on, though all unsweet thy tale.

TALTHYBIUS

Twofold tear-tribute wouldst thou win from me
In pity for thy child. Mine eyes shall weep
The tale, as by the grave when she was dying.
There met was all Achaea's warrior-host
Thronged at the grave to see thy daughter slain.
Then took Achilles' son Polyxena's hand,
And on the mound's height set her: I stood by.
And followed of the Achaeans chosen youths
Whose hands should curb the strugglings of thy lamb.
Then taking 'twixt his hands a chalice brimmed,
Pure gold, Achilles' son to his dead sire
Drink-offerings poured, and signed me to proclaim
Silence unto the whole Achaean host.
By him I stood, and in the midst thus cried:
"Silence, Achaeans! Hushed be all the host!
Peace!—not a word!"—so breathless stilled the folk.
Then spake he: "Son of Peleus, father mine,
Accept from me these drops propitiatory,
Ghost-raising. Draw thou nigh to drink pure blood

κόρης ἀκραιφνὲς αἷμ', ὅ σοι δωρούμεθα
στρατός τε κἀγώ· πρευμενὴς δ' ἡμῖν γενοῦ,
λῦσαί τε πρύμνας καὶ χαλινωτήρια
νεῶν δὸς ἡμῖν πρευμενοῦς τ' ἀπ' Ἰλίου
νόστου τυχόντας πάντας εἰς πάτραν μολεῖν.
τοσαῦτ' ἔλεξε, πᾶς δ' ἐπηύξατο στρατός.
εἶτ' ἀμφίχρυσον φάσγανον κώπης λαβὼν
ἐξεῖλκε κολεοῦ, λογάσι δ' Ἀργείων στρατοῦ
νεανίαις ἔνευσε παρθένον λαβεῖν.
ἡ δ' ὡς ἐφράσθη, τόνδ' ἐσήμηνεν λόγον·
ὦ τὴν ἐμὴν πέρσαντες Ἀργεῖοι πόλιν,
ἑκοῦσα θνῄσκω· μή τις ἅψηται χροὸς
τοὐμοῦ· παρέξω γὰρ δέρην εὐκαρδίως.
ἐλευθέραν δέ μ', ὡς ἐλευθέρα θάνω,
πρὸς θεῶν μεθέντες κτείνατ'· ἐν νεκροῖσι γὰρ
δούλη κεκλῆσθαι βασιλὶς οὖσ' αἰσχύνομαι.
λαοὶ δ' ἐπερρόθησαν, Ἀγαμέμνων τ' ἄναξ
εἶπεν μεθεῖναι παρθένον νεανίαις.
οἱ δ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἤκουσαν ὑστάτην ὄπα,
μεθῆκαν, οὗπερ καὶ μέγιστον ἦν κράτος.
κἀπεὶ τόδ' εἰσήκουσε δεσποτῶν ἔπος,
λαβοῦσα πέπλους ἐξ ἄκρας ἐπωμίδος
ἔρρηξε λαγόνος εἰς μέσον παρ' ὀμφαλόν,
μαστούς τ' ἔδειξε στέρνα θ', ὡς ἀγάλματος,
κάλλιστα, καὶ καθεῖσα πρὸς γαῖαν γόνυ
ἔλεξε πάντων τλημονέστατον λόγον·
ἰδοὺ τόδ', εἰ μὲν στέρνον, ὦ νεανία,
παίειν προθυμεῖ, παῖσον, εἰ δ' ὑπ' αὐχένα
χρῄζεις, πάρεστι λαιμὸς εὐτρεπὴς ὅδε.
ὁ δ' οὐ θέλων τε καὶ θέλων οἴκτῳ κόρης,
τέμνει σιδήρῳ πνεύματος διαρροάς·
κρουνοὶ δ' ἐχώρουν. ἡ δὲ καὶ θνῄσκουσ' ὅμως

Dark-welling from a maid. We give it thee,
The host and I. Gracious to us be thou:
Vouchsafe us to cast loose the sterns and curbs
Of these ships, kindly home-return to win
From Troy, and all to reach our fatherland."
So spake he,—in that prayer joined all the host,—
Then grasped his golden-plated falchion's hilt,
Drew from the sheath, and to those chosen youths
Of Argos' war-host signed to seize the maid.
But she, being ware thereof, spake forth this speech:
"O Argives, ye which laid my city low,
Free-willed I die: on my flesh let no man
Lay hand: unflinching will I yield my neck.
But, by the Gods, let me stand free, the while
Ye slay, that I may die free; for I shame
Slave to be called in Hades, who am royal."
"Yea!" like a great sea roared the host: the King
Spake to the youths to let the maiden go.
And they, soon as they heard that last behest
Of him of chiefest might, drew back their hands.
And she, when this she heard, her masters' word,
Her vesture grasped, and from the shoulder's height
Rent it adown her side, down to the waist,
And bosom showed and breasts, as of a statue,
Most fair; and, bowing to the earth her knee,
A word, of all words most heroic, spake:
"Lo here, O youth, if thou art fain to strike
My breast, strike home: but if beneath my neck
Thou wouldest, here my throat is bared to thee."
And he, loth and yet fain, for ruth of her,
Cleaves with the steel the channels of the breath:
Forth gushed the life-springs: but she, even in death,

πολλὴν πρόνοιαν εἶχεν εὐσχήμως πεσεῖν,
κρύπτουσ' ἃ κρύπτειν ὄμματ' ἀρσένων χρεών.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφῆκε πνεῦμα θανασίμῳ σφαγῇ,
οὐδεὶς τὸν αὐτὸν εἶχεν Ἀργείων πόνον·
ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν αὐτῶν τὴν θανοῦσαν ἐκ χερῶν
φύλλοις ἔβαλλον, οἱ δὲ πληροῦσιν πυρὰν
κορμοὺς φέροντες πευκίνους, ὁ δ' οὐ φέρων
πρὸς τοῦ φέροντος τοιάδ' ἤκουεν κακά·
ἕστηκας, ὦ κάκιστε, τῇ νεάνιδι
οὐ πέπλον οὐδὲ κόσμον ἐν χεροῖν ἔχων;
οὐκ εἶ τι δώσων τῇ περίσσ' εὐκαρδίῳ
ψυχήν τ' ἀρίστῃ; τοιάδ' ἀμφὶ σῆς λέγω
παιδὸς θανούσης· εὐτεκνωτάτην δὲ σὲ
πασῶν γυναικῶν δυστυχεστάτην θ' ὁρῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινόν τι πῆμα Πριαμίδαις ἐπέζεσε
πόλει τε τἠμῇ· θεῶν ἀναγκαῖον τόδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ θύγατερ, οὐκ οἶδ' εἰς ὅ τι βλέψω κακῶν
πολλῶν παρόντων· ἢν γὰρ ἅψωμαί τινος,
τόδ' οὐκ ἐᾷ με, παρακαλεῖ δ' ἐκεῖθεν αὖ
λύπη τις ἄλλη διάδοχος κακῶν κακοῖς.
καὶ νῦν τὸ μὲν σὸν ὥστε μὴ στένειν πάθος
οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην ἐξαλείψασθαι φρενός·
τὸ δ' αὖ λίαν παρεῖλες ἀγγελθεῖσά μοι
γενναῖος. οὔκουν δεινόν, εἰ γῆ μὲν κακὴ
τυχοῦσα καιροῦ θεόθεν εὖ στάχυν φέρει,
χρηστὴ δ' ἁμαρτοῦσ' ὧν χρεὼν αὐτὴν τυχεῖν
κακὸν δίδωσι καρπόν; ἀνθρώποις δ' ἀεὶ
ὁ μὲν πονηρὸς οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν κακός,
ὁ δ' ἐσθλὸς ἐσθλός, οὐδὲ συμφορᾶς ὕπο
φύσιν διέφθειρ', ἀλλὰ χρηστός ἐστ' ἀεί;

Took chiefest thought decorously to fall,
Hiding what hidden from men's eyes should be.
But when she had spent her breath 'neath that death-stroke,
Each Argive 'gan his task—no man the same:
But some upon the dead were strawing leaves
Out of their hands, and some heap high the pyre,
Bringing pine-billets thither: whoso bare not
Heard such and such rebukes of him that bare:
"Dost stand still, basest heart, with nought in hand—
Robe for the maiden, neither ornament?
Nought wilt thou give to one in courage matchless,
Noblest of soul?"
Such is the tale I tell
Of thy dead child. Most blest in motherhood
I count thee of all women, and most hapless.

CHORUS

Dread bale on Priam's line and city hath poured
Its lava-flood:—'tis heaven's resistless doom.

HECUBA

Daughter, I know not on what ills to look,
So many throng me: if to this I turn,
That hindereth me: thence summoneth me again
Another grief, on-ushering ills on ills.
And now I cannot from my soul blot out
Thine agony, that I should wail it not.
Yet hast thou barred the worst, proclaimed to me
So noble. Lo, how strange, that evil soil
Heaven-blest with seasons fair, bears goodly crops,
While the good, if it faileth of its dues,
Gives evil fruit: but always among men
The caitiff nothing else than evil is,
The noble, noble, nor 'neath fortune's stress
Marreth his nature, but is good alway.

ἆρ᾽ οἱ τεκόντες διαφέρουσιν ἢ τροφαί;
ἔχει γε μέντοι καὶ τὸ θρεφθῆναι καλῶς
δίδαξιν ἐσθλοῦ· τοῦτο δ᾽ ἤν τις εὖ μάθῃ,
οἶδεν τό γ᾽ αἰσχρόν, κανόνι τοῦ καλοῦ μαθών.
καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ νοῦς ἐτόξευσεν μάτην·
σὺ δ᾽ ἐλθὲ καὶ σήμηνον Ἀργείοις τάδε,
μὴ θιγγάνειν μοι μηδέν᾽, ἀλλ᾽ εἴργειν ὄχλον
τῆς παιδός. ἔν τοι μυρίῳ στρατεύματι
ἀκόλαστος ὄχλος ναυτική τ᾽ ἀναρχία
κρείσσων πυρός, κακὸς δ᾽ ὁ μή τι δρῶν κακόν.
σὺ δ᾽ αὖ λαβοῦσα τεῦχος, ἀρχαία λάτρι,
βάψασ᾽ ἔνεγκε δεῦρο ποντίας ἁλός,
ὡς παῖδα λουτροῖς τοῖς πανυστάτοις ἐμήν,
νύμφην τ᾽ ἄνυμφον παρθένον τ᾽ ἀπάρθενον,
λούσω προθῶμαί θ᾽· ὡς μὲν ἀξία, πόθεν;
οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην· ὡς δ᾽ ἔχω· τί γὰρ πάθω;
κόσμον τ᾽ ἀγείρασ᾽ αἰχμαλωτίδων πάρα,
αἵ μοι πάρεδροι τῶνδ᾽ ἔσω σκηνωμάτων
θάσσουσιν, εἴ τις τοὺς νεωστὶ δεσπότας
λαθοῦσ᾽ ἔχει τι κλέμμα τῶν αὑτῆς δόμων.
ὦ σχήματ᾽ οἴκων, ὦ ποτ᾽ εὐτυχεῖς δόμοι,
ὦ πλεῖστ᾽ ἔχων κάλλιστά τ᾽, εὐτεκνώτατε
Πρίαμε, γεραιά θ᾽ ἥδ᾽ ἐγὼ μήτηρ τέκνων,
ὡς εἰς τὸ μηδὲν ἥκομεν, φρονήματος
τοῦ πρὶν στερέντες. εἶτα δῆτ᾽ ὀγκούμεθα
ὁ μέν τις ἡμῶν πλουσίοις ἐν δώμασιν,
ὁ δ᾽ ἐν πολίταις τίμιος κεκλημένος.
τὰ δ᾽ οὐδέν· ἄλλως φροντίδων βουλεύματα
γλώσσης τε κόμποι. κεῖνος ὀλβιώτατος,
ὅτῳ κατ᾽ ἦμαρ τυγχάνει μηδὲν κακόν.

By blood, or nurture, is the difference made?
Sooth, gentle nurture bringeth lessoning
In nobleness; and whoso learns this well
By honour's touchstone knoweth baseness too:—
Ah, unavailing arrows of the mind[1]!
But go thou, to the Argives this proclaim,
That none my daughter touch, but that they keep
The crowd thence: in a war-array untold
Lawless the mob is, and the shipmen's licence
Outraveneth flame—they rail on who sins not!

[*Exit* TALTHYBIUS.

But, ancient handmaid, take a vessel thou,
And dip, and of the sea-brine hither bring,
That with the last bath I may wash my child,—
The bride unwedded, maid a maid no more,[2]—
And lay her out—as meet is, how can I?
Yet as I may; for lo, what plight is mine!
Jewels from fellow-captives will I gather
Which dwell, my neighbour-thralls, these tents within,
If haply any, to our lords unknown,
Hath any stolen treasure of her home.
O stately halls, O home so happy once!
O rich in fair abundance, goodliest offspring,
Priam!—and I, a grey head crowned with sons!
How are we brought to nought, of olden pride
Stripped bare! And lo, we men are puffèd up,
One of us for the riches of his house,
And one for honour in the mouths of men!
These things be nought. All vain the heart's devisings,
The vauntings of the tongue! Most blest is he
To whom no ill befalls as days wear on.

[1] No philosophic moralizing can avail to assuage my sorrow.
[2] As being united to Achilles in death.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐμοὶ χρῆν συμφοράν, στρ.
ἐμοὶ χρῆν πημονὰν γενέσθαι,
Ἰδαίαν ὅτε πρῶτον ὕλαν
Ἀλέξανδρος εἰλατίναν
ἐτάμεθ', ἅλιον ἐπ' οἶδμα ναυστολήσων
Ἑλένας ἐπὶ λέκτρα, τὰν
καλλίσταν ὁ χρυσοφαὴς
Ἅλιος αὐγάζει.

πόνοι γὰρ καὶ πόνων ἀντ.
ἀνάγκαι κρείσσονες κυκλοῦνται,
κοινὸν δ' ἐξ ἰδίας ἀνοίας
κακὸν τᾷ Σιμουντίδι γᾷ
ὀλέθριον ἔμολε συμφορά τ' ἀπ' ἄλλων.
ἐκρίθη δ' ἔρις, ἃν ἐν Ἴ-
δᾳ κρίνει τρισσὰς μακάρων
παῖδας ἀνὴρ βούτας,

ἐπῳδ.

ἐπὶ δορὶ καὶ φόνῳ καὶ ἐμῶν μελάθρων λώβᾳ·
στένει δὲ καί τις ἀμφὶ τὸν εὔροον Εὐρώταν
Λάκαινα πολυδάκρυτος ἐν δόμοις κόρα,
πολιόν τ' ἐπὶ κρᾶτα μάτηρ
τέκνων θανόντων
τίθεται χέρα δρύπτεταί τε παρειάν,
δίαιμον ὄνυχα τιθεμένα σπαραγμοῖς.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

γυναῖκες, Ἑκάβη ποῦ ποθ' ἡ παναθλία,
ἡ πάντα νικῶσ' ἄνδρα καὶ θῆλυν σπορὰν
κακοῖσιν; οὐδεὶς στέφανον ἀνθαιρήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ', ὦ τάλαινα σῆς κακογλώσσου βοῆς;
ὡς οὔποθ' εὕδει λυπρά σου κηρύγματα.

CHORUS

My doom of disaster was written, (*Str.*)
The doom of mine anguish was sealed,
When of Paris the pine-shafts were smitten
Upon Ida, that earthward they reeled,
To ride over ridges surf-whitened,
Till the bride-bed of Helen was won,
Woman fairest of all that be lightened
By the gold of the sun.

For battle-toils, yea, desolations (*Ant.*)
Yet sorer around us close ;
And the folly of one is the nation's
Destruction ; of alien foes
Cometh ruin by Simoïs' waters.
So judged is the judgment given
When on Idă the strife of the Daughters
Of the Blessed was striven,

For battle, for murder, for ruin (*Epode*)
Of mine halls :—by Eurotas is moan,
Where with tears for their homes' undoing
The maidens Laconian groan,
Where rendeth her tresses hoary
The mother for sons that are dead,
And her cheeks with woe-furrows are gory,
And her fingers are red.

Enter HANDMAID, *with bearers carrying a covered corpse.*

HANDMAID

Women, O where is Hecuba, sorrow's queen,
Who passeth every man, all womankind,
In woes ? No man shall take away her crown.

CHORUS

What now, O hapless voice of evil-boding ?
Shall they ne'er sleep, thy publishings of grief ?

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

Ἑκάβῃ φέρω τόδ' ἄλγος· ἐν κακοῖσι δὲ
οὐ ῥᾴδιον βροτοῖσιν εὐφημεῖν στόμα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν περῶσα τυγχάνει δόμων ἄπο
ἥδ', εἰς δὲ καιρὸν σοῖσι φαίνεται λόγοις.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ὦ παντάλαινα κἄτι μᾶλλον ἢ λέγω,
δέσποιν', ὄλωλας, οὐκέτ' εἶ βλέπουσα φῶς,
ἄπαις, ἄνανδρος, ἄπολις, ἐξεφθαρμένη.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ καινὸν εἶπας, εἰδόσιν δ' ὠνείδισας.
ἀτὰρ τί νεκρὸν τόνδε μοι Πολυξένης
ἥκεις κομίζουσ', ἧς ἀπηγγέλθη τάφος
πάντων Ἀχαιῶν διὰ χερὸς σπουδὴν ἔχειν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ἥδ' οὐδὲν οἶδεν, ἀλλά μοι Πολυξένην
θρηνεῖ, νέων δὲ πημάτων οὐχ ἅπτεται.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἲ 'γὼ τάλαινα· μῶν τὸ βακχεῖον κάρα
τῆς θεσπιῳδοῦ δεῦρο Κασάνδρας φέρεις;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ζῶσαν λέλακας, τὸν θανόντα δ' οὐ στένεις
τόνδ'· ἀλλ' ἄθρησον σῶμα γυμνωθὲν νεκροῦ,
εἴ σοι φανεῖται θαῦμα καὶ παρ' ἐλπίδας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι, βλέπω δὴ παῖδ' ἐμὸν τεθνηκότα,
Πολύδωρον ὅν μοι Θρῄξ ἔσῳζ' οἴκοις ἀνήρ.
ἀπωλόμην δύστηνος, οὐκέτ' εἰμὶ δή.
ὦ τέκνον τέκνον,
αἰαῖ, κατάρχομαι νόμον

HANDMAID

To Hecuba I bring this pang: mid woes
Not easily may mortal lips speak fair.

CHORUS

Lo where she cometh from beneath the roofs:
In season for thy tale appeareth she.

HANDMAID

O all-afflicted, more than lips can say!
Queen, thou art slain—thou seest the light no more
Unchilded, widowed, cityless—all-destroyed!

HECUBA

No news this: 'tis but taunting me who knew.
But wherefore com'st thou bringing me this corpse,
Polyxena's, whose burial-rites, 'twas told,
By all Achaea's host were being sped?

HANDMAID

She nothing knows: Polyxena—ah me!—
Still wails she, and the new woes graspeth not.

HECUBA

O hapless I!—not—not the bacchant head
Of prophetess Cassandra bring'st thou hither?

HANDMAID

Thou nam'st the living: but the dead—this dead,
Bewailest not,—look, the dead form is bared!

[*Uncovers the corpse.*

Seems it not strange—worse than all boding fears?

HECUBA

Ah me, my son!—I see Polydorus dead,
Whom in his halls I deemed the Thracian warded.
O wretch! it is my death—I am no more!
O my child, O my child!
Mine anguish shall thrill

βακχεῖον, ἐξ ἀλάστορος
ἀρτιμαθὴς κακῶν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ἔγνως γὰρ ἄτην παιδός, ὦ δύστηνε σύ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄπιστ᾽ ἄπιστα, καινὰ καινὰ δέρκομαι.
ἕτερα δ᾽ ἀφ᾽ ἑτέρων κακὰ κακῶν κυρεῖ·
οὐδέποτ᾽ ἀστένακτος ἀδάκρυτος ἁ-
μέρα ἐπισχήσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δείν᾽, ὦ τάλαινα, δεινὰ πάσχομεν κακά.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνον τέκνον ταλαίνας ματρός,
τίνι μόρῳ θνῄσκεις;
τίνι πότμῳ κεῖσαι;
πρὸς τίνος ἀνθρώπων;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

οὐκ οἶδ᾽· ἐπ᾽ ἀκταῖς νιν κυρῶ θαλασσιαις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔκβλητον, ἢ πέσημα φονίου δορός,
ἐν ψαμάθῳ λευρᾷ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

πόντου νιν ἐξήνεγκε πελάγιος κλύδων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὤμοι, αἰαῖ, ἔμαθον ἐνύπνιον ὀμμάτων
ἐμῶν ὄψιν, οὔ με παρέβα φά-
σμα μελανόπτερον,
ἃν ἐσεῖδον ἀμφὶ σ᾽,
ὦ τέκνον, οὐκέτ᾽ ὄντα Διὸς ἐν φάει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς γάρ νιν ἔκτειν᾽; οἶσθ᾽ ὀνειρόφρων φράσαι;

Through a wail shrilling wild
In the ears of me still,
Which pealed there but now from the throat of a
demon, a herald of ill.

HANDMAID

Didst thou then know thy son's doom, hapless one?

HECUBA

Beyond, beyond belief, new woes I see.
Ills upon ills throng one after another:
Never day shall pass by without tear, without sigh,
nor mine anguish refrain.

CHORUS

Dread, O dread evils, hapless queen, we suffer.

HECUBA

O child, O child of a grief-stricken mother!
By what fate didst thou die?—in what doom dost thou
lie?—of what man wast thou slain?

HANDMAID

I know not: on the sea-strand found I him.

HECUBA

Cast up by the tide, or struck down by the spear in a
blood-reddened hand
On the smooth-levelled sand?

HANDMAID

The outsea surge in-breaking flung him up

HECUBA

Woe's me, I discern it, the vision that blasted my sight
Neither flitted unheeded that black-winged phantom
of night,
Which I saw, which revealed that my son was no more
of the light.

CHORUS

Who slew him? Canst thou, dream-arreder, tell?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐμὸς ἐμὸς ξένος, Θρήκιος ἱππότας,
ἵν' ὁ γέρων πατὴρ ἔθετό νιν κρύψας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴμοι, τί λέξεις; χρυσὸν ὡς ἔχοι κτανών;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄρρητ' ἀνωνόμαστα, θαυμάτων πέρα,
οὐχ ὅσι' οὐδ' ἀνεκτά. ποῦ δίκα ξένων;
ὦ κατάρατ' ἀνδρῶν, ὡς διεμοιράσω
χρόα, σιδαρέῳ τεμὼν φασγάνῳ
μέλεα τοῦδε παιδὸς οὐδ' ᾤκτίσω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλῆμον, ὥς σε πολυπονωτάτην βροτῶν
δαίμων ἔθηκεν ὅστις ἐστί σοι βαρύς.
ἀλλ' εἰσορῶ γὰρ τοῦδε δεσπότου δέμας
'Αγαμέμνονος, τοὐνθένδε σιγῶμεν, φίλαι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ἑκάβη, τί μέλλεις παῖδα σὴν κρύπτειν τάφῳ
ἐλθοῦσ', ἐφ' οἷσπερ Ταλθύβιος ἤγγειλέ μοι
μὴ θιγγάνειν σῆς μηδέν' 'Αργείων κόρης;
ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν ἐῶμεν οὐδὲ ψαύομεν·
σὺ δὲ σχολάζεις, ὥστε θαυμάζειν ἐμέ.
ἥκω δ' ἀποστελῶν σε· τἀκεῖθεν γὰρ εὖ
πεπραγμέν' ἐστίν, εἴ τι τῶνδ' ἐστὶν καλῶς.
ἔα· τίν' ἄνδρα τόνδ' ἐπὶ σκηναῖς ὁρῶ
θανόντα Τρώων; οὐ γὰρ 'Αργεῖον πέπλοι
δέμας περιπτύσσοντες ἀγγέλλουσί μοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δύστην', ἐμαυτὴν γὰρ λέγω λέγουσα σέ,
Ἑκάβη, τί δράσω; πότερα προσπέσω γόνυ
'Αγαμέμνονος τοῦδ' ἢ φέρω σιγῇ κακά;

HECUBA

'Twas my friend, 'twas my guest, 'twas the Thracian
chariot-lord [hide and to ward.
To whose charge his grey father had given him to

CHORUS

Oh, what wouldst say?—slew him to keep the gold?

HECUBA

O horror unspeakable, nameless, beyond all wonder!—
Impious, unbearable! Where are they, friendship
and truth?
O accursèd of men, lo, how hast thou carved asunder
His flesh!—how thy knife, when my child's limbs
quivered thereunder, [unmelted of ruth!
Hath slashed him and mangled, and thou wast

CHORUS

O hapless, how a God, whose hand on thee
Is heavy, above all mortals heaps thee pain!
But lo, I see our master towering nigh,
Agamemnon: friends, henceforth hold we our peace.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON

Why stay'st thou, Hecuba, to entomb thy child,
According to Talthybius' word to me
That of the Argives none should touch thy daughter?
Wherefore we let her be, and touch her not;
Yet loiterest thou, that wonder stirreth me.
I come to speed thee hence; for all things there
Are well wrought—if herein may aught be well.
Ha, who is this that by the tents I see?
What Trojan dead? No Argive this, the robes
That shroud the body make report to me.

HECUBA (*aside*)

Hapless!—myself I name in naming thee—
O Hecuba, what shall I do?—or fall
At the king's feet, or silent bear mine ills?

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
τί μοι προσώπῳ νῶτον ἐγκλίνασα σὸν
δύρει, τὸ πραχθὲν δ' οὐ λέγεις; τίς ἔσθ' ὅδε;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἀλλ' εἴ με δούλην πολεμίαν θ' ἡγούμενος
γονάτων ἀπώσαιτ', ἄλγος ἂν προσθείμεθ' ἄν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
οὔτοι πέφυκα μάντις, ὥστε μὴ κλύων
ἐξιστορῆσαι σῶν ὁδὸν βουλευμάτων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἆρ' ἐκλογίζομαί γε πρὸς τὸ δυσμενὲς
μᾶλλον φρένας τοῦδ', ὄντος οὐχὶ δυσμενοῦς;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
εἴ τοί με βούλει τῶνδε μηδὲν εἰδέναι,
εἰς ταὐτὸν ἥκεις· καὶ γὰρ οὐδ' ἐγὼ κλύειν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην τοῦδε τιμωρεῖν ἄτερ
τέκνοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖσι. τί στρέφω τάδε;
τολμᾶν ἀνάγκη, κἂν τύχω κἂν μὴ τύχω.
Ἀγάμεμνον, ἱκετεύω σε τῶνδε γουνάτων
καὶ σοῦ γενείου δεξιᾶς τ' εὐδαίμονος.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
τί χρῆμα μαστεύουσα; μῶν ἐλεύθερον
αἰῶνα θέσθαι; ῥᾴδιον γάρ ἐστί σοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὐ δῆτα· τοὺς κακοὺς δὲ τιμωρουμένη
αἰῶνα τὸν ξύμπαντα δουλεύειν θέλω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
καὶ δὴ τίν' ἡμᾶς εἰς ἐπάρκεσιν καλεῖς;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὐδέν τι τούτων ὧν σὺ δοξάζεις, ἄναξ.
ὁρᾷς νεκρὸν τόνδ', οὗ καταστάζω δάκρυ;

AGAMEMNON

Wherefore on me dost turn thy back, and mourn,
Nor tellest what is done, and who is this?

HECUBA (*aside*)

But if, accounting me a slave and foe,
He thrust me from his knees, 'twere pang on pang.

AGAMEMNON

No prophet born am I, to track the path
Of these thy musings, if I hear them not.

HECUBA (*aside*)

Lo, surely am I counting this man's heart
O'ermuch my foe, who is no foe at all.

AGAMEMNON

Sooth, if thou wilt that nought hereof I know,
At one we are: I care not, I, to hear.

HECUBA (*aside*)

I cannot, save with help of him, avenge
My children—wherefore do I dally thus?
I must needs venture, or to win or lose:—
Agamemnon, I beseech thee by thy knees,
And by thy beard, and thy victorious hand—

AGAMEMNON

What matter seekest thou? Wouldst have thy days
Free henceforth? Sooth, thy boon is lightly won.

HECUBA

No—no! Avenge me of mine adversary,
And I will welcome lifelong bondage then.

AGAMEMNON

But to what championship dost summon me?

HECUBA

To nought of all whereof thou dreamest, king.
Seest thou this corpse, o'er which my tears rain down?

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ὁρῶ· τὸ μέντοι μέλλον οὐκ ἔχω μαθεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
τοῦτόν ποτ' ἔτεκον κἄφερον ζώνης ὕπο.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ἔστιν δὲ τίς σῶν οὗτος, ὦ τλῆμον, τέκνων;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὐ τῶν θανόντων Πριαμιδῶν ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ἦ γάρ τιν' ἄλλον ἔτεκες ἢ κείνους, γύναι;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἀνόνητά γ', ὡς ἔοικε, τόνδ' ὃν εἰσορᾷς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ποῦ δ' ὢν ἐτύγχαν', ἡνίκ' ὤλλυτο πτόλις;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
πατήρ νιν ἐξέπεμψεν ὀρρωδῶν θανεῖν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ποῖ τῶν τότ' ὄντων χωρίσας τέκνων μονον;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
εἰς τήνδε χώραν, οὗπερ ηὑρέθη θανών.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
πρὸς ἄνδρ' ὃς ἄρχει τῆσδε Πολυμήστωρ χθονός;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἐνταῦθ' ἐπέμφθη πικροτάτου χρυσοῦ φύλαξ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
θνῄσκει δὲ πρὸς τοῦ καὶ τίνος πότμου τυχών;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
τίνος δ' ὑπ' ἄλλου; Θρῄξ νιν ὤλεσε ξένος.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ὦ τλῆμον· ἦ που χρυσὸν ἠράσθη λαβεῖν;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
τοιαῦτ', ἐπειδὴ συμφορὰν ἔγνω Φρυγῶν.

AGAMEMNON
I see,—yet what shall come I cannot tell.

HECUBA
Him once I bare, and carried 'neath my zone.

AGAMEMNON
Who of thy sons is this, O sorrow-crushed?

HECUBA
Not one of Priam's sons by Ilium slain.

AGAMEMNON
How? didst thou bear another more than these?

HECUBA
Yea—to my grief, meseems: thou seest him here.

AGAMEMNON
Yet where was he what time the city fell?

HECUBA
Dreading his death his father sent him thence.

AGAMEMNON
And whither drew him from the rest apart?

HECUBA
Unto this land, where dead hath he been found.

AGAMEMNON
To Polymestor, ruler of the land?

HECUBA
Yea—sent in charge of thrice-accursèd gold.

AGAMEMNON
And of whom slain, and lighting on what doom?

HECUBA
Of whom save one?—that Thracian friend slew him.

AGAMEMNON
O wretch!—for that he lusted for the gold?

HECUBA
Even so, when Phrygia's fall was known of him.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ηὗρες δὲ ποῦ νιν, ἢ τίς ἤνεγκεν νεκρόν;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἥδ', ἐντυχοῦσα ποντίας ἀκτῆς ἔπι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τοῦτον ματεύουσ' ἢ πονοῦσ' ἄλλον πόνον;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

λούτρ' ᾤχετ' οἴσουσ' ἐξ ἁλὸς Πολυξένῃ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

κτανών νιν, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐκβάλλει ξένος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

θαλασσόπλαγκτόν γ', ὧδε διατεμὼν χρόα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὦ σχετλία σὺ τῶν ἀμετρήτων πόνων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὄλωλα, κοὐδὲν λοιπόν, Ἀγάμεμνον, κακῶν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

φεῦ φεῦ· τίς οὕτω δυστυχὴς ἔφυ γυνή;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν, εἰ μὴ τὴν τύχην αὐτὴν λέγοις.
ἀλλ' ὧνπερ εἵνεκ' ἀμφὶ σὸν πίπτω γόνυ,
ἄκουσον. εἰ μὲν ὅσιά σοι παθεῖν δοκῶ,
στέργοιμ' ἄν· εἰ δὲ τοὔμπαλιν, σύ μοι γενοῦ
τιμωρὸς ἀνδρὸς ἀνοσιωτάτου ξένου,
ὃς οὔτε τοὺς γῆς νέρθεν οὔτε τοὺς ἄνω
δείσας δέδρακεν ἔργον ἀνοσιώτατον,
κοινῆς τραπέζης πολλάκις τυχὼν ἐμοί,
ξενίας τ' ἀριθμῷ πρῶτα τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων·
τυχὼν δ' ὅσων δεῖ· καὶ λαβὼν προμηθίαν,
ἔκτεινε, τύμβου δ', εἰ κτανεῖν ἐβούλετο,
οὐκ ἠξίωσεν, ἀλλ' ἀφῆκε πόντιον.

AGAMEMNON

Where found'st thou him?—or who hath brought thy dead?

HECUBA

She there: upon the strand she chanced on him.

AGAMEMNON

Seeking him, or on other task employed?

HECUBA

Sea-brine she sought to lave Polyxena.

AGAMEMNON

So then this guest-friend slew and cast him forth.

HECUBA

Yea, on the sea to drift, his flesh thus hacked.

AGAMEMNON

O woe is thee for thine unmeasured pains!

HECUBA

'Tis death—there is no deeper depth of woe.

AGAMEMNON

Alas, was woman e'er so fortune-crost?

HECUBA

None, except thou wouldst name Misfortune's self.
But for what cause I bow thy knees to clasp,
Hear:—if my righteous due my sufferings seem
To thee, I am content: if not, do thou
Avenge me on that impious, impious friend,
Who neither feared the powers beneath the earth,
Nor those on high, but wrought most impious deed,—
Who ofttimes at my table ate and drank,
For welcome foremost in my count of friends,
And had all guest-dues. Yet he watched his time,
Slew him, nor in his thoughts of murder found
Room for a grave, but cast him mid the sea.

ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν δοῦλοί τε κἀσθενεῖς ἴσως·
ἀλλ' οἱ θεοὶ σθένουσι χὠ κείνων κρατῶν
νόμος· νόμῳ γὰρ τοὺς θεοὺς ἡγούμεθα
καὶ ζῶμεν ἄδικα καὶ δίκαι' ὡρισμένοι·
ὃς εἰς σ' ἀνελθὼν εἰ διαφθαρήσεται,
καὶ μὴ δίκην δώσουσιν οἵτινες ξένους
κτείνουσιν ἢ θεῶν ἱερὰ τολμῶσιν φέρειν,
οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἴσον.
ταῦτ' οὖν ἐν αἰσχρῷ θέμενος αἰδέσθητί με·
οἴκτειρον ἡμᾶς, ὡς γραφεύς τ' ἀποσταθεὶς
ἰδοῦ με κἀνάθρησον οἷ' ἔχω κακά.
τύραννος ἦν ποτ', ἀλλὰ νῦν δούλη σέθεν,
εὔπαις ποτ' οὖσα, νῦν δὲ γραῦς ἄπαις θ' ἅμα,
ἄπολις, ἔρημος, ἀθλιωτάτη βροτῶν.
οἴμοι τάλαινα, ποῖ μ' ὑπεξάγεις πόδα ;
ἔοικα πράξειν οὐδέν· ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.
τί δῆτα θνητοὶ τἄλλα μὲν μαθήματα
μοχθοῦμεν ὡς χρὴ πάντα καὶ μαστεύομεν,
πειθὼ δὲ τὴν τύραννον ἀνθρώποις μόνην
οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον ἐς τέλος σπουδάζομεν
μισθοὺς διδόντες μανθάνειν, ἵν' ἦν ποτε
πείθειν ἅ τις βούλοιτο τυγχάνειν θ' ἅμα ;
πῶς οὖν ἔτ' ἄν τις ἐλπίσαι πράξειν καλῶς ;
οἱ μὲν γὰρ ὄντες παῖδες οὐκέτ' εἰσί μοι,
αὐτὴ δ' ἐπ' αἰσχροῖς αἰχμάλωτος οἴχομαι·
καπνὸν δὲ πόλεως τόνδ' ὑπερθρῴσκονθ' ὁρῶ.
καὶ μὴν ἴσως μὲν τοῦ λόγου κενὸν τόδε,
Κύπριν προβάλλειν· ἀλλ' ὅμως εἰρήσεται·
πρὸς σοῖσι πλευροῖς παῖς ἐμὴ κοιμίζεται
ἡ φοιβάς, ἣν καλοῦσι Κασάνδραν Φρύγες.
ποῦ τὰς φίλας δῆτ' εὐφρόνας δείξεις, ἄναξ,
ἢ τῶν ἐν εὐνῇ φιλτάτων ἀσπασμάτων

And I—a slave I may be, haply weak;
Yet are the Gods strong, and their ruler strong,
Even Law; for by this Law we know Gods are,
We live, we make division of wrong and right;
And if this at thy bar be disannulled,
And they shall render not account which slay
Guests, or dare rifle the Gods' holy things,
Then among men is there no righteousness.
This count then shameful; have respect to me;
Pity me:—like a painter so draw back,
Scan me, pore on my portraiture of woes.
A queen was I, time was, but now thy slave;
Crowned with fair sons once, childless now and old,
Cityless, lone, of mortals wretchedest.
Woe for me!—whither wouldst withdraw thy foot?
Meseems I shall not speed—O hapless I!
Wherefore, O wherefore, at all other lore
Toil men, as needeth, and make eager quest,
Yet Suasion, the unrivalled queen of men,
Nor price we pay, nor make ado to learn her
Unto perfection, so a man might sway
His fellows as he would, and win his ends?
How then shall any hope good days henceforth?
So many sons—none left me any more!
Myself mid shame a spear-thrall ruin-sped;—
Yon smoke o'er Troy upsoaring in my sight!
Yet—yet—'twere unavailing plea perchance
To cast Love's shield before me—yet be it said:
Lo, at thy side my child Cassandra couched
Lies, the Inspired One—named of Phrygians so.
Those nights of love, hath their memorial perished?
Or for the lovingkindness of the couch

χάριν τίν' ἕξει παῖς ἐμή, κείνης δ' ἐγώ;
ἐκ τοῦ σκότου γὰρ τῶν τε νυκτερησίων
φίλτρων μεγίστη γίγνεται βροτοῖς χάρις.
ἄκουε δή νυν· τὸν θανόντα τόνδ' ὁρᾷς;
τοῦτον καλῶς δρῶν ὄντα κηδεστὴν σέθεν
δράσεις. ἑνός μοι μῦθος ἐνδεὴς ἔτι.
εἴ μοι γένοιτο φθόγγος ἐν βραχίοσι
καὶ χερσὶ καὶ κόμαισι καὶ ποδῶν βάσει
ἢ Δαιδάλου τέχναισιν ἢ θεῶν τινος,
ὡς πάνθ' ὁμαρτῇ σῶν ἔχοιντο γουνάτων
κλαίοντ', ἐπισκήπτοντα παντοίους λόγους.
ὦ δέσποτ', ὦ μέγιστον Ἕλλησιν φάος,
πιθοῦ, παράσχες χεῖρα τῇ πρεσβύτιδι
τιμωρόν, εἰ καὶ μηδέν ἐστιν, ἀλλ' ὅμως.
ἐσθλοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς τῇ δίκῃ θ' ὑπηρετεῖν
καὶ τοὺς κακοὺς δρᾶν πανταχοῦ κακῶς ἀεί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινόν γε, θνητοῖς ὡς ἅπαντα συμπίτνει,
καὶ τὰς ἀνάγκας οἱ νόμοι διώρισαν,
φίλους τιθέντες τούς γε πολεμιωτάτους
ἐχθρούς τε τοὺς πρὶν εὐμενεῖς ποιούμενοι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐγὼ σὲ καὶ σὸν παῖδα καὶ τύχας σέθεν,
Ἑκάβη, δι' οἴκτου χεῖρά θ' ἱκεσίαν ἔχω
καὶ βούλομαι θεῶν θ' εἵνεκ' ἀνόσιον ξένον
καὶ τοῦ δικαίου τήνδε σοι δοῦναι δίκην,
εἴ πως φανείη γ' ὥστε σοί τ' ἔχειν καλῶς,
στρατῷ τε μὴ δόξαιμι Κασάνδρας χάριν

What thank shall my child have, or I for her?
For of the darkness and the night's love-spells
Cometh on men the chiefest claim for thank.
Hearken now, hearken: seest thou this dead boy?
Doing him right, to thine own marriage-kin
Shalt thou do right. One plea more lack I yet:—
O that I had a voice in these mine arms
And hands and hair and pacings of my feet,
By art of Daedalus lent, or of a God,
That all together to thy knees might cling
Weeping, and pressing home pleas manifold!
O my lord, mightiest light to Hellas' sons,
Hearken, O lend thine hand to avenge the aged;
What though a thing of nought she be, yet hear!
For 'tis the good man's part to champion right,
And everywhere and aye to smite the wrong.

CHORUS

Strange, strange, how all cross-chances hap to men
These laws shift landmarks even of friendship's ties,[1]
Turning to friends the bitterest of foes,
Changing to enmity the love of old.

AGAMEMNON

I am stirred to pity, Hecuba, both of thee,
Thy son, thy fortune, and thy suppliant hand;
And for the Gods' and justice' sake were fain
Thine impious guest should taste for this thy vengeance,
So means were found thy cause to speed, while I
Seem not unto the host to plot this death

[1] The laws of right and wrong and the obligation to avenge the blood of kin compel Hecuba to ally herself with Agamemnon, her late enemy, against Polymestor, her late friend.

Θρῄκης ἄνακτι τόνδε βουλεῦσαι φόνον.
ἔστιν γὰρ ᾗ ταραγμὸς ἐμπέπτωκέ μοι·
τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον φίλιον ἡγεῖται στρατός,
τὸν κατθανόντα δ' ἐχθρόν· εἰ δὲ σοὶ φίλος
ὅδ' ἐστί, χωρὶς τοῦτο κοὐ κοινὸν στρατῷ.
πρὸς ταῦτα φρόντιζ'· ὡς θέλοντα μέν μ' ἔχεις
σοὶ ξυμπονῆσαι καὶ ταχὺν προσαρκέσαι,
βραδὺν δ', Ἀχαιοῖς εἰ διαβληθήσομαι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

φεῦ·
οὐκ ἔστι θνητῶν ὅστις ἔστ' ἐλεύθερος·
ἢ χρημάτων γὰρ δοῦλός ἐστιν ἢ τύχης,
ἢ πλῆθος αὐτὸν πόλεος ἢ νόμων γραφαὶ
εἴργουσι χρῆσθαι μὴ κατὰ γνώμην τρόποις.
ἐπεὶ δὲ ταρβεῖς τῷ τ' ὄχλῳ πλέον νέμεις,
ἐγώ σε θήσω τοῦδ' ἐλεύθερον φόβου.
σύνισθι μὲν γάρ, ἤν τι βουλεύσω κακὸν
τῷ τόνδ' ἀποκτείναντι, συνδράσῃς δὲ μή.
ἢν δ' ἐξ Ἀχαιῶν θόρυβος ἢ 'πικουρία
πάσχοντος ἀνδρὸς Θρᾳκὸς οἷα πείσεται
φανῇ τις, εἶργε μὴ δοκῶν ἐμὴν χάριν.
τὰ δ' ἄλλα θάρσει· πάντ' ἐγὼ θήσω καλῶς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πῶς οὖν; τί δράσεις; πότερα φάσγανον χερὶ
λαβοῦσα γραίᾳ φῶτα βάρβαρον κτενεῖς,
ἢ φαρμάκοισιν ἢ 'πικουρίᾳ τίνι;
τίς σοι ξυνέσται χείρ; πόθεν κτήσει φίλους;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

στέγαι κεκεύθασ' αἵδε Τρῳάδων ὄχλον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τὰς αἰχμαλώτους εἶπας, Ἑλλήνων ἄγραν;

For Thracia's king for thy Cassandra's sake.
For herein is mine heart disquieted :—
This very man the host account their friend,
The dead their foe : that dear he is to thee
Is nought to them, nor part have these in him.
Wherefore take thought: in me thou hast one fain
To share thy toil, and swift to lend thee aid,
But slow to face the Achaeans' murmurings.

HECUBA

Ah, among mortals is there no man free!
To lucre or to fortune is he slave :
The city's rabble or the law's impeachment
Constrains him into paths his soul abhors.
But since thou fear'st, dost overrate the crowd,
Even I will set thee free from this thy dread.
Be privy thou, what ill soe'er I plot
For my son's slayer, but share not the deed.
If tumult mid the Achaeans rise, or cry
Of rescue, when the Thracian feels my vengeance,
Thou check them, not in seeming for my sake.
For all else, fear not: I will shape all well.

AGAMEMNON

How? what wouldst do? Wouldst in thy wrinkled hand
A dagger clutch, and yon barbarian slay?—
With poisons do the deed, or with what help?
What arm shall aid thee? whence wilt win thee
friends?

HECUBA

These tents a host of Trojan women hide.

AGAMEMNON

The captives meanest thou, Greek hunters' prey?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σὺν ταῖσδε τὸν ἐμὸν φονέα τιμωρήσομαι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ πῶς γυναιξὶν ἀρσένων ἔσται κράτος;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δεινὸν τὸ πλῆθος, σὺν δόλῳ τε δύσμαχον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

δεινόν· τὸ μέντοι θῆλυ μέμφομαι γένος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δ'; οὐ γυναῖκες εἷλον Αἰγύπτου τέκνα,
καὶ Λῆμνον ἄρδην ἀρσένων ἐξῴκισαν;
ἀλλ' ὧς γενέσθω· τόνδε μὲν μέθες λόγον,
πέμψον δέ μοι τήνδ' ἀσφαλῶς διὰ στρατοῦ
γυναῖκα. καὶ σὺ Θρῃκὶ πλαθεῖσα ξένῳ
λέξον· καλεῖ σ' ἄνασσα δήποτ' Ἰλίου
Ἑκάβη, σὸν οὐκ ἔλασσον ἢ κείνης χρέος,
καὶ παῖδας· ὡς δεῖ καὶ τέκν' εἰδέναι λόγους
τοὺς ἐξ ἐκείνης. τὸν δὲ τῆς νεοσφαγοῦς
Πολυξένης ἐπίσχες, Ἀγάμεμνον, τάφον,
ὡς τώδ' ἀδελφὼ πλησίον μιᾷ φλογί,
δισσὴ μέριμνα μητρί, κρυφθῆτον χθονί.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔσται τάδ' οὕτω· καὶ γὰρ εἰ μὲν ἦν στρατῷ
πλοῦς, οὐκ ἂν εἶχον τήνδε σοι δοῦναι χάριν·
νῦν δ', οὐ γὰρ ἵησ' οὐρίας πνοὰς θεός,
μένειν ἀνάγκη πλοῦν ὁρῶντας ἥσυχον.
γένοιτο δ' εὖ πως· πᾶσι γὰρ κοινὸν τόδε
ἰδίᾳ θ' ἑκάστῳ καὶ πόλει, τὸν μὲν κακὸν
κακόν τι πάσχειν, τὸν δὲ χρηστὸν εὐτυχεῖν.

HECUBA

By these will I avenge me on my slayer.

AGAMEMNON

How?—women gain the mastery over men?

HECUBA

Mighty are numbers—joined with craft, resistless.

AGAMEMNON

Ay, mighty, yet misprise I womankind.

HECUBA

What? did not women slay Aegyptus' sons,
And wholly of her males dispeople Lemnos?
Yet be it so: forbear to reason thus.
But to this woman give thou through the host
Safe passage.
(*To a servant*) Thou, draw nigh our Thracian guest,
Say, "Hecuba, late Queen of Ilium,
Calls thee on thy behoof no less than hers,
Thy sons withal; for these must also hear
Her words." The burial of Polyxena
Late-slaughtered, Agamemnon, thou delay:
So sister joined with brother in one flame,
A mother's double grief, shall be entombed.

AGAMEMNON

So shall it be: yet, might the host but sail,
No power had I to grant this grace to thee:
But, seeing God sends no fair-following winds,
Needs must we tarry watching idle sails.
Now fair befall: for all men's weal is this,—
Each several man's, and for the state,—that ill
Betide the bad, prosperity the good. [*Exit.*

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ μέν, ὦ πατρὶς Ἰλιάς, *στρ. α′*
τῶν ἀπορθήτων πόλις οὐκέτι λέξει·
τοῖον Ἑλλάνων νέφος ἀμφί σε κρύπτει
δορὶ δὴ δορὶ πέρσαν.
ἀπὸ δὲ στεφάναν κέκαρσαι
πύργων, κατὰ δ᾽ αἰθάλου
κηλῖδ᾽ οἰκτροτάταν κέχρωσαι,
τάλαιν᾽, οὐκέτι σ᾽ ἐμβατεύσω.

μεσονύκτιος ὠλλύμαν, *ἀντ. α′*
ἦμος ἐκ δείπνων ὕπνος ἡδὺς ἐπ᾽ ὄσσοις
σκίδναται, μολπᾶν δ᾽ ἄπο καὶ χοροποιὸν
θυσίαν καταπαύσας
πόσις ἐν θαλάμοις ἔκειτο,
ξυστὸν δ᾽ ἐπὶ πασσάλῳ,
ναύταν οὐκέθ᾽ ὁρῶν ὅμιλον
Τροίαν Ἰλιάδ᾽ ἐμβεβῶτα.

ἐγὼ δὲ πλόκαμον ἀναδέτοις *στρ. β′*
μίτραισιν ἐρρυθμιζόμαν
χρυσέων ἐνόπτρων
λεύσσουσ᾽ ἀτέρμονας εἰς αὐγάς,
ἐπιδέμνιος ὡς πέσοιμ᾽ ἐς εὐνάν.
ἀνὰ δὲ κέλαδος ἔμολε πόλιν·
κέλευσμα δ᾽ ἦν κατ᾽ ἄστυ Τροίας τόδ᾽· ὦ
παῖδες Ἑλλάνων, πότε δὴ πότε τὰν
Ἰλιάδα σκοπιὰν
πέρσαντες ἥξετ᾽ οἴκους;

CHORUS

O my fatherland, Ilium, thou art named no more
Mid burgs unspoiled, (*Str.* 1)
Such a battle-cloud lightening spears enshrouds thee
o'er,
All round thee coiled!
Thou art piteously shorn of thy brows' tower-diadem,
And smirched with stain
Of the reek; and thy streetways—my feet shall not
tread them,
Ah me, again!

At the midnight my doom lighted on me, when sleep
shed (*Ant.* 1)
O'er eyes sweet rain, [his bed
When from sacrifice-dance and from hushed songs on
My lord had lain, [ken
And the spear on the wall was uphung, for watchman's
Saw near nor far
Overtrampling the Ilian plains those sea-borne men,
That host of war.

I was ranging the braids of mine hair 'neath soft
snood-fold: (*Str.* 2)
On mine eyes thrown
Was the gleam from the fathomless depths of mirror-
gold,
Ere I sank down [blast
To my rest on the couch;—but a tumult's tempest-
Swept up the street,
And a battle-cry thundered—"Ye sons of Greeks, on
fast [1]
Be the castles of Troy overthrown, that home at last
May hail your feet!"

λέχη δὲ φίλια μονόπεπλος ἀντ. β′
λιποῦσα, Δωρὶς ὡς κόρα,
σεμνὰν προσίζουσ'
οὐκ ἤνυσ' Ἄρτεμιν ἁ τλάμων·
ἄγομαι δὲ θανόντ' ἰδοῦσ' ἀκοίταν
τὸν ἐμὸν ἅλιον ἐπὶ πέλαγος
πόλιν τ' ἀποσκοποῦσ', ἐπεὶ νόστιμον
ναῦς ἐκίνησεν πόδα καί μ' ἀπὸ γᾶς
ὥρισεν Ἰλιάδος·
τάλαιν', ἀπεῖπον ἄλγει,

τὰν τοῖν Διοσκόροιν Ἑλέναν κάσιν ἐπῳδ.
Ἰδαῖόν τε βούταν
αἰνόπαριν κατάρᾳ
διδοῦσ', ἐπεί με γᾶς
ἐκ πατρῴας ἀπώλεσεν
ἐξῴκισέν τ' οἴκων γάμος, οὐ γάμος
ἀλλ' ἀλάστορός τις οἰζύς·
ἃν μήτε πέλαγος ἅλιον ἀπαγάγοι πάλιν,
μήτε πατρῷον ἵκοιτ' ἐς οἶκον.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν Πρίαμε, φιλτάτη δὲ συ,
Ἑκάβη, δακρύω σ' εἰσορῶν πόλιν τε σήν,
τήν τ' ἀρτίως θανοῦσαν ἔκγονον σέθεν.
φεῦ·
οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν πιστόν, οὔτ' εὐδοξία
οὔτ' αὖ καλῶς πράσσοντα μὴ πράξειν κακῶς.
φύρουσι δ' αὐτὰ θεοὶ πάλιν τε καὶ πρόσω
ταραγμὸν ἐντιθέντες, ὡς ἀγνωσίᾳ
σέβωμεν αὐτούς. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν τι δεῖ
θρηνεῖν, προκόπτοντ' οὐδὲν εἰς πρόσθεν κακῶν;
σὺ δ', εἴ τι μέμφει τῆς ἐμῆς ἀπουσίας,

From my dear bed, my lost bed, I sprang, like Dorian
maid (*Ant.* 2)
But mantle-veiled,
And to Artemis' altar I clung—woe's me! I prayed
In vain, and wailed.
And my lord I beheld lying dead; and I was borne
O'er deep salt sea,
Looking back upon Troy, by the ship from Ilium torn
As she sped on the Hellas-ward path: then woe-forlorn
I swooned,—ah me!—

(*Epode*)

Upon Helen, the sister of Zeus' Sons, hurling back,
And on Paris, fell shepherd of Ida, curses black,
Who from mine home
By their bridal had reft me—'twas bridal none, but
wrack
Devil-wrought:—to her fatherland home o'er yon sea-
track
Ne'er may she come!

Enter POLYMESTOR *with his two little sons attended by a guard of Thracian spearmen.*

POLYMESTOR

Priam of men most dear!—and dearest thou,
O Hecuba, I weep beholding thee,
Thy city, and thine offspring slain so late.
Nought is there man may trust, nor high repute,
Nor present weal—for it may turn to woe;
All things the Gods confound, hurl this way and
that,
Turmoiling all, that we, foreknowing nought,
May worship them:—what skills it to make moan
For this, outrunning evils none the more?
But if mine absence thou dost chide, forbear;

σχές· τυγχάνω γὰρ ἐν μέσοις Θρῄκης ὅροις
ἀπών, ὅτ' ἦλθες δεῦρ'· ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφικόμην,
ἤδη πόδ' ἔξω δωμάτων αἴροντί μοι
εἰς ταὐτὸν ἥδε συμπίτνει δμωὶς σέθεν,
λέγουσα μύθους ὧν κλύων ἀφικόμην.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰσχύνομαί σε προσβλέπειν ἐναντίον,
Πολυμῆστορ, ἐν τοιοῖσδε κειμένη κακοῖς.
ὅτῳ γὰρ ὤφθην εὐτυχοῦσ', αἰδώς μ' ἔχει
ἐν τῷδε πότμῳ τυγχάνουσ' ἵν' εἰμὶ νῦν,
κοὐκ ἂν δυναίμην προσβλέπειν σ' ὀρθαῖς κόραις.
ἀλλ' αὐτὸ μὴ δύσνοιαν ἡγήσῃ σέθεν,
Πολυμῆστορ· ἄλλως δ' αἴτιόν τι καὶ νόμος
γυναῖκας ἀνδρῶν μὴ βλέπειν ἐναντίον.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὶ θαῦμά γ' οὐδέν. ἀλλὰ τίς χρεία σ' ἐμοῦ;
τί χρῆμ' ἐπέμψω τὸν ἐμὸν ἐκ δόμων πόδα;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἴδιον ἐμαυτῆς δή τι πρὸς σὲ βούλομαι
καὶ παῖδας εἰπεῖν σούς· ὀπάονας δέ μοι
χωρὶς κέλευσον τῶνδ' ἀποστῆναι δόμων.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

χωρεῖτ'· ἐν ἀσφαλεῖ γὰρ ἥδ' ἐρημία·
φίλη μὲν ἡμῖν εἶ σύ, προσφιλὲς δέ μοι
στράτευμ' Ἀχαιῶν. ἀλλὰ σημαίνειν σε χρὴ
τί χρὴ τὸν εὖ πράσσοντα μὴ πράσσουσιν εὖ
φίλοις ἐπαρκεῖν· ὡς ἕτοιμός εἰμ' ἐγώ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πρῶτον μὲν εἰπὲ παῖδ' ὃν ἐξ ἐμῆς χερὸς
Πολύδωρον ἔκ τε πατρὸς ἐν δόμοις ἔχεις,
εἰ ζῇ· τὰ δ' ἄλλα δεύτερόν σ' ἐρήσομαι.

For in the mid-Thrace tracts afar was I
When thou cam'st hither: soon as I returned,
At point was I to hasten forth mine home;
When lo, for this same end thine handmaid came
Telling a tale whose tidings winged mine haste.

HECUBA

I shame to look thee in the face, who am sunk,
O Polymestor, in such depth of ills.
Thou sawest me in weal: shame's thrall I am,
Found in such plight wherein I am this day.
I cannot face thee with unshrinking eyes.
Yet count it not as evil-will to thee,
Polymestor; therebeside is custom's bar
That women look not in the eyes of men.

POLYMESTOR

No marvel:—but what need hast thou of me?
For what cause from mine home hast sped my feet?

HECUBA

A secret of mine own I fain would tell
To thee and thine. I pray thee, bid thy guards
Aloof from these pavilions to withdraw.

POLYMESTOR

Depart ye, for this solitude is safe. [*Exeunt guards.*
My friend art thou, well-willed to me this host
Achaean. Now behoves thee to declare
Wherein the prosperous must render help
To friends afflicted: lo, prepared am I.

HECUBA

First, of the son whom in thine halls thou hast,
Polydorus, of mine hands, and of his sire's—
Liveth he? I will ask thee then the rest.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

μάλιστα· τοὐκείνου μὲν εὐτυχεῖς μέρος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ φίλταθ᾽, ὡς εὖ κἀξίως σέθεν λέγεις.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα βούλει δεύτερον μαθεῖν ἐμοῦ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

εἰ τῆς τεκούσης τῆσδε μέμνηταί τί μου.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὶ δεῦρό γ᾽ ὡς σὲ κρύφιος ἐζήτει μολεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

χρυσὸς δὲ σῶς ὃν ἦλθεν ἐκ Τροίας ἔχων;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

σῶς, ἐν δόμοις γε τοῖς ἐμοῖς φρουρούμενος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σῶσόν νυν αὐτὸν μηδ᾽ ἔρα τῶν πλησίον.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἥκιστ᾽· ὀναίμην τοῦ παρόντος, ὦ γύναι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶσθ᾽ οὖν ἃ λέξαι σοί τε καὶ παισὶν θέλω;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οὐκ οἶδα· τῷ σῷ τοῦτο σημανεῖς λόγῳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔστ᾽, ὦ φιληθεὶς ὡς σὺ νῦν ἐμοὶ φιλεῖ,

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

τί χρῆμ᾽ ὃ κἀμὲ καὶ τέκν᾽ εἰδέναι χρεών;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

χρυσοῦ παλαιαὶ Πριαμιδῶν κατώρυχες.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ταῦτ᾽ ἔσθ᾽ ἃ βούλει παιδὶ σημῆναι σέθεν;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μάλιστα, διὰ σοῦ γ᾽· εἶ γὰρ εὐσεβὴς ἀνήρ.

POLYMESTOR

Surely: as touching him thy lot is fair.

HECUBA

Dear friend, how well thou speak'st and worthy thee!

POLYMESTOR

Prithee, what next art fain to learn of me?

HECUBA

If me, his mother, he remembereth?

POLYMESTOR

Yea—fain had come to thee in secret hither.

HECUBA

Is the gold safe, wherewith from Troy he came?

POLYMESTOR

Safe—warded in mine halls in any wise.

HECUBA

Safe keep it: covet not thy neighbours' goods.

POLYMESTOR

Nay, lady: joy be mine of that I have!

HECUBA

Know'st what I fain would tell thee and thy sons?

POLYMESTOR

I know not: this thy word shall signify.

HECUBA

There is, O friend dear as thou art to me—

POLYMESTOR

Yea—what imports my sons and me to know?

HECUBA

Gold—ancient vaults of gold of Priam's line.

POLYMESTOR

This is it thou art fain to tell thy son?

HECUBA

Yea, by thy mouth: thou art a righteous man.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ
τί δῆτα τέκνων τῶνδε δεῖ παρουσίας ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἄμεινον, ἢν σὺ κατθάνῃς, τούσδ' εἰδέναι.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ
καλῶς ἔλεξας· τῇδε καὶ σοφώτερον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οἶσθ' οὖν 'Αθάνας 'Ιλίας ἵνα στέγαι ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ
ἐνταῦθ' ὁ χρυσός ἐστι ; σημεῖον δὲ τί ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
μέλαινα πέτρα γῆς ὑπερτέλλουσ' ἄνω.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ
ἔτ' οὖν τι βούλει τῶν ἐκεῖ φράζειν ἐμοί ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
σῶσαι σε χρήμαθ' οἷς συνεξῆλθον θέλω.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ
ποῦ δῆτα ; πέπλων ἐντὸς ἢ κρύψασ' ἔχεις ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
σκύλων ἐν ὄχλῳ ταῖσδε σῴζεται στέγαις.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ
ποῦ δ' ; αἵδ' 'Αχαιῶν ναύλοχοι περιπτυχαί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἴδίαι γυναικῶν αἰχμαλωτίδων στέγαι.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ
τἄνδον δὲ πιστὰ κἀρσένων ἐρημία ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὐδεὶς 'Αχαιῶν ἔνδον, ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς μόναι.
ἀλλ' ἕρπ' ἐς οἴκους· καὶ γὰρ 'Αργεῖοι νεῶν
λῦσαι ποθοῦσιν οἴκαδ' ἐκ Τροίας πόδα·
ὡς πάντα πράξας ὧν σε δεῖ, στείχῃς πάλιν
ξὺν παισὶν οὗπερ τὸν ἐμὸν ᾤκισας γόνον.

POLYMESTOR

What needeth then the presence of my sons?

HECUBA

Better they knew, if haply thou shouldst die.

POLYMESTOR

Well hast thou said: yea, 'twere the wiser way.

HECUBA

Dost know where stood Athene's Trojan fane?

POLYMESTOR

There?—is the gold there?—and the token, what?

HECUBA

A black rock from the earth's face jutting forth.

POLYMESTOR

Hast aught beside to tell me of that hoard?

HECUBA

Some jewels I brought thence—keep them for me.

POLYMESTOR

Where?—where?—beneath thy raiment, or in hiding?

HECUBA

In yon tents, safe beneath a heap of spoils.

POLYMESTOR

Safe?—there?—Achaean ships empale us round.

HECUBA

Inviolate are the captive women's tents.

POLYMESTOR

Within is all safe? Be they void of men?

HECUBA

Within is no Achaean, only we.
Enter the tents,—for fain the Argives are
To unmoor the ships for homeward flight from Troy,—
That, all well done, thou mayst with thy sons fare
To where thou gav'st a home unto my child.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔπω δέδωκας, ἀλλ' ἴσως δώσεις δίκην·
ἀλίμενόν τις ὡς εἰς ἄντλον πεσὼν
λέχριος ἐκπεσεῖ φίλας καρδίας,
ἀμέρσας βίον. τὸ γὰρ ὑπέγγυον
Δίκᾳ καὶ θεοῖσιν οὗ συμπίτνει,
ὀλέθριον ὀλέθριον κακόν.
ψεύσει σ' ὁδοῦ τῆσδ' ἐλπὶς ἥ σ' ἐπήγαγεν
θανάσιμον πρὸς Ἀίδαν, ὦ τάλας·
ἀπολέμῳ δὲ χειρὶ λείψεις βίον.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὤμοι, τυφλοῦμαι φέγγος ὀμμάτων τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἠκούσατ' ἀνδρὸς Θρῃκὸς οἰμωγήν, φίλαι;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὤμοι μάλ' αὖθις, τέκνα, δυστήνου σφαγῆς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φίλαι, πέπρακται καίν' ἔσω δόμων κακά.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἀλλ' οὔτι μὴ φύγητε λαιψηρῷ ποδί·
βάλλων γὰρ οἴκων τῶνδ' ἀναρρήξω μυχούς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰδού, βαρείας χειρὸς ὁρμᾶται βέλος.
βούλεσθ' ἐπεισπέσωμεν; ὡς ἀκμὴ καλεῖ
Ἑκάβῃ παρεῖναι Τρῳάσιν τε συμμάχους.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄρασσε, φείδου μηδέν, ἐκβάλλων πύλας·
οὐ γάρ ποτ' ὄμμα λαμπρὸν ἐνθήσεις κόραις,
οὐ παῖδας ὄψει ζῶντας οὓς ἔκτειν' ἐγώ.

HECUBA *and* POLYMESTOR *with Children enter the tent.*

CHORUS

Not yet is the penalty paid, but thy time is at hand,
As who reeleth adown an abyss wherein foothold is none [thou hast ta'en.
Slant-slipping, from sweet life hurled, for the life
For wherever it cometh to pass that the rightful demand
Of justice's claim and the laws of the Gods be at one,
Then is ruinous bane for the sinner, O ruinous bane! [Unseen Land,
It shall mock thee, thy wayfaring's hope; to the
To the place of the dead hath it drawn thee, O wretch undone! [thou be slain.
By the hand not of warriors, thou hero, shalt

POLYMESTOR (*within*)

Ah, I am blinded of mine eyes' light—wretch!

CHORUS

Heard ye the yell of yonder Thracian, friends?

POLYMESTOR (*within*)

Ah me, my children!—ah the awful murder!

CHORUS

Friends, strange grim work is wrought in yonder tent.

POLYMESTOR (*within*)

Surely by swift feet shall ye not escape!
My blows shall rive this dwelling's inmost parts!

CHORUS

Lo, crasheth there swift bolt of giant hand.
Shall we burst in?—the peril summoneth us
To help of Hecuba and the Trojan dames.

Enter HECUBA.

HECUBA

Smite on—spare not—ay, batter down the doors!
Ne'er shalt thou set bright vision in thine orbs,
Nor living see thy sons whom I have slain.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦ γὰρ καθεῖλες Θρῇκα καὶ κρατεῖς ξένου,
δέσποινα, καὶ δέδρακας οἷάπερ λέγεις ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὄψει νιν αὐτίκ' ὄντα δωμάτων πάρος
τυφλὸν τυφλῷ στείχοντα παραφόρῳ ποδί,
παίδων τε δισσῶν σώμαθ', οὓς ἔκτειν' ἐγὼ
σὺν ταῖς ἀρίσταις Τρῳάσιν· δίκην δέ μοι
δέδωκε· χωρεῖ δ', ὡς ὁρᾷς, ὅδ' ἐκ δόμων.
ἀλλ' ἐκποδὼν ἄπειμι κἀποστήσομαι
θυμῷ ζέοντι Θρῃκὶ δυσμαχωτάτῳ.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὤμοι ἐγώ, πᾷ βῶ,
πᾷ στῶ, πᾷ κέλσω ;
τετράποδος βάσιν θηρὸς ὀρεστέρου
τιθέμενος ἐπὶ χεῖρα κατ' ἴχνος ; ποιαν,
ἢ ταύταν ἢ τάνδ'
ἐξαλλάξω, τὰς
ἀνδροφόνους μάρψαι
χρῄζων Ἰλιάδας, αἵ με διώλεσαν ;
τάλαιναι κόραι τάλαιναι Φρυγῶν,
ὦ κατάρατοι,
ποῖ καί με φυγᾷ πτώσσουσι μυχῶν ;
εἴθε μοι ὀμμάτων αἱματόεν βλέφαρον
ἀκέσσαιο τυφλὸν ἀκέσσαι', Ἅλιε,
φέγγος ἀπαλλάξας.
ἆ ἆ,
σίγα· κρυπτὰν βάσιν αἰσθάνομαι
τάνδε γυναικῶν. πᾷ πόδ' ἐπᾴξας
σαρκῶν ὀστέων τ' ἐμπλησθῶ,
θοίναν ἀγρίων τιθέμενος θηρῶν,
ἀρνύμενος λώβαν

CHORUS

Hast smitten?—overcome thy Thracian guest,
Lady?—hast done the deed thou threatenedst?

HECUBA

Him shalt thou straightway see before the tents,
Blind, pacing with blind aimless-stumbling feet,
And his two children's corpses, whom I slew
With Trojan heroines' help: now hath he paid me
The vengeance-dues. There comes he forth, thou seest.
I from his path will step; the seething rage
Of yonder Thracian monster will I shun.

Enter POLYMESTOR.

POLYMESTOR

Ah me, whitherward shall I go?—where stand?
Where find me a mooring-place?
Must I prowl on their track with foot and with hand
As a mountain-beast should pace?
Or to this side or that shall I turn me, for vengeance pursuing [mine undoing?
The slaughterous hags of Troy which have wrought
Foul daughters of Phrygia, murderesses
Accursèd, in what deep-hidden recesses
Are ye cowering in flight?
O couldst thou but heal these eye-pits gory—
O couldst thou but heal the blind, and restore me,
O sun, thy light!
Hist—hist—their stealthy footfalls creep—
I hear them—whither shall this foot leap,
That their flesh and their bones I may gorge, and may slake me
With their blood, and a banquet of wild beasts make me,
Requiting their outrage well

λύμας ἀντίποιν' ἐμᾶς; ὢ τάλας,
ποῖ πᾷ φέρομαι τέκν' ἔρημα λιπὼν
Βάκχαις Ἅιδου διαμοιρᾶσαι,
σφακτὰν κυσί τε φονίαν δαῖτ' ἀνήμερον
οὐρείαν τ' ἐκβολάν;
πᾷ στῶ, πᾷ κάμψω, πᾷ βῶ,
ναῦς ὅπως ποντίοις πείσμασι, λινόκροκον
φᾶρος στέλλων, ἐπὶ τάνδε συθεὶς
τέκνων ἐμῶν φύλαξ
ὀλέθριον κοίταν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλῆμον, ὥς σοι δύσφορ' εἴργασται κακά·
δράσαντι δ' αἰσχρὰ δεινὰ τἀπιτίμια
δαίμων ἔδωκεν ὅστις ἐστί σοι βαρύς.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

αἰαῖ, ἰὼ Θρῄκης
λογχοφόρον ἔνοπλον εὔιππον Ἄ-
ρει κάτοχον γένος.
ἰὼ Ἀχαιοί, ἰὼ Ἀτρεῖδαι.
βοὰν βοὰν αὐτῶ, βοάν·
ἴτε, μόλετε πρὸς θεῶν.
κλύει τις ἢ οὐδεὶς ἀρκέσει; τί μέλλετε;
γυναῖκες ὤλεσάν με,
γυναῖκες αἰχμαλωτίδες·
δεινὰ δεινὰ πεπόνθαμεν.
ὤμοι ἐμᾶς λώβας.
ποῖ τράπωμαι, ποῖ πορευθῶ;
ἀμπτάμενος οὐράνιον
ὑψιπετὲς εἰς μέλαθρον, Ὠρίων
ἢ Σείριος ἔνθα πυρὸς φλογέας ἀφίη-
σιν ὄσσων αὐγάς, ἢ τὸν Ἅιδα
μελανόχρωτα πορθμὸν ᾄξω τάλας;

With grimmer revenge ?—Woe ! where am I
borne
Forsaking my fenceless babes to be torn
Of the bacchanals of hell, [prey
Butchered and cast away for the dogs' blood-boultered
On a desolate mountain-fell ? [rest ?
Ah, where shall I stand ?—whither go ?—where
As a ship furls sail that hath havenward pressed,
I would dart into that death-haunted lair,
I would shroud my babes in my linen vest,
I would guard them there !

CHORUS

Wretch ! wreaked on thee are ills intolerable :
Foul deeds thou didst, and awful penalty
A God hath laid on thee with heavy hand.

POLYMESTOR

What ho ! spear-brandishers, nation arrayed in warrior's
weed ! [gallant steed !
Thracians possessed of the War-god, lords of the
What ho, ye Achaeans !—Atreus' seed !
Rescue ! Rescue ! I raise the cry.
O come, in the name of the Gods draw
nigh ! [help me nor heed ?
Hears any man ?—wherefore delay ?—will no man
Of women undone, destroyed, am I—
The women of Troy's captivity. [deed !
Horrors are wrought on me—horrors ! Woe for the felon
Whitherward shall I turn me ? Whither-
ward fare ? [to the mansions of air,
Shall I leap as on wings to the height of the heaven,
To Orion or Sirius, fearful-gleaming
With the burning flames from his eyes out-
streaming, [gorge in despair ?
Or plunge to the blackness of darkness, to Hades'

ΧΟΡΟΣ

συγγνώσθ', ὅταν τις κρείσσον' ἢ φέρειν κακὰ
πάθῃ, ταλαίνης ἐξαπαλλάξαι ζόης.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

κραυγῆς ἀκούσας ἦλθον· οὐ γὰρ ἥσυχος
πέτρας ὀρείας παῖς λέλακ' ἀνὰ στρατὸν
'Ηχὼ διδοῦσα θόρυβον· εἰ δὲ μὴ Φρυγῶν
πύργους πεσόντας ᾖσμεν Ἑλλήνων δορί,
φόβον παρέσχεν οὐ μέσως ὅδε κτύπος.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὦ φίλτατ', ᾐσθόμην γάρ, 'Αγάμεμνον, σέθεν
φωνῆς ἀκούσας, εἰσορᾷς ἃ πάσχομεν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔα·
Πολυμῆστορ ὦ δύστηνε, τίς σ' ἀπώλεσε ;
τίς ὄμμ' ἔθηκε τυφλὸν αἱμάξας κόρας,
παῖδάς τε τούσδ' ἔκτεινεν ; ἦ μέγαν χόλον
σοὶ καὶ τέκνοισιν εἶχεν ὅστις ἦν ἄρα.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

Ἑκάβη με σὺν γυναιξὶν αἰχμαλωτίσιν
ἀπώλεσ', οὐκ ἀπώλεσ', ἀλλὰ μειζόνως.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί φής ; σὺ τοὔργον εἴργασαι τόδ', ὡς λέγει ;
σὺ τόλμαν, Ἑκάβη, τήνδ' ἔτλης ἀμήχανον ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὤμοι, τί λέξεις ; ἦ γὰρ ἐγγύς ἐστί που ;
σήμηνον, εἰπὲ ποῦ 'σθ', ἵν' ἁρπάσας χεροῖν
διασπάσωμαι καὶ καθαιμάξω χρόα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὗτος, τί πάσχεις ;

CHORUS

Small blame, if he which suffereth heavier woes
Than man may bear, should flee his wretched life.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON

Hearing a shout I came; for in no whispers
The mountain-rock's child Echo through the host
Cried, waking tumult. Knew we not the towers
Of Phrygia by the spear of Greeks had fallen,
No little panic had this clangour roused.

POLYMESTOR

Dear friend—for, Agamemnon, 'tis thy voice
I hear and know—seest thou what I endure?

AGAMEMNON

Ha, wretched Polymestor, who hath marred thee?
Who dashed with blood thine eyes, and blinded thee?—
Slew these thy sons? Sooth, against thee and thine
Grim was his fury, whosoe'er it was.

POLYMESTOR

Hecuba, with the captive woman-throng,
Destroyed me—nay, destroyed not—O, far worse!

AGAMEMNON

What say'st thou? Thine the deed, as he hath said?
Thou, Hecuba, dare this thing impossible!

POLYMESTOR

Ha! what say'st thou?—and is she nigh me now?
Tell where is she, that I may in mine hands
Clutch her and rend, and bathe her flesh in blood.

AGAMEMNON (*holding him back*)

Ho thou, what ails thee?

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

πρὸς θεῶν σε λίσσομαι,
μέθες μ' ἐφεῖναι τῇδε μαργῶσαν χέρα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἴσχ'· ἐκβαλὼν δὲ καρδίας τὸ βάρβαρον
λέγ', ὡς ἀκούσας σοῦ τε τῆσδέ τ' ἐν μέρει
κρίνω δικαίως ἀνθ' ὅτου πάσχεις τάδε.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

λέγοιμ' ἄν. ἦν τις Πριαμιδῶν νεώτατος,
Πολύδωρος, Ἑκάβης παῖς, ὃν ἐκ Τροίας ἐμοὶ
πατὴρ δίδωσι Πρίαμος ἐν δόμοις τρέφειν,
ὕποπτος ὢν δὴ Τρωικῆς ἁλώσεως.
τοῦτον κατέκτειν'· ἀνθ' ὅτου δ' ἔκτεινά νιν
ἄκουσον, ὡς εὖ καὶ σοφῇ προμηθίᾳ.
ἔδεισα μὴ σοὶ πολέμιος λειφθεὶς ὁ παῖς
Τροίαν ἀθροίσῃ καὶ ξυνοικίσῃ πάλιν,
γνόντες δ' Ἀχαιοὶ ζῶντα Πριαμιδῶν τινα
Φρυγῶν ἐς αἶαν αὖθις ἄρειαν στόλον,
κἄπειτα Θρῄκης πεδία τρίβοιεν τάδε
λεηλατοῦντες, γείτοσιν δ' εἴη κακὸν
Τρώων, ἐν ᾧπερ νῦν, ἄναξ, ἐκάμνομεν.
Ἑκάβη δὲ παιδὸς γνοῦσα θανάσιμον μόρον
λόγῳ με τοιῷδ' ἤγαγ', ὡς κεκρυμμένας
θήκας φράσουσα Πριαμιδῶν ἐν Ἰλίῳ
χρυσοῦ· μόνον δὲ σὺν τέκνοισί μ' εἰσάγει
δόμους, ἵν' ἄλλος μή τις εἰδείη τάδε.
ἵζω δὲ κλίνης ἐν μέσῳ κάμψας γόνυ·
πολλαὶ δὲ χειρὸς αἱ μὲν ἐξ ἀριστερᾶς,
αἱ δ' ἔνθεν, ὡς δὴ παρὰ φίλῳ, Τρώων κόραι
θάκους ἔχουσαι, κερκίδ' Ἠδωνῆς χερὸς
ᾔνουν, ὑπ' αὐγὰς τούσδε λεύσσουσαι πέπλους·
ἄλλαι δὲ κάμακα Θρῃκίαν θεώμεναι

POLYMESTOR

By the Gods I pray thee,
Unhand me—loose my frenzied hand on her!

AGAMEMNON

Forbear: cast out the savage from thine heart.
Speak, let me hear first thee, then her, and judge
Justly for what cause thus thou sufferest.

POLYMESTOR

I speak: of Priam's house was one, the youngest,
Polydorus, Hecuba's child, whom his sire sent
From Troy to me, to nurture in mine halls,
Misdoubting, ye may guess, the fall of Troy.
Him slew I. For what cause I slew him, hear:—
Mark how I dealt well, wisely, prudently:—
I feared their son might, left alive thy foe,
Gather Troy's remnant and repeople her,
And, hearing how a Priamid lived, Achaea
To Phrygia-land again should bring her host;
Then should they trample down these plains of Thrace
In foray, and the ills that wasted us
But now, O king, should on Troy's neighbours fall.
And Hecuba, being ware of her son's death,
With this tale lured me, that she would reveal
Hid treasuries of gold of Priam's line
In Troy. Me only with my sons she leads
Within the tents, that none beside might know.
Bowing the knee there sat I in their midst;
While, on my left hand some, some on the right,
As by a friend, forsooth, Troy's daughters sat
Many: the web of our Edonian loom
Praised they, uplifting to the light my cloak;
And some my Thracian lance admiring took,

γυμνόν μ' ἔθηκαν διπτύχου στολίσματος.
ὅσαι δὲ τοκάδες ἦσαν, ἐκπαγλούμεναι
τέκν' ἐν χεροῖν ἔπαλλον, ὡς πρόσω πατρὸς
γένοιντο, διαδοχαῖς ἀμείβουσαι χερῶν.
κᾆτ' ἐκ γαληνῶν—πῶς δοκεῖς;—προσφθεγμάτων
εὐθὺς λαβοῦσαι φάσγαν' ἐκ πέπλων ποθὲν
κεντοῦσι παῖδας, αἱ δὲ πολεμίων δίκην
ξυναρπάσασαι τὰς ἐμὰς εἶχον χέρας
καὶ κῶλα· παισὶ δ' ἀρκέσαι χρῄζων ἐμοῖς,
εἰ μὲν πρόσωπον ἐξανισταίην ἐμόν,
κόμης κατεῖχον, εἰ δὲ κινοίην χέρας,
πλήθει γυναικῶν οὐδὲν ἤνυον τάλας.
τὸ λοίσθιον δέ, πῆμα πήματος πλέον,
ἐξειργάσαντο δείν'· ἐμῶν γὰρ ὀμμάτων,
πόρπας λαβοῦσαι, τὰς ταλαιπώρους κόρας
κεντοῦσιν, αἱμάσσουσιν· εἶτ' ἀνὰ στέγας
φυγάδες ἔβησαν· ἐκ δὲ πηδήσας ἐγὼ
θὴρ ὣς διώκω τὰς μιαιφόνους κύνας,
ἅπαντ' ἐρευνῶν τοῖχον ὡς κυνηγέτης,
βάλλων, ἀράσσων. τοιάδε σπεύδων χάριν
πέπονθα τὴν σὴν πολέμιόν τε σὸν κτανών,
Ἀγάμεμνον. ὡς δὲ μὴ μακροὺς τείνω λόγους,
εἴ τις γυναῖκας τῶν πρὶν εἴρηκεν κακῶς
ἢ νῦν λέγων ἔστιν τις ἢ μέλλει λέγειν,
ἅπαντα ταῦτα συντεμὼν ἐγὼ φράσω·
γένος γὰρ οὔτε πόντος οὔτε γῆ τρέφει
τοιόνδ', ὁ δ' ἀεὶ ξυντυχὼν ἐπίσταται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μηδὲν θρασύνου, μηδὲ τοῖς σαυτοῦ κακοῖς
τὸ θῆλυ συνθεὶς ὧδε πᾶν μέμψῃ γένος·
πολλαὶ γὰρ ἡμῶν, αἱ μὲν οὐκ[1] ἐπίφθονοι,
αἱ δ' εἰς ἀριθμὸν τῶν κακῶν πεφύκαμεν.

[1] Beck: for εἰσ' of MSS.

And stripped me so alike of spear and shield.
As many as were mothers, loud in praise
Dandled my babes, that from their sire afar
They might be borne, from hand to hand passed on.
Then, after such smooth speech,—couldst thou believe?—
Suddenly snatching daggers from their robes,
They stab my sons; and others all as one
In foemen's fashion gripped mine hands and feet,
And held: and, when I fain would aid my sons,
If I essayed to raise my face, by the hair
They held me down: if I would move mine hands,
For the host of women—wretch!—I nought prevailed.
And last—O outrage than all outrage worse!—
A hideous deed they wrought; their brooch-pins
They grasp, these wretched eyeballs of mine eyes
They stab, they flood with gore. Then through the tents
Fleeing they went. Up from the earth I leapt,
And like a wild-beast chased the blood-stained hounds,
Groping o'er all the wall, like tracking huntsman,
Smiting and battering. All for my zeal's sake
For thee, I suffered this, who slew thy foe,
Agamemnon. Wherefore needeth many words?
Whoso ere now hath spoken ill of women,
Or speaketh now, or shall hereafter speak,
All this in one word will I close and say:—
Nor sea nor land doth nurture such a breed:
He knoweth, who hath converse with them most.

CHORUS

Be nowise reckless, nor, for thine own ills,
Include in this thy curse all womankind.
For some, yea many of us, deserve no blame,
Though some by vice of blood count midst the bad.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

Ἀγάμεμνον, ἀνθρώποισιν οὐκ ἐχρῆν ποτε
τῶν πραγμάτων τὴν γλῶσσαν ἰσχύειν πλέον·
ἀλλ' εἴτε χρήστ' ἔδρασε, χρήστ' ἔδει λέγειν,
εἴτ' αὖ πονηρά, τοὺς λόγους εἶναι σαθρούς,
καὶ μὴ δύνασθαι τἄδικ' εὖ λέγειν ποτέ.
σοφοὶ μὲν οὖν εἰσ' οἱ τάδ' ἠκριβωκότες,
ἀλλ' οὐ δύναιντ' ἂν διὰ τέλους εἶναι σοφοί,
κακῶς δ' ἀπώλοντ'· οὔτις ἐξήλυξέ πω.
καί μοι τὸ μὲν σὸν ὧδε φροιμίοις ἔχει·
πρὸς τόνδε δ' εἶμι, καὶ λόγοις ἀμείψομαι,
ὃς φὴς Ἀχαιῶν πόνον ἀπαλλάσσων διπλοῦν
Ἀγαμέμνονός θ' ἕκατι παῖδ' ἐμὸν κτανεῖν.
ἀλλ', ὦ κάκιστε, πρῶτα ποῦ ποτ' ἂν φίλον
τὸ βάρβαρον γένοιτ' ἂν Ἕλλησιν γένος;
οὐδ' ἂν δύναιτο· τίνα δὲ καὶ σπεύδων χάριν
πρόθυμος ἦσθα; πότερα κηδεύσων τινά,
ἢ ξυγγενὴς ὤν, ἢ τίν' αἰτίαν ἔχων;
ἢ σῆς ἔμελλον γῆς τεμεῖν βλαστήματα
πλεύσαντες αὖθις; τίνα δοκεῖς πείσειν τάδε;
ὁ χρυσός, εἰ βούλοιο τἀληθῆ λέγειν,
ἔκτεινε τὸν ἐμὸν παῖδα καὶ κέρδη τὰ σά.
ἐπεὶ δίδαξον τοῦτο· πῶς, ὅτ' ηὐτύχει
Τροία, πέριξ δὲ πύργος εἶχ' ἔτι πτόλιν,
ἔζη τε Πρίαμος Ἕκτορός τ' ἤνθει δόρυ,
τί δ' οὐ τότ', εἴπερ τῷδ' ἐβουλήθης χάριν
θέσθαι, τρέφων τὸν παῖδα κἀν δόμοις ἔχων
ἔκτεινας, ἢ ζῶντ' ἦλθες Ἀργείοις ἄγων;
ἀλλ' ἡνίχ' ἡμεῖς οὐκέτ' ἐσμὲν ἐν φάει,
καπνῷ δ' ἐσήμην' ἄστυ πολεμίων ὕπο,
ξένον κατέκτας σὴν μολόντ' ἐφ' ἑστίαν.
πρὸς τοῖσδε νῦν ἄκουσον ὡς φανῇς κακος.

HECUBA

Agamemnon, never should this thing have been,
That words with men should more avail than deeds;
But good deeds should with reasonings good be paired,
And baseless plea be ranged by caitiff deed,
And ne'er avail to gloze injustice o'er.
There be whose craft such art hath perfected;
Yet cannot they be cunning to the end:
Foully they perish: never one hath 'scaped.
Such prelude hath my speech as touching thee.
Now with plea answering plea to him I turn:—
To spare the Greeks, say'st thou, a twice-toiled task,
For Agamemnon's sake thou slew'st my son.
Villain of villains, when, when could thy race,
Thy brute race, be a friend unto the Greeks?
Never. And, prithee, whence this fervent zeal
To serve his cause?—didst look to wed his daughter?
Art of his kin?—or what thy private end?
Or were they like to sail again and waste
Thy crops? Whom think'st thou to convince hereby?
That gold—hadst thou the will to tell the truth—
Murdered my son: that, and thy greed of gain.
For, answer: why, when all went well with Troy,
When yet her ramparts girt the city round,
And Priam lived, and triumphed Hector's spear,
Why not then, if thou fain wouldst earn kings' thanks,
When in mine halls ye had my son and fostered,
Slay him, or living bring him to the Greeks?
But, soon as in the light we walked no more,
And the smoke's token proved our town the foe's,
Thou slew'st the guest that came unto thine hearth.
Nay more, hear now how thou art villain proved:

χρῆν σ', εἴπερ ἦσθα τοῖς 'Αχαιοῖσιν φίλος,
τὸν χρυσὸν ὃν φῂς οὐ σὸν ἀλλὰ τοῦδ' ἔχειν,
δοῦναι φέροντα πενομένοις τε καὶ χρόνον
πολὺν πατρῴας γῆς ἀπεξενωμένοις·
σὺ δ' οὐδὲ νῦν πω σῆς ἀπαλλάξαι χερὸς
τολμᾷς, ἔχων δὲ καρτερεῖς ἔτ' ἐν δόμοις.
καὶ μὴν τρέφων μὲν ὥς σε παῖδ' ἐχρῆν τρέφειν
σώσας τε τὸν ἐμόν, εἶχες ἂν καλὸν κλέος·
ἐν τοῖς κακοῖς γὰρ ἀγαθοὶ σαφέστατοι
φίλοι· τὰ χρηστὰ δ' αὔθ' ἕκαστ' ἔχει φίλους.
εἰ δ' ἐσπάνιζες χρημάτων, ὁ δ' ηὐτύχει,
θησαυρὸς ἄν σοι παῖς ὑπῆρχ' οὑμὸς μέγας·
νῦν δ' οὔτ' ἐκεῖνον ἄνδρ' ἔχεις σαυτῷ φίλον,
χρυσοῦ τ' ὄνησις οἴχεται παῖδές τε σοί,
αὐτός τε πράσσεις ὧδε. σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ λέγω,
'Αγάμεμνον, εἰ τῷδ' ἀρκέσεις, κακὸς φανεῖ·
οὔτ' εὐσεβῆ γὰρ οὔτε πιστὸν οἷς ἐχρῆν,
οὐχ ὅσιον, οὐ δίκαιον εὖ δράσεις ξένον·
αὐτὸν δὲ χαίρειν τοῖς κακοῖς σὲ φήσομεν
τοιοῦτον ὄντα· δεσπότας δ' οὐ λοιδορῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· βροτοῖσιν ὡς τὰ χρηστὰ πράγματα
χρηστῶν ἀφορμὰς ἐνδίδωσ' ἀεὶ λόγων.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἀχθεινὰ μέν μοι τἀλλότρια κρίνειν κακά,
ὅμως δ' ἀνάγκη· καὶ γὰρ αἰσχύνην φέρει,
πρᾶγμ' ἐς χέρας λαβόντ' ἀπώσασθαι τόδε.
ἐμοὶ δ', ἵν' εἰδῇς, οὔτ' ἐμὴν δοκεῖς χάριν
οὔτ' οὖν 'Αχαιῶν ἄνδρ' ἀποκτεῖναι ξένον,
ἀλλ' ὡς ἔχῃς τὸν χρυσὸν ἐν δόμοισι σοῖς.
λέγεις δὲ σαυτῷ πρόσφορ' ἐν κακοῖσιν ὤν.

Thou oughtest, if thou wert the Achaeans' friend,
Have brought the gold thou dar'st not call thine own,
But for him held in trust, to these impoverished
And long time exiled from their fatherland.
But thou not yet canst ope thine heart to unclose
Thy grip; thy miser-clutch keeps it at home.
Yet hadst thou, as behoved thee, reared my son
And saved alive, thine had been fair renown.
For in adversity the good are friends
Most true: prosperity hath friends unsought.
Hadst thou lacked money, and his lot been fair,
A treasury deep my son had been to thee:
But now thou hast not him unto thy friend;
Gone is the gold's avail, thy sons are gone,—
And this thy plight! Now unto thee I say,
Agamemnon, if thou help him, base thou showest.
The godless, false to whom he owed fair faith,
The impious host unrighteous shalt thou comfort.
Thou joyest in the wicked, shall we say,
So doing—but I rail not on my lords.

CHORUS

Lo, how the good cause giveth evermore
To men occasion for good argument.

AGAMEMNON

It likes me not to judge on others' wrongs;
Yet needs I must, for shame it were to take
This cause into mine hands, and then thrust by.
But,—wouldst thou know my thought,—not for my sake,
Nor the Achaeans', didst thou slay thy guest,
But even to keep that gold within thine halls.
In this ill plight thou speak'st to serve thine ends.

τάχ' οὖν παρ' ὑμῖν ῥᾴδιον ξενοκτονεῖν·
ἡμῖν δέ γ' αἰσχρὸν τοῖσιν Ἕλλησιν τόδε.
πῶς οὖν σε κρίνας μὴ ἀδικεῖν φύγω ψόγον;
οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην. ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ τὰ μὴ καλὰ
πράσσειν ἐτόλμας, τλῆθι καὶ τὰ μὴ φίλα.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οἴμοι, γυναικός, ὡς ἔοιχ', ἡσσώμενος
δούλης ὑφέξω τοῖς κακίοσιν δίκην.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὔκουν δικαίως, εἴπερ εἰργάσω κακά;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οἴμοι τέκνων τῶνδ' ὀμμάτων τ' ἐμῶν, τάλας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀλγεῖς; τί δ' ἡμᾶς; παιδὸς οὐκ ἀλγεῖν δοκεῖς;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

χαίρεις ὑβρίζουσ' εἰς ἔμ', ὦ πανοῦργε σύ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ γάρ με χαίρειν χρή σε τιμωρουμένην;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἀλλ' οὐ τάχ', ἡνίκ' ἄν σε ποντία νοτὶς—

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μῶν ναυστολήσῃ γῆς ὅρους Ἑλληνίδος;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κρύψῃ μὲν οὖν πεσοῦσαν ἐκ καρχησίων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πρὸς τοῦ βιαίων τυγχάνουσαν ἁλμάτων;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

αὐτὴ πρὸς ἱστὸν ναὸς ἀμβήσει ποδί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὑποπτέροις νώτοισιν ἢ ποίῳ τρόπῳ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κύων γενήσει πύρσ' ἔχουσα δέργματα.

Haply with you guest-murder is as nought,
But to us which be Greeks foul shame is this.
How can I uncondemned adjudge thee guiltless?
I cannot. Forasmuch as thou hast dared
To do foul deeds, even drain thy bitter cup.

POLYMESTOR

Woe's me!—by a woman-slave o'ercome, meseems,
'Neath vengeance of the viler must I bow!

HECUBA

Is it not just, if thou hast vileness wrought?

POLYMESTOR

Woe for my babes and for mine eyes!—ah wretch!

HECUBA

Griev'st thou?—and I?—dost deem my son's loss sweet?

POLYMESTOR

Thou joyest triumphing over me, thou fiend!

HECUBA

Should I not joy for vengeance upon thee?

POLYMESTOR

Ah, soon thou shalt not, when the outsea surge—

HECUBA

Shall bear me to the coasts of Hellas-land?

POLYMESTOR

Nay, but shall whelm thee fallen from the mast.

HECUBA

Yea?—forced of whom to take the leap of death?

POLYMESTOR

Thyself shalt climb the ship's mast with thy feet.

HECUBA

So?—and with shoulders winged, or in what guise?

POLYMESTOR

A dog with fire-red eyes shalt thou become.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πῶς δ' οἶσθα μορφῆς τῆς ἐμῆς μετάστασιν;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὁ Θρῃξὶ μάντις εἶπε Διόνυσος τάδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σοὶ δ' οὐκ ἔχρησεν οὐδὲν ὧν ἔχεις κακῶν;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἂν σύ μ' εἷλες ὧδε σὺν δόλῳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

θανοῦσα δ' ἢ ζῶσ' ἐνθάδ' ἐκπλήσω βίον;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

θανοῦσα· τύμβῳ δ' ὄνομα σῷ κεκλήσεται—

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μορφῆς ἐπῳδόν, ἢ τί, τῆς ἐμῆς ἐρεῖς;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κυνὸς ταλαίνης σῆμα, ναυτίλοις τέκμαρ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐδὲν μέλει μοι σοῦ γέ μοι δόντος δίκην.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὶ σήν γ' ἀνάγκη παῖδα Κασάνδραν θανεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀπέπτυσ'· αὐτῷ ταῦτα σοὶ δίδωμ' ἔχειν.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κτενεῖ νιν ἡ τοῦδ' ἄλοχος, οἰκουρὸς πικρά.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μήπω μανείη Τυνδαρὶς τοσόνδε παῖς.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὐτόν σε τοῦτον, πέλεκυν ἐξάρασ' ἄνω.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὗτος σύ, μαίνει, καὶ κακῶν ἐρᾷς τυχεῖν;

HECUBA

How know'st thou of the changing of my shape?

POLYMESTOR

This Dionysus told, the Thracian seer.

HECUBA

But nought foretold to thee of these thine ills?

POLYMESTOR

Nay: else with guile thou ne'er hadst trapped me thus.

HECUBA

There shall I die, or live my full life out?

POLYMESTOR

Die shalt thou: and thy grave shall bear a name—

HECUBA

Accordant to my shape?—or what wilt say?

POLYMESTOR

The wretched Dog's Grave, sign to seafarers.

HECUBA

Nought reck I, seeing thou hast felt my vengeance.

POLYMESTOR

Yea, and thy child Cassandra too must die.

HECUBA

A scorn and spitting!—back on thee I hurl it.

POLYMESTOR

Slay her shall this king's wife, a houseward grim.

HECUBA

Never so mad may Tyndareus' daughter be!

POLYMESTOR

Yea—slay him too, upswinging high the axe.

AGAMEMNON

Ho, fellow, ravest thou? Dost court thy bane?

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κτεῖν', ὡς ἐν Ἄργει φόνια λουτρά σ' ἀμμένει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐχ ἕλξετ' αὐτόν, δμῶες, ἐκποδὼν βίᾳ ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἀλγεῖς ἀκούων ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐκ ἐφέξετε στόμα ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἐγκλῄετ'· εἴρηται γάρ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐχ ὅσον τάχος
νήσων ἐρήμων αὐτὸν ἐκβαλεῖτέ που,
ἐπείπερ οὕτω καὶ λίαν θρασυστομεῖ ;
Ἑκάβη, σὺ δ', ὦ τάλαινα, διπτύχους νεκροὺς
στείχουσα θάπτε· δεσποτῶν δ' ὑμᾶς χρεὼν
σκηναῖς πελάζειν, Τρῳάδες· καὶ γὰρ πνοὰς
πρὸς οἶκον ἤδη τάσδε πομπίμους ὁρῶ.
εὖ δ' ἐς πάτραν πλεύσαιμεν, εὖ δὲ τὰν δόμοις
ἔχοντ' ἴδοιμεν τῶνδ' ἀφειμένοι πόνων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἴτε πρὸς λιμένας σκηνάς τε, φίλαι,
τῶν δεσποσύνων πειρασόμεναι
μόχθων· στερρὰ γὰρ ἀνάγκη.

POLYMESTOR

Slay on : a bath of blood in Argos waits thee.

AGAMEMNON

Haste, henchmen, hale him from my sight perforce.

POLYMESTOR

Art galled to hear?

AGAMEMNON

Set curb upon his mouth !

POLYMESTOR

Ay, gag : my say is said.

AGAMEMNON

Make speed, make speed,
And on some desert island cast him forth,
Seeing his bold mouth's insolence passeth thus.
Hecuba, hapless, fare thou on, entomb
Thy corpses twain. Draw near, ye dames of Troy,
To your lords' tents, for I discern a breeze
Upspringing, home to waft us, even now.
Fair voyage be ours to Hellas, fair the plight
Wherein, from these toils freed, we find our homes.

CHORUS

To the tents, O friends, to the haven fare ;
The yoke of thraldom our necks must bear.
Fate knows not pity, fate will not spare.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.

THE

DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ARGUMENT

WHEN *Troy was taken by the Greeks, the princesses of the House of Priam were apportioned by lot to the several chiefs of the host. But Polyxena they doomed to be sacrificed on Achilles' tomb, and Astyanax, the son of Hector and Andromache, they hurled from a high tower. And herein is told how all this befell; and beside there is naught else save the lamentations of these Daughters of Troy, till the city is set aflame, and the captives are driven down to the sea.*

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ
ΑΘΗΝΑ
ΕΚΑΒΗ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΙΧΜΑΛΩΤΙΔΩΝ ΤΡΩΙΑΔΩΝ
ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ
ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ΕΛΕΝΗ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

POSEIDON, *the God of the Sea.*

ATHENA, *a Goddess.*

HECUBA, *wife of Priam, King of Troy.*

TALTHYBIUS, *herald of the host of Hellas.*

CASSANDRA, *daughter of Hecuba, the prophetess whose doom was to be believed by none.*

ANDROMACHE, *wife of Hector, mother of Astyanax.*

MENELAUS, *king of Sparta, brother of Agamemnon.*

HELEN, *wife of Menelaus.*

CHORUS, *consisting of captive Trojan women.*

Astyanax, infant son of Hector; guards, soldiers, attendants.

SCENE: The Greek camp before Troy.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

Ἥκω λιπὼν Αἴγαιον ἁλμυρὸν βάθος
πόντου, Ποσειδῶν, ἔνθα Νηρῄδων χοροὶ
κάλλιστον ἴχνος ἐξελίσσουσιν ποδός.
ἐξ οὗ γὰρ ἀμφὶ τήνδε Τρωικὴν χθόνα
Φοῖβός τε κἀγὼ λαΐνους πύργους πέριξ
ὀρθοῖσιν ἔθεμεν κανόσιν, οὔποτ᾽ ἐκ φρενῶν
εὔνοι᾽ ἀπέστη τῶν ἐμῶν Φρυγῶν πόλει,
ἣ νῦν καπνοῦται καὶ πρὸς Ἀργείου δορὸς
ὄλωλε πορθηθεῖσ᾽. ὁ γὰρ Παρνάσιος
Φωκεὺς Ἐπειὸς μηχαναῖσι Παλλάδος
ἐγκύμον᾽ ἵππον τευχέων συναρμόσας
πύργων ἔπεμψεν ἐντός, ὀλέθριον βάρος·
ὅθεν πρὸς ἀνδρῶν ὑστέρων κεκλήσεται
δούρειος ἵππος, κρυπτὸν ἀμπισχὼν δόρυ.
ἔρημα δ᾽ ἄλση καὶ θεῶν ἀνάκτορα
φόνῳ καταρρεῖ· πρὸς δὲ κρηπίδων βάθροις
πέπτωκε Πρίαμος Ζηνὸς ἑρκείου θανών.
πολὺς δὲ χρυσὸς Φρύγιά τε σκυλεύματα
πρὸς ναῦς Ἀχαιῶν πέμπεται· μένουσι δὲ
πρύμνηθεν οὖρον, ὡς δεκασπόρῳ χρόνῳ
ἀλόχους τε καὶ τέκν᾽ εἰσίδωσιν ἄσμενοι,
οἳ τήνδ᾽ ἐπεστράτευσαν Ἕλληνες πόλιν.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA *discovered sleeping on the earth in front of a tent. Enter* POSEIDON.

POSEIDON

I come, Poseidon I, from briny depths
Of the Aegean Sea, where Nereids dance
In lovely-woven pacings of their feet.
For, since the day when round this Trojan land
Phoebus and I by line and plummet reared
Her towers of stone, from mine heart ne'er hath fled
Old lovingkindness for the Phrygians' city,
Smoke-shrouded now and wasted and brought low
By Argos' spear. For that Parnassian wright,
Phocian Epeius, by device of Pallas
Fashioned the horse whose womb was fraught with arms,
And sent within yon towers its ruin-load,
Whence of men yet unborn shall it be named
The Wooden Horse, enfolder of ambushed spears.
Forsaken are the groves: the shrines of Gods
With blood are dripping: on the altar-steps
Of City-warder Zeus lies Priam dead.
Measureless gold and Phrygian spoils pass down
Unto the ships Achaean. They but wait
A breeze fair-following, that in this tenth year
Children and wives with joy they may behold,
These Hellene men which marched against yon town.

ἐγὼ δέ, νικῶμαι γὰρ Ἀργείας θεᾶς
Ἥρας Ἀθάνας θ', αἳ συνεξεῖλον Φρύγας,
λείπω τὸ κλεινὸν Ἴλιον βωμούς τ' ἐμούς·
ἐρημία γὰρ πόλιν ὅταν λάβῃ κακή,
νοσεῖ τὰ τῶν θεῶν οὐδὲ τιμᾶσθαι θέλει.
πολλοῖς δὲ κωκυτοῖσιν αἰχμαλωτίδων
βοᾷ Σκάμανδρος δεσπότας κληρουμένων.
καὶ τὰς μὲν Ἀρκάς, τὰς δὲ Θεσσαλὸς λεὼς
εἴληχ' Ἀθηναίων τε Θησεῖδαι πρόμοι.
ὅσαι δ' ἄκληροι Τρῳάδων, ὑπὸ στέγαις
ταῖσδ' εἰσὶ τοῖς πρώτοισιν ἐξῃρημέναι
στρατοῦ, σὺν αὐταῖς δ' ἡ Λάκαινα Τυνδαρὶς
Ἑλένη, νομισθεῖσ' αἰχμάλωτος ἐνδίκως.
τὴν δ' ἀθλίαν τήνδ' εἴ τις εἰσορᾶν θέλει,
πάρεστιν Ἑκάβη κειμένη πυλῶν πάρος
δάκρυα χέουσα πολλὰ καὶ πολλῶν ὕπερ·
ᾗ παῖς μὲν ἀμφὶ μνῆμ' Ἀχιλλείου τάφου
λάθρα τέθνηκε τλημόνως Πολυξένη·
φροῦδος δὲ Πρίαμος καὶ τέκν'· ἣν δὲ παρθένον
μεθῆκ' Ἀπόλλων δρομάδα Κασάνδραν ἄναξ,
τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ τε παραλιπὼν τό τ' εὐσεβὲς
γαμεῖ βιαίως σκότιον Ἀγαμέμνων λέχος.
ἀλλ', ὦ ποτ' εὐτυχοῦσα, χαῖρέ μοι, πόλις
ξεστόν τε πύργωμ'· εἴ σε μὴ διώλεσε
Παλλὰς Διὸς παῖς, ἦσθ' ἂν ἐν βάθροις ἔτι.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἔξεστι τὸν γένει μὲν ἄγχιστον πατρὸς
μέγαν δὲ δαίμον' ἐν θεοῖς τε τίμιον
λύσασαν ἔχθραν τὴν πάρος προσεννέπειν;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἔξεστιν· αἱ γὰρ συγγενεῖς ὁμιλίαι,
ἄνασσ' Ἀθάνα, φίλτρον οὐ σμικρὸν φρενῶν.

I, overborne by Hera, Argos' Queen,
And by Athena, leagued for Phrygia's fall,
Ilium the glorious and mine altars leave.
For when grim desolation hath seized a town,
Blighted are worship and honour of the Gods.
With wails of captives multitudinous,
Marked for their lords by lot, Scamander moans:
Some have Arcadians won, Thessalians some,
Some fall to Athens' chieftains, Theseus' sons.
And all Troy's daughters not by lot assigned
Are 'neath these tents, for captains of the host
Set by: with these the Spartan, Tyndareus' child,
Helen, accounted captive righteously.
But, the utter-wretched if one craves to see,
There lieth Hecuba before the gates,
Down-raining many a tear for many woes,—
Yet knows not that her child Polyxena
Hath on Achilles' grave died piteously.
Priam, her sons, are gone: Cassandra—whom
Apollo left free virgin frenzy-driven,—
Shall Agamemnon force, his leman-slave,
Flouting the God's decree and righteousness.
O city prosperous once, O stone-hewn towers,
Farewell to you! Had Pallas, Zeus's child,
Not ruined thee, firm stablished wert thou yet!

Enter ATHENA.

ATHENA

Is it vouchsafed to bid the old feud truce,
And speak unto my father's nearest kin,
The mighty lord, honoured amongst the Gods?

POSEIDON

It is: for ties of kindred, Queen Athena,
Draw hearts with strong-constraining cords of love.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἐπῄνεσ' ὀργὰς ἠπίους· φέρω δὲ σοὶ
κοινοὺς ἐμαυτῇ τ' εἰς μέσον λόγους, ἄναξ.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

μῶν ἐκ θεῶν του καινὸν ἀγγελεῖς ἔπος,
ἢ Ζηνὸς ἢ καὶ δαιμόνων τινὸς πάρα;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

οὔκ, ἀλλὰ Τροίας εἵνεκ', ἔνθα βαίνομεν,
πρὸς σὴν ἀφῖγμαι δύναμιν, ὡς κοινὴν λάβω.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἦ πού νιν, ἔχθραν τὴν πρὶν ἐκβαλοῦσα, νῦν
εἰς οἶκτον ἦλθες πυρὶ κατῃθαλωμένης;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἐκεῖσε πρῶτ' ἄνελθε· κοινώσει λόγους
καὶ συνθελήσεις ἂν ἐγὼ πρᾶξαι θέλω;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

μάλιστ'· ἀτὰρ δὴ καὶ τὸ σὸν θέλω μαθεῖν·
πότερον Ἀχαιῶν ἦλθες εἵνεκ' ἢ Φρυγῶν;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

τοὺς μὲν πρὶν ἐχθροὺς Τρῶας εὐφρᾶναι θέλω,
στρατῷ δ' Ἀχαιῶν νόστον ἐμβαλεῖν πικρόν.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

τί δ' ὧδε πηδᾷς ἄλλοτ' εἰς ἄλλους τρόπους
μισεῖς τε λίαν καὶ φιλεῖς ὃν ἂν τύχῃς;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

οὐκ οἶσθ' ὑβρισθεῖσάν με καὶ ναοὺς ἐμούς;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

οἶδ', ἡνίκ' Αἴας εἷλκε Κασάνδραν βίᾳ.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

κοὐδέν γ' Ἀχαιῶν ἔπαθεν οὐδ' ἤκουσ' ὕπο.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

καὶ μὴν ἔπερσάν γ' Ἴλιον τῷ σῷ σθένει.

ATHENA

'Tis well, King—thy relenting. Lo, the words
I cast between us touch both thee and me.

POSEIDON

Ha! bringest thou some message from the Gods,
A word from Zeus, or from some Heavenly One?

ATHENA

Nay, for Troy's sake, upon whose soil we tread,
I seek thy might, to win thee mine ally.

POSEIDON

So?—hast thou cast out thine old enmity,
To pity her, now that she is burnt with fire?

ATHENA

Nay—my petition first—wilt join with me?
Wilt thou consent in that I fain would do?

POSEIDON

Yea verily: yet I fain would know thy will.
Com'st thou to help Achaean men or Phrygian?

ATHENA

Mine erstwhile foes the Trojans would I cheer,
And deal Achaea's host grim home-return.

POSEIDON

Yet why from mood to mood thus leapest thou,
In random sort bestowing hate and love?

ATHENA

Know'st not how I was outraged, and my shrine?

POSEIDON

I know—when Aias dragged Cassandra thence.

ATHENA

Unpunished of the Achaeans—unrebuked!

POSEIDON

Yea, though by thy might these laid Ilium low.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

τοιγάρ σφε σὺν σοὶ βούλομαι δρᾶσαι κακῶς.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἕτοιμ' ἃ βούλει τἀπ' ἐμοῦ. δράσεις δὲ τί;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

δύστηνον αὐτοῖς νόστον ἐμβαλεῖν θέλω.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἐν γῇ μενόντων ἢ καθ' ἁλμυρὰν ἅλα;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ὅταν πρὸς οἴκους ναυστολῶσ' ἀπ' Ἰλίου.
καὶ Ζεὺς μὲν ὄμβρον καὶ χάλαζαν ἄσπετον
πέμψει γνοφώδη τ' αἰθέρος φυσήματα,
ἐμοὶ δὲ δώσειν φησὶ πῦρ κεραύνιον,
βάλλειν Ἀχαιοὺς ναῦς τε πιμπράναι πυρί.
σὺ δ' αὖ τὸ σὸν παράσχες Αἴγαιον πόρον
τρικυμίαις βρέμοντα καὶ δίναις ἁλός,
πλῆσον δὲ νεκρῶν κοῖλον Εὐβοίας μυχόν,
ὡς ἂν τὸ λοιπὸν τἄμ' ἀνάκτορ' εὐσεβεῖν
εἰδῶσ' Ἀχαιοὶ θεούς τε τοὺς ἄλλους σέβειν.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἔσται τάδ'· ἡ χάρις γὰρ οὐ μακρῶν λόγων
δεῖται· ταράξω πέλαγος Αἰγαίας ἁλός.
ἀκταὶ δὲ Μυκόνου Δήλιοί τε χοιράδες
Σκῦρός τε Λῆμνός θ' αἱ Καφήρειοί τ' ἄκραι
πολλῶν θανόντων σώμαθ' ἕξουσιν νεκρῶν.
ἀλλ' ἕρπ' Ὄλυμπον καὶ κεραυνίους βολὰς
λαβοῦσα πατρὸς ἐκ χερῶν καραδόκει,
ὅταν στράτευμ' Ἀργεῖον ἐξιῇ κάλως.
μῶρος δὲ θνητῶν ὅστις ἐκπορθῶν[1] πόλεις,
ναούς τε τύμβους θ', ἱερὰ τῶν κεκμηκότων,
ἐρημίᾳ δοὺς αὐτὸς ὤλεθ' ὕστερον.

[1] Hartung and Tyrrell: for ἐκπορθεῖ of MSS.

ATHENA

Therefore with thine help would I work their scathe.

POSEIDON

Mine help awaits thy will. What wouldst thou do?

ATHENA

Deal them a home-return of evil speed.

POSEIDON

Ere they leave Troy, or on the briny sea?

ATHENA

When homeward-bound they sail from Ilium.
Then Zeus shall send forth rain unutterable,
And hail, and blackness of heaven's tempest-breath;
And to me promiseth his levin-flame
To smite the Achaeans and burn their ships with fire.
But thou—the Aegean sea-pass make thou roar
With mountain-surge and whirlpits of wild brine,
And thou with corpses choke Euboea's gulf;
That Greeks may learn henceforth to reverence
My temples, and to fear all Gods beside.

POSEIDON

This shall be: thy boon needs not many words.
The wide Aegean sea will I turmoil;
The shores of Myconos, the Delian reefs,
Scyros, and Lemnos, the Capherean cliffs
With many dead men's corpses shall be strewn.
Pass thou to Olympus; from thy father's hands
Receive the levin-bolts, and watch the hour
When Argos' host shall cast the hawsers loose.
Fool, that in sack of towns lays temples waste,
And tombs, the sanctuaries of the dead!
He, sowing desolation, reaps destruction. [*Exeunt.*

HECUBA *awaking, raises herself on her arm.*

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄνα δύσδαιμον πεδόθεν κεφαλήν, στρ. α'
ἐπάειρε δέρην· οὐκέτι Τροία
τάδε καὶ βασιλῆς ἐσμεν Τροίας.
μεταβαλλομένου δαίμονος ἀνέχου·
πλεῖ κατὰ πορθμόν, πλεῖ κατὰ δαίμονα,
μηδὲ προσίστω πρῷραν βιότου
πρὸς κῦμα πλέουσα τύχαισιν.
αἰαῖ αἰαῖ.
τί γὰρ οὐ πάρα μοι μελέᾳ στενάχειν,
ᾗ πατρὶς ἔρρει καὶ τέκνα καὶ πόσις ;
ὦ πολὺς ὄγκος συστελλόμενος
προγόνων, ὡς οὐδὲν ἄρ' ἦσθα.

τί με χρὴ σιγᾶν ; τί δὲ μὴ σιγᾶν ; ἀντ. α'
τί δὲ θρηνῆσαι ;
δύστηνος ἐγὼ τῆς βαρυδαίμονος
ἄρθρων κλίσεως, ὡς διάκειμαι,
νῶτ' ἐν στερροῖς λέκτροισι ταθεῖσ'.
οἴμοι κεφαλῆς, οἴμοι κροτάφων
πλευρῶν θ', ὥς μοι πόθος εἱλίξαι
καὶ διαδοῦναι νῶτον ἄκανθάν τ'
εἰς ἀμφοτέρους τοίχους, μελέων
ἐπὶ τοὺς αἰεὶ δακρύων ἐλέγους.
μοῦσα δὲ χαὔτη τοῖς δυστήνοις
ἄτας κελαδεῖν ἀχορεύτους.

πρῷραι ναῶν ὠκείαις στρ. β'
Ἴλιον ἱερὸν αἳ κώπαις
δι' ἅλα πορφυροειδέα καὶ λιμένας
Ἑλλάδος εὐόρμους
αὐλῶν παιᾶνι στυγνῷ
συρίγγων τ' εὐφθόγγων φωναῖς

HECUBA (*Str.* 1)

Uplift thou thine head, O fortune-accurst; from the earth upraise thy neck bowed low.
This ruin is not thy Troy, nor the lords are we now of Troy, and the fate-winds blow
Not as of old; thou must bear it, must drift with the stream, as the tides of Fortune flow.
Breast not with thy prow the surges of life, who on waves of disaster, alas! art tost.
What remaineth to me but the misery-moan, whose country, whose children, whose husband, are lost?
O proud-swelling sail of a kingly line reefed now!—how a thing but of nought thou wast!

(*Ant.* 1)

What shall I speak?—what leave unsaid?—woe's me for the couch of the evil-starred!
Lo, how I lie unrestfully stretched on the bed of calamity pitiless-hard!
Alas for mine head, for my throbbing brows, for mine heart in its aching prison barred!
I yearn to rock me and sway—as a bark whose bulwarks roll in the trough of the sea—
To my keening, the while I wail my chant of sorrow and weeping unceasingly,
The ruin-song never linked with the dance, the jangled music of misery.

Rises to her feet, and advances to front of stage.

O ship-prows rushing (*Str.* 2)
To Ilium, brushing
The purple-flushing sea with swift oars,
Till flutes loud-ringing,
Till pipes dread-singing
Proclaimed you swinging off Phrygian shores
On hawsers plaited

βαίνουσαι πλεκτάν, Αἰγύπτου
παίδευμ',[1] ἐξηρτήσασθ',
αἰαῖ, Τροίας ἐν κόλποις
τὰν Μενελάου μετανισσόμεναι
στυγνὰν ἄλοχον, Κάστορι λώβαν
τῷ τ' Εὐρώτᾳ δύσκλειαν,
ἃ σφάζει μὲν
τὸν πεντήκοντ' ἀροτῆρα τέκνων
Πρίαμον, ἐμέ τε μελέαν Ἑκάβαν
εἰς τάνδ' ἐξώκειλ' ἄταν.

ὤμοι θάκους οἵους θάσσω ἀντ. β'
σκηναῖς ἔφεδρος Ἀγαμεμνονίαις.
δούλα δ' ἄγομαι γραῦς ἐξ οἴκων,
κουρᾷ ξυρήκει πενθήρη
κρᾶτ' ἐκπορθηθεῖσ' οἰκτρῶς.
ἀλλ' ὦ τῶν χαλκεγχέων Τρώων
ἄλοχοι μέλεαι,[2] μέλεαι κοῦραι
καὶ δύσνυμφοι,
τύφεται Ἴλιον, αἰάζωμεν·
μάτηρ δ' ὡσεὶ πτανοῖς κλαγγὰν
ὄρνισιν ὅπως ἐξάρξω 'γὼ
μολπὰν οὐ τὰν αὐτὰν
οἵαν ποτὲ δὴ
σκήπτρῳ Πριάμου διερειδομενα
ποδὸς ἀρχεχόρου πλαγαῖς Φρυγίαις
εὐκόμποις ἐξῆρχον θεούς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

Ἑκάβη, τί θροεῖς; τί δὲ θωΰσσεις; στρ. γ
ποῖ λόγος ἥκει; διὰ γὰρ μελάθρων

[1] Tyrrell: for παιδείαν of MSS.
[2] Hermann: for καὶ κόραι of MSS.

By Nile—ships fated
To hunt the hated, the Spartan wife,
Castor's defaming,
Eurotas' shaming,
A Fury claiming King Priam's life!
Though sons he cherished
Fifty, he perished,
  His murderess she: and the misery-rife,
  Even me, hath she wrecked on the rocks of
      strife.

Woe for my session (*Ant.* 2)
Mid foes' oppression!
Woe, slave-procession! Woe, grey shorn head!
Come, wife grief-laden,
Come bride, come maiden,
O hearts once stayed on the brave hearts dead!
Wail we our yearning
O'er Ilium burning!—
As o'er nestlings turning to her sheltering wing
The mother screameth,
My song-flood streameth—
Not such, meseemeth, as wont to ring
When I beat time, raising
The Gods' sweet praising,
  And watched Troy's dances around me swing
  As I leaned on the sceptre of Priam my king.

Enter from the tents HALF-CHORUS *of captive Trojan women.*

HALF-CHORUS I (*Str.* 3)

Why call'st thou, Hecuba?—why dost thou cry?
  What mean thy words? The tents were filled

ἄιον οἴκτους οὓς οἰκτίζει.
διὰ δὲ στέρνων φόβος ἀίσσει
Τρῳάσιν, αἳ τῶνδ' οἴκων εἴσω
δουλείαν αἰάζουσιν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνον, Ἀργείων πρὸς ναῦς ἤδη
κινεῖται κωπήρης χείρ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἳ 'γὼ τλάμων, τί θέλουσ'; ἦ πού μ' ἤδη
ναυσθλώσουσιν πατρίας ἐκ γᾶς;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ οἶδ', εἰκάζω δ' ἄταν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἰὼ ἰώ.
μέλεαι μόχθων ἐπακουσόμεναι
Τρῳάδες, ἔξω κομίσασθ' οἴκων·
στέλλουσ' Ἀργεῖοι νόστον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἒ ἔ.
μή νύν μοι τὰν
ἐκβακχεύουσαν Κασάνδραν
πέμψητ' ἔξω,
αἰσχύναν Ἀργείοισιν,
μαινάδ', ἐπ' ἄλγει δ' ἀλγυνθῶ.
ἰώ
Τροία Τροία δυσταν, ἔρρεις,
δύστανοι δ' οἵ σ' ἐκλείποντες
καὶ ζῶντες καὶ δμαθέντες.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἴμοι. τρομερὰ σκηνὰς ἔλιπον ἀντ. γ΄
τάσδ' Ἀγαμέμνονος ἐπακουσομένα,

With this lament thou wailest woefully,
And fear through all hearts thrilled

Of Troy's sad daughters, who for thraldom wail,
In yon pavilions while we bide.

HECUBA

Child, child, the Argive hands with oar and sail
Are busy by the tide.

HALF-CHORUS 1

Ah me! what mean they? Will they straightway bear us
From fatherland far over sea?

HECUBA

I know not: I but bode the curse drawn near us,
The doom of misery.

HALF-CHORUS 1

Woe!—we shall hear the summons, "O ye daughters
Of Troy, from these pavilions come:
The Argives launch their keels upon the waters,
The sails are spread for home."

HECUBA

Alas! let none call forth the frenzy-driven
Cassandra, bacchant-prophetess,
For Argive lust to shame, lest there be given
Distress to my distress!
Troy, Troy, unhappy! down through depths of ruin
Thou sinkest!—ah, unhappy they,
Thy lost!—thy living pass to their undoing,
Thy dead have passed away.

Enter SECOND HALF-CHORUS.

HALF-CHORUS 2

Ah me! from Agamemnon's tents in dread (*Ant.* 3)
I come, to hearken, queen, to thee,

βασίλεια, σέθεν, μή με κτείνειν
δόξ᾽ Ἀργείων κεῖται μελέαν,
ἢ κατὰ πρύμνας ἤδη ναῦται
στέλλονται κινεῖν κώπας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνον, ὀρθρεύουσαν ψυχὰν
ἐκπληχθεῖσ᾽ ἦλθον φρίκᾳ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἤδη τις ἔβα Δαναῶν κῆρυξ ;
τῷ πρόσκειμαι δούλα τλάμων ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐγγύς που κεῖσαι κλήρου.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἰὼ ἰώ.
τίς μ᾽ Ἀργείων ἢ Φθιωτᾶν
ἢ νησαίαν μ᾽ ἄξει χώραν
δύστανον πόρσω Τροίας ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

φεῦ φεῦ.
τῷ δ᾽ ἁ τλάμων
ποῦ πᾷ γαίας δουλεύσω γραῦς,
ὡς κηφήν, ἁ
δειλαία νεκροῦ μορφά,
νεκύων ἀμενηνὸν ἄγαλμ᾽, ἢ
τὰν παρὰ προθύροις φυλακὰν κατέχουσ᾽,
ἢ παίδων θρέπτειρ᾽, ἃ Τροίας
ἀρχαγοὺς εἶχον τιμάς ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ. ποίοις δ᾽ οἴκτοις στρ. δ᾽
τὰν σὰν λύμαν ἐξαιάξεις·

Lest haply now the Argive doom be said,—
A doom of death for me;

Or haply at the galley-sterns the sweeps,
Run out, are swinging through the brine.

HECUBA

Child, I have come, since ne'er for terror sleeps
This haunted heart of mine.

HALF-CHORUS 2

How?—hath a Danaan herald hither wending
Spoken our doom? Whose thrall am wretched I
Ordained?

HECUBA

Thine anguish of suspense is ending:
The lot, thy fate, is nigh.

HALF-CHORUS 2

Ah me! what lord of Argos' folk shall lead me
Hence, or what chief of Phthia-land?
What island-prince to misery shall speed me
Far from the Trojan strand?

HECUBA

Woe! On what spot of earth shall I, eld-stricken,
Be thrall, a drone within the hive,
Weak as the corpse that breath no more shall quicken,
Ghost of the once-alive,

To keep with palsied hand a master's portal,
To nurse the babes of some proud foe?—
I, who was crowned with honours half-immortal
In Troy—ah, long ago!

CHORUS (*Str.* 4)

Woe is thee!—with what wailings wilt thou lament thy doom
Of outrage-shame?

οὐκ Ἰδαίοις ἱστοῖς κερκίδα
δινεύουσ' ἐξαλλάξω.
νέατον τεκέων σώματα λεύσσω,
νέατον· μόχθους ἕξω κρείσσους,
ἢ λέκτροις πλαθεῖσ' Ἑλλάνων·
ἔρροι νὺξ αὕτα καὶ δαίμων·
ἢ Πειρήνας ὑδρευσομένα
πρόπολος σεμνῶν ὑδάτων ἔσομαι.
τὰν κλεινὰν εἴθ' ἔλθοιμεν
Θησέως εὐδαίμονα χώραν.
μὴ γὰρ δὴ δίναν γ' Εὐρώτα,
τὰν ἐχθίσταν θεράπναν Ἑλένας,
ἔνθ' ἀντάσω Μενέλᾳ δούλα,
τῷ τᾶς Τροίας πορθητᾷ.

τὰν Πηνειοῦ σεμνὰν χώραν, ἀντ. δ'
κρηπῖδ' Οὐλύμπου καλλίσταν,
ὄλβῳ βρίθειν φάμαν ἤκουσ'
εὐθαλεῖ τ' εὐκαρπείᾳ·
τάδε δεύτερά μοι μετὰ τὰν ἱερὰν
Θησέως ζαθέαν ἐλθεῖν χώραν.
καὶ τὰν Αἰτναίαν Ἡφαίστου
Φοινίκας ἀντήρη χώραν,
Σικελῶν ὀρέων ματέρ', ἀκούω
καρύσσεσθαι στεφάνοις ἀρετᾶς.
τάν τ' ἀγχιστεύουσαν γᾶν
Ἰονίῳ ναίοιν[1] πόντῳ,
ἃν ὑγραίνει καλλιστεύων
ὁ ξανθὰν χαίταν πυρσαίνων
Κρᾶθις ζαθέαις παγαῖσι τρέφων
εὔανδρόν τ' ὀλβίζων γᾶν.

[1] *ναίοιν* (*i.e. ναίοιμι*) Dindorf: for *ναῦται* of MSS.

As I pace to and fro shall my shuttle thread no loom
In Troy again!
On the corpses of sons must I look my last—my last,
Whom worse ills wait,
To be thrall to the couch of a Greek—ah, ruin blast
That night, that fate!—
Or the water to draw from Peirene's hallowed spring
With bondmaid's hand:—
Yet oh might I come unto where was Theseus king,
That heaven-blest land!—
But not to the swirls of Eurotas, not the bower
Of my worst foe,
Even Helen—oh not into Menelaus' power
Who brought Troy low!

(*Ant.* 4)

But the land of Peneius, Olympus' footstool fair,
The hallowed vale— [there
I have heard of the store of its wealth; earth's increase
Doth never fail.
It is there I would be, if on Theseus' sacred shore
No home waits me.
And the land of the Fire-god, that looks from Etna o'er
Phoenicia's sea,
Even Sicily, mother of hills,—her fame I hear,
Her prowess-pride:—
Or content could I dwell in the land that coucheth near
Ionia's tide, [stains
Which is watered of Crathis, the lovely stream that
Dark hair bright gold,
Of whose fountains most holy her hero-nursing plains
Win wealth untold.

καὶ μὴν Δαναῶν ὅδ᾽ ἀπὸ στρατιᾶς
κῆρυξ νεοχμῶν μύθων ταμίας
στείχει ταχύπουν ἴχνος ἐξανύων.
τί φέρει; τί λέγει; δοῦλαι γὰρ δὴ
Δωρίδος ἐσμὲν χθονὸς ἤδη.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

Ἑκάβη, πυκνὰς γὰρ οἶσθά μ᾽ εἰς Τροίαν ὁδοὺς
ἐλθόντα κήρυκ᾽ ἐξ Ἀχαϊκοῦ στρατοῦ,
ἐγνωσμένος δὲ καὶ πάροιθέ σοι, γύναι,
Ταλθύβιος ἥκω καινὸν ἀγγελῶν λόγον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τόδε, φίλαι Τρῳάδες, ὃ φόβος ἦν πάλαι.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ἤδη κεκλήρωσθ᾽, εἰ τόδ᾽ ἦν ὑμῖν φόβος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ, τίν᾽ ἢ Θεσσαλίας πόλιν
Φθιάδος εἶπας ἢ Καδμείας χθονός;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

κατ᾽ ἄνδρ᾽ ἑκάστη κοὐχ ὁμοῦ λελόγχατε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τίν᾽ ἄρα τίς ἔλαχε; τίνα πότμος εὐτυχὴς
Ἰλιάδων μένει;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

οἶδ᾽· ἀλλ᾽ ἕκαστα πυνθάνου, μὴ πάνθ᾽ ὁμοῦ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τοὐμὸν τίς τίς ἔλαχε τέκος, ἔννεπε,
τλάμονα Κασάνδραν;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ἐξαίρετόν νιν ἔλαβεν Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ.

Lo, from the Danaan war-host, laden
With tidings, unto us draws nigh
A herald speeding hastily.
What hest brings he?—henceforth bondmaiden
Of Dorian land am I [1]

Enter TALTHYBIUS.

TALTHYBIUS

On many journeyings, Hecuba, to and fro
I have passed, thou knowest, 'twixt the host and Troy;
Wherefore I come aforetime known to thee,
Talthybius, with new tidings for thine ear.

HECUBA

It is come, friends—that which hath laid upon me
Long fear as a haunting spell!

TALTHYBIUS

Your lots are cast—if this thing was your fear.

HECUBA

Woe!—of what city in Thessaly,
Or in Cadmus' land, dost thou tell?

TALTHYBIUS.

Ye have fallen each to her lord, not all together.

HECUBA

Unto whom hath each been allotted?—for whom
Of Troy's dames waiteth a happy doom?

TALTHYBIUS

I know:—but ask of each, not all as one.

HECUBA

My daughter—who winneth her for a prey,
Cassandra the misery-bowed? O say!

TALTHYBIUS

King Agamemnon's chosen prize is she.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἢ τᾷ Λακεδαιμονίᾳ νύμφᾳ δούλαν;
ἰώ μοί μοι.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

οὔκ, ἀλλὰ λέκτρων σκότια νυμφευτήρια.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἦ τὰν τοῦ Φοίβου παρθένον, ᾇ γέρας ὁ
χρυσοκόμας ἔδωκ' ἄλεκτρον ζόαν;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ἔρως ἐτόξευσ' αὐτὸν ἐνθέου κόρης.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ῥῖπτε, τέκνον, ζαθέους
κλῇδας, ἀπὸ χροὸς ἐν-
δυτῶν στεφέων ἱεροὺς στολμούς.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

οὐ γὰρ μέγ' αὐτῇ βασιλικῶν λέκτρων τυχεῖν;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δ' ὃ νεοχμὸν ἀπ' ἐμέθεν ἐλάβετε τέκος;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

Πολυξένην ἔλεξας, ἢ τίν' ἱστορεῖς;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ταύταν τῷ πάλος ἔζευξεν;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

τύμβῳ τέτακται προσπολεῖν Ἀχιλλέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι ἐγώ· τάφῳ πρόσπολον ἐτεκόμαν.
ἀτὰρ τίς ὅδ' ἢ νόμος ἢ
τί θέσμιον, ὦ φίλος, Ἑλλάνων;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

εὐδαιμόνιζε παῖδα σήν· ἔχει καλῶς.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί τόδ' ἔλακες; ἆρά μοι ἀέλιον λεύσσει;

HECUBA

Ha! to his Spartan wife shall she be
A handmaid, a bondwoman?—woe is me!

TALTHYBIUS

Nay, but his concubine in secret love.

HECUBA

How?—Phoebus' maiden, whose guerdon-grace
Of the Golden-haired was virgin days!

TALTHYBIUS

That maiden inspiration winged love's shaft.

HECUBA

Fling, daughter, the temple-keys from thee, fling,
And the garlands around thy neck that cling,
Whose sacred arrayings thy form enring!

TALTHYBIUS

How? is a king's couch not high honour for her?

HECUBA

And the child that ye tore from mine arms so late—

TALTHYBIUS

Polyxena?—or whose lot wouldst thou ask?

HECUBA

Unto whom hath the lot's doom yoked her fate?

TALTHYBIUS

She is made ministrant to Achilles' tomb.

HECUBA

Woe's me!—then a sepulchre's servant I bare!
But what custom shall this be that Hellenes share,
Or what this statute?—O friend, declare.

TALTHYBIUS

Count thy child happy. It is well with her.

HECUBA

Doth she yet see light?—did thy word so sound?

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ἔχει πότμος νιν, ὥστ᾽ ἀπηλλάχθαι πόνων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δ᾽ ἁ τοῦ χαλκεομήστορος Ἕκτορος δάμαρ,
Ἀνδρομάχα τάλαινα, τίν᾽ ἔχει τύχαν ;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

καὶ τήνδ᾽ Ἀχιλλέως ἔλαβε παῖς ἐξαίρετον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐγὼ δὲ τῷ πρόσπολος, ἁ τριτοβάμονος χερὶ
δευομένα βάκτρου γεραιῷ κάρᾳ ;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

Ἰθάκης Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔλαχ᾽ ἄναξ δούλην σ᾽ ἔχειν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἓ ἕ.
ἄρασσε κρᾶτα κούριμον,
ἕλκ᾽ ὀνύχεσσι δίπτυχον παρειάν.
ἰώ μοί μοι.
μυσαρῷ δολίῳ λέλογχα φωτὶ δουλεύειν,
πολεμίῳ δίκας, παρανόμῳ δάκει,
ὃς πάντα τἀκεῖθεν ἐνθάδ<ε στρέφει, τὰ δ᾽>
ἀντίπαλ᾽ αὖθις ἐκεῖσε διπτύχῳ γλώσσᾳ
φίλα τὰ πρότερ᾽ ἄφιλα τιθέμενος πάντων.
γοᾶσθ᾽, ὦ Τρῳάδες, με.
βέβακα δύσποτμος, οἴχομαι
ἁ τάλαιν᾽, ἃ δυστυχεστάτῳ
προσέπεσον κλήρῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ μὲν σὸν οἶσθα, πότνια, τὰς δ᾽ ἐμὰς τύχας
τίς ἆρ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν ἢ τίς Ἑλλήνων ἔχει ;

TALTHYBIUS

She hath found her fate—deliverance from troubles.

HECUBA

But the wife of mine Hector the champion renowned—
What doom hath the hapless Andromache found?

TALTHYBIUS

Achilles' son hath won her, chosen for him.

HECUBA

And to whom am I handmaid, whose snow-wreathed brow
Over the prop of a staff must bow?

TALTHYBIUS

Thee Ithaca's king Odysseus won, his thrall.

HECUBA

Alas and alas! now smite on thy close-shorn head;
Now with thy rending nails be thy cheeks furrowed red!
Woe's me, whom the doom of the lots hath led
To be thrall to a foul wretch treacherous-hearted,
To the lawless monster, the foe of the right,
Whose double-tongued juggling, whose cursed sleight
Putteth light for darkness, and darkness for light,
By whose whisperings veriest friends are parted!—
Wail for me, daughters of Troy! I am ended
In utter calamity.
O wretch, who by doom of the lot have descended
To abysses of misery!

CHORUS

Thy fate thou knowest, queen: but of my lot
What Hellene, what Achaean, hath control?

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ἴτ', ἐκκομίζειν δεῦρο Κασάνδραν χρεὼν
ὅσον τάχιστα, δμῶες, ὡς στρατηλάτῃ
εἰς χεῖρα δῶμεν· εἶτα τὰς εἰληγμένας
καὶ τοῖσιν ἄλλοις αἰχμαλωτίδων ἄγω.
ἔα, τί πεύκης ἔνδον ἵσταται σέλας;
πιμπρᾶσιν ἢ τί δρῶσι Τρῳάδες μυχούς,
ὡς ἐξάγεσθαι τῆσδε μέλλουσαι χθονὸς
πρὸς Ἄργος, αὑτῶν τ' ἐκπυροῦσι σώματα
θανεῖν θέλουσαι; κάρτα τοι τοὐλεύθερον
ἐν τοῖς τοιούτοις δυσλόφως φέρει κακά.
ἄνοιγ' ἄνοιγε, μὴ τὸ ταῖσδε πρόσφορον,
ἐχθρὸν δ' Ἀχαιοῖς, εἰς ἔμ' αἰτίαν βάλῃ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν, οὐ πιμπρᾶσιν, ἀλλὰ παῖς ἐμὴ
μαινὰς θοάζει δεῦρο Κασάνδρα δρόμῳ.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

ἄνεχε, πάρεχε, φῶς φέρε· σέβω, φλέγω, στρ.
ἰδοὺ ἰδού,
λαμπάσι τόδ' ἱερόν.
Ὑμήν, ὦ Ὑμέναι' ἄναξ,
μακάριος ὁ γαμέτας,
μακαρία δ' ἐγὼ βασιλικοῖς λέκτροις
κατ' Ἄργος ἁ γαμουμένα.
Ὑμήν, ὦ Ὑμέναι' ἄναξ.

ἐπεὶ σύ, μᾶτερ, ἐπὶ δάκρυσι καὶ
γόοισι τὸν θανόντα πατέρα πατρίδα τε
φίλαν καταστένουσ' ἔχεις,
ἐγὼ τόδ' ἐπὶ γάμοις ἐμοῖς
ἀναφλέγω πυρὸς φῶς
ἐς αὐγάν, ἐς αἴγλαν,

TALTHYBIUS

Away!—Cassandra hither must ye bring
With all speed, thralls, that to the war-king's hand
Delivering her, I may thereafter lead
Unto the rest the captive dames assigned.
Ha!—therewithin what torch-glare leapeth high?
Fire they their lair?—or what, yon dames of Troy?
As looking to be haled from this land forth
To Argos, do they burn themselves with fire,
Being fain to die? In sooth the free-born soul
In such strait chafeth fiercely against ills.
Ho! open, lest a deed beseeming these,
But to Achaeans hateful, bring me blame.

HECUBA

Now nay, they fire no tent. My Maenad child
Cassandra cometh rushing hitherward.

Enter CASSANDRA *carrying burning torches.*

CASSANDRA

(*Str.*)

Up with the torch!—give it me—let me render
  Worship to Phoebus!—lo, lo how I fling
Wide through his temple the flash of its splendour:—
  Hymen! O Marriage-god, Hymen my king!
Happy the bridegroom who waiteth to meet me;
Happy am I for the couch that shall greet me;
  Royal espousals to Argos I bring:—
  Bridal-king, Hymen, thy glory I sing.

Mother, thou lingerest long at thy weeping,
  Aye makest moan for my sire who hath died,
Mourn'st our dear country with sorrow unsleeping:
  Therefore myself for mine own marriage-tide
Kindle the firebrands, a glory outstreaming,
Toss up the torches, a radiance far-gleaming:—

διδοῦσ᾽, ὦ Ὑμέναιε, σοί,
δίδου δ᾽, ὦ Ἑκάτα, φάος,
παρθένων ἐπὶ λέκτροις ἃ νόμος ἔχει.

πάλλε πόδ᾽ αἰθέριον, ἄναγε χορόν, ἀντ.
εὐὰν εὐοῖ,
ὡς ἐπὶ πατρὸς ἐμοῦ
μακαριωτάταις τύχαις.
ὁ χορὸς ὅσιος,
ἄγε σὺ Φοῖβέ νιν· κατὰ σὸν ἐν δάφναις
ἀνάκτορον θυηπολῶ,
Ὑμήν, ὦ Ὑμέναι᾽, Ὑμήν.

χόρευε, μᾶτερ, ἄναγε, πόδα σὸν
ἕλισσε τᾷδ᾽ ἐκεῖσε μετ᾽ ἐμέθεν ποδῶν
φέρουσα φιλτάταν βάσιν.
βοᾶτε τὸν Ὑμέναιον, ὤ,
μακαρίαις ἀοιδαῖς
ἰαχαῖς τε νύμφαν.
ἴτ᾽, ὦ καλλίπεπλοι Φρυγῶν
κόραι, μέλπετ᾽ ἐμῶν γάμων
τὸν πεπρωμένον εὐνᾷ πόσιν ἐμέθεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βασίλεια, βακχεύουσαν οὐ λήψει κόρην,
μὴ κοῦφον αἴρῃ βῆμ᾽ ἐς Ἀργείων στρατόν;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

Ἥφαιστε, δᾳδουχεῖς μὲν ἐν γάμοις βροτῶν,
ἀτὰρ λυγράν γε τήνδ᾽ ἀναιθύσσεις φλόγα
ἔξω τε μεγάλων ἐλπίδων. οἴμοι, τέκνον,
ὡς οὐχ ὑπ᾽ αἰχμῆς σ᾽ οὐδ᾽ ὑπ᾽ Ἀργείου δορὸς
γάμους γαμεῖσθαι τούσδ᾽ ἐδόξαζόν ποτε.
παράδος ἐμοὶ φῶς· οὐ γὰρ ὀρθὰ πυρφορεῖς

Hymen, to thee is their brightness upleaping:
  Hekate, flash thou thy star-glitter wide,
  After thy wont when a maid is a bride.

(*Ant.*)

Float, flying feet of the dancers, forth-leading
  Revel of bridals: ring, bacchanal strain,
Ring in thanksgiving for fortune exceeding
  Happy, that fell to my father to gain.
Holy the dance is, my duty, my glory:
Lead thou it, Phoebus; mid bay-trees before thee
  Aye have I ministered, there in thy fane:—
  Marriage-king, Hymen!—sing loud the refrain.

Up, mother, join thou the revel:—with paces
  Woven with mine through the sweet measure flee;
Hitherward, thitherward, thrid the dance-mazes:
  Sing ever "Marriage-king!—Hymen!" sing ye.
Bliss ever chime through the notes of your singing;
Hail ye the bride with glad voices outringing.
Daughters of Phrygia, arrayed like the Graces,
  Hymn ye my bridal, the bridegroom for me
  Destined by fate's everlasting decree.

CHORUS

Queen, wilt thou not restrain this Maenad maid,
Ere speed her flying feet to Argos' host?

HECUBA

Fire-god, in spousal-rites thou light'st the torch;
But O, a piteous flame thou kindlest now,
Far from mine high hopes, far!—ah me, my child,
How little of such marriage dreamed I ever
For thee,—a captive, thrall of Argos' spear!
Give me the torch, it fits not that thou bear it

μαινὰς θοάζουσ', οὐδέ σ' αἱ τύχαι, τέκνον,
σεσωφρονήκασ', ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἐν ταὐτῷ μένεις.
εἰσφέρετε πεύκας, δάκρυά τ' ἀνταλλάσσετε
τοῖς τῆσδε μέλεσι, Τρῳάδες, γαμηλίοις.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

μῆτερ, πύκαζε κρᾶτ' ἐμὸν νικηφόρον
καὶ χαῖρε τοῖς ἐμοῖσι βασιλικοῖς γάμοις,
καὶ πέμπε, κἂν μὴ τἀμά σοι πρόθυμά γ' ᾖ,
ὤθει βιαίως· εἰ γὰρ ἔστι Λοξίας,
Ἑλένης γαμεῖ με δυσχερέστερον γάμον
ὁ τῶν Ἀχαιῶν κλεινὸς Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ.
κτενῶ γὰρ αὐτὸν κἀντιπορθήσω δόμους
ποινὰς ἀδελφῶν καὶ πατρὸς λαβοῦσ' ἐμοῦ.
ἀλλ' αὔτ' ἐάσω· πέλεκυν οὐχ ὑμνήσομεν,
ὃς εἰς τράχηλον τὸν ἐμὸν εἶσι χἀτέρων,
μητροκτόνους τ' ἀγῶνας, οὓς οὑμοὶ γάμοι
θήσουσιν, οἴκων τ' Ἀτρέως ἀνάστασιν.
πόλιν δὲ δείξω τήνδε μακαριωτέραν
ἢ τοὺς Ἀχαιούς,—ἔνθεος μέν, ἀλλ' ὅμως
τοσόνδε γ' ἔξω στήσομαι βακχευμάτων,—
οἳ διὰ μίαν γυναῖκα καὶ μίαν Κύπριν
θηρῶντες Ἑλένην μυρίους ἀπώλεσαν.
ὁ δὲ στρατηγὸς ὁ σοφὸς ἐχθίστων ὕπερ
τὰ φίλτατ' ὤλεσ', ἡδονὰς τὰς οἴκοθεν
τέκνων ἀδελφῷ δοὺς γυναικὸς εἵνεκα,
καὶ ταῦθ' ἑκούσης κοὐ βίᾳ λελῃσμένης.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰς ἤλυθον Σκαμανδρίους,
ἔθνῃσκον, οὐ γῆς ὅρι' ἀποστερούμενοι,
οὐδ' ὑψιπύργου πατρίδος· οὓς δ' Ἄρης ἕλοι,
οὐ παῖδας εἶδον, οὐ δάμαρτος ἐν χεροῖν
πέπλοις συνεστάλησαν, ἐν ξένῃ δὲ γῇ
κεῖνται. τὰ δ' οἴκοι τοῖσδ' ὅμοι' ἐγίγνετο·

In Maenad frenzy. Thy misfortunes, child,
Healed not thy mind, but still art thou distraught
Daughters of Troy, bear in the torches: give
Tears in exchange for these her marriage-hymns.

CASSANDRA

Mother, with wreaths of triumph crown mine head.
Rejoice thou o'er my marriage with a king.
Escort me to him: if thou find me loth,
With violence thrust me: for, if Loxias lives,
Deadlier than Helen's shall my spousals be
To Agamemnon, Achaea's glorious king.
Death shall I deal him, havoc of his home,
Avenging so my brethren and my sire:—
No more of that; I will not sing the axe
That on my neck, and others' necks, shall fall,
The mother-murdering strife, my spousals' fruit,
Nor of the overthrow of Atreus' house.
But I will prove this city happier
Than yon Achaeans,—yea, possessed am I,
Yet stand herein of bacchant ravings clear,—
Who for one woman, for one wanton's sake,
In quest of Helen wasted lives untold.
And this wise chief—for what he hated most
He hath lost what most he loved, home-joys of children
To his brother for a woman's sake resigned,—
And she a willing prey, no kidnapped victim!
And, when these came unto Scamander's banks,
Fast died they, not for marches foeman-harried,
Nor home-land stately-towered. Who fell in fight
Saw not their children, nor by hands of wives
In robes were shrouded: but in a strange land
They lie. And in their homes the like befell:

χῆραί τ' ἔθνησκον, οἱ δ' ἄπαιδες ἐν δόμοις
ἄλλως τέκν' ἐκθρέψαντες· οὐδὲ πρὸς τάφους
ἔσθ' ὅστις αὐτοῖς αἷμα γῇ δωρήσεται.
ἦ τοῦδ' ἐπαίνου τὸ στράτευμ' ἐπάξιον.
σιγᾶν ἄμεινον τἀσχρά, μηδὲ μοῦσά μοι
γένοιτ' ἀοιδὸς ἥτις ὑμνήσει κακά.
Τρῶες δὲ πρῶτον μέν, τὸ κάλλιστον κλέος,
ὑπὲρ πάτρας ἔθνῃσκον· οὓς δ' ἕλοι δόρυ,
νεκροί γ' ἐς οἴκους φερόμενοι φίλων ὕπο
ἐν γῇ πατρῴᾳ περιβολὰς εἶχον χθονός,
χερσὶν περισταλέντες ὧν ἐχρῆν ὕπο·
ὅσοι δὲ μὴ θάνοιεν ἐν μάχῃ Φρυγῶν,
ἀεὶ κατ' ἦμαρ σὺν δάμαρτι καὶ τέκνοις
ᾤκουν, Ἀχαιοῖς ὧν ἀπῆσαν ἡδοναί.
τὰ δ' Ἕκτορός σοι λύπρ' ἄκουσον ὡς ἔχει·
δόξας ἀνὴρ ἄριστος οἴχεται θανών,
καὶ ταῦτ' Ἀχαιῶν ἵξις ἐξεργάζεται·
εἰ δ' ἦσαν οἴκοι, χρηστὸς ἔλαθεν ἂν γεγώς.
Πάρις τ' ἔγημε τὴν Διός· γήμας δὲ μή,
σιγώμενον τὸ κῆδος[1] εἶχεν ἐν δόμοις.
φεύγειν μὲν οὖν χρὴ πόλεμον ὅστις εὖ φρονεῖ·
εἰ δ' εἰς τόδ' ἔλθοι, στέφανος οὐκ αἰσχρὸς πόλει
καλῶς ὀλέσθαι, μὴ καλῶς δὲ δυσκλεές.
ὧν εἵνεκ' οὐ χρή, μῆτερ, οἰκτείρειν σε γῆν,
οὐ τἀμὰ λέκτρα· τοὺς γὰρ ἐχθίστους ἐμοὶ
καὶ σοὶ γάμοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς διαφθερῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἡδέως κακοῖσιν οἰκείοις γελᾷς,
μέλπεις θ' ἃ μέλπουσ' οὐ σαφῆ δείξεις ἴσως.

[1] Paley and Tyrrell: for κῦδος Nauck.

Wives widowed died, sires linger in lone halls
Without sons, whom for nought they nurtured; none
Remain to spill earth's blood-gift at their tombs.
Sooth, well the host hath earned such praise as this!
Best left untold the deeds of shame—not mine
Be voice of song to chant that evil tale!
But, for the Trojans, first for fatherland
They died—a glorious death! Whom foemen slew,
By friends their corpses to their homes were borne,
And in the home-land earth's arms cradled them
Compassed with duteous hands' observances.
And whatso Phrygians not in battle died
Ever with wife and children day by day
Dwelt, joys whereof the Achaeans tasted none.
For Hector's woeful fate—hear thou the truth:
He proved himself a hero ere he died;
And this the Achaeans' coming brought to pass:
Had they in Greece stayed, none had seen his prowess.
And Paris wedded Zeus' child: had he not,
His halls had hailed affiance unrenowned.
Sooth, he were best shun war, whoso is wise:
If war must be, his country's crown of pride
Is death heroic, craven death her shame.
Then make not moan, O mother, for thy land,
Nor for my couch; for my most bitter foes
And thine shall I destroy by mine espousals.

CHORUS

How blithely laughest thou at thine own ills,
And bodest things thou scarce shalt show fulfilled!

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

εἰ μή σ' Ἀπόλλων ἐξεβάκχευσεν φρένας,
οὔ τἂν ἀμισθὶ τοὺς ἐμοὺς στρατηλάτας
τοιαῖσδε φήμαις ἐξέπεμπες ἂν χθονός.
ἀτὰρ τὰ σεμνὰ καὶ δοκήμασιν σοφὰ
οὐδέν τι κρείσσω τῶν τὸ μηδὲν ἦν ἄρα.
ὁ γὰρ μέγιστος τῶν Πανελλήνων ἄναξ,
Ἀτρέως φίλος παῖς, τῆσδ' ἔρωτ' ἐξαίρετον
μαινάδος ὑπέστη· καὶ πένης μέν εἰμ' ἐγώ,
ἀτὰρ λέχος γε τῆσδ' ἂν οὐκ ἐκτησάμην.
καὶ σοὶ μέν, οὐ γὰρ ἀρτίας ἔχεις φρένας,
Ἀργεῖ' ὀνείδη καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐπαινέσεις
ἀνέμοις φέρεσθαι παραδίδωμ'· ἕπου δέ μοι
πρὸς ναῦς, καλὸν νύμφευμα τῷ στρατηλάτῃ.
σὺ δ', ἡνίκ' ἄν σε Λαρτίου χρῄζῃ τόκος
ἄγειν, ἕπεσθαι· σώφρονος δ' ἔσει λάτρις
γυναικός, ὥς φασ' οἱ μολόντες Ἴλιον.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

ἦ δεινὸς ὁ λάτρις. τί ποτ' ἔχουσι τοὔνομα
κήρυκες, ἓν ἀπέχθημα πάγκοινον βροτοῖς,
οἱ περὶ τυράννους καὶ πόλεις ὑπηρέται;
σὺ τὴν ἐμὴν φὴς μητέρ' εἰς Ὀδυσσέως
ἥξειν μέλαθρα; ποῦ δ' Ἀπόλλωνος λόγοι,
οἵ φασιν αὐτὴν εἰς ἔμ' ἡρμηνευμένοι
αὐτοῦ θανεῖσθαι; τἄλλα δ' οὐκ ὀνειδιῶ.
δύστηνος, οὐκ οἶδ' οἷά νιν μένει πάθη·
ὡς χρυσὸς αὐτῷ τἀμὰ καὶ Φρυγῶν κακὰ
δόξει ποτ' εἶναι. δέκα γὰρ ἐκπλήσας ἔτη
πρὸς τοῖσιν ἐνθάδ', ἵξεται μόνος πάτραν[1] . . .
οὗ δὴ στενὸν δίαυλον ᾤκισται πέτρας

[1] Heath and others mark a lacuna here.

TALTHYBIUS

Had Phoebus not with frenzy thrilled thy soul,
Thou with such bodings shouldst not unchastised
Speed from thy land my lords, the battle-chiefs.
Lo, how these lofty ones, wise in repute,
Are no whit better than the nothing-worth!
For this most mighty king of allied Hellas,
This Atreus' son, hath stooped him 'neath love's yoke
For yon mad girl, of all maids! Poor am I,
Yet would I ne'er have gotten me her couch.
Now, seeing thou hast not unshattered wit,
Thy mocks at Argos and thy praise of Phrygia
I fling to the winds to scatter. Follow me
Unto the ships, our captain's goodly bride!
But thou (*to Hecuba*) whenso Laertes' seed desires
To take thee, follow. A virtuous woman's thrall[1]
Shalt thou be, as say all that came to Troy.

CASSANDRA

Keen-witted varlet this! Why such fair name
Have heralds, common loathing of mankind,
Who are but menials of kings and cities?
Say'st thou my mother to Odysseus' halls
Shall come? Where be Apollo's bodings then,
Which say—to me no mystery—that she
Shall here die?—other shame I will not speak.[2]
Wretch!—he knows not what sufferings wait for him,
Such, that my woes and Phrygia's yet shall seem
As gold to him. Ten years to these past ten
Accomplished, shall he reach his land—alone;
Shall see where in the rock-gorge fell Charybdis

[1] *i.e.* slave to Penelope.
[2] *i.e.* the manner of her death. See *Hecuba*, ll. 1259-73.

δεινὴ Χάρυβδις, ὠμοβρώς τ' ὀρειβάτης
Κύκλωψ, Λιγυστίς θ' ἡ συῶν μορφώτρια
Κίρκη, θαλάσσης θ' ἁλμυρᾶς ναυάγια,
λωτοῦ τ' ἔρωτες, Ἡλίου θ' ἁγναὶ βόες,
αἳ σάρκα φωνήεσσαν ἥσουσίν ποτε,
πικρὰν Ὀδυσσεῖ γῆρυν. ὡς δὲ ξυντέμω,
ζῶν εἶσ' ἐς Ἅιδου κἀκφυγὼν λίμνης ὕδωρ
κάκ' ἐν δόμοισι μυρί' εὑρήσει μολών.
ἀλλὰ γὰρ τί τοὺς Ὀδυσσέως ἐξακοντίζω πόνους;
στεῖχ', ὅπως τάχιστ' ἐς Ἅιδου νυμφίῳ γαμώμεθα.
ἦ κακὸς κακῶς ταφήσει νυκτός, οὐκ ἐν ἡμέρᾳ,
ὦ δοκῶν σεμνόν τι πράσσειν, Δαναϊδῶν ἀρχηγέτα.
κἀμέ τοι νεκρὸν φάραγγες γυμνάδ' ἐκβεβλημένην
ὕδατι χειμάρρῳ ῥέουσαι, νυμφίου πέλας τάφου,
θηρσὶ δώσουσιν δάσασθαι, τὴν Ἀπόλλωνος λάτριν.
ὦ στέφη τοῦ φιλτάτου μοι θεῶν, ἀγάλματ' εὔια,
χαίρετ'· ἐκλέλοιφ' ἑορτάς, αἷς πάροιθ' ἠγαλλόμην.
ἴτ' ἀπ' ἐμοῦ χρωτὸς σπαραγμοῖς, ὡς ἔτ' οὖσ' ἁγνὴ χρόα
δῶ θοαῖς αὔραις φέρεσθαί σοι τάδ', ὦ μαντεῖ' ἄναξ.
ποῦ σκάφος τὸ τοῦ στρατηγοῦ; ποῖ ποτ' ἐμβαίνειν με χρή;
οὐκέτ' ἂν φθάνοις ἂν αὔραν ἱστίοις καραδοκῶν,
ὡς μίαν τριῶν Ἐρινὺν τῆσδέ μ' ἐξάξων χθονός.
χαῖρέ μοι, μῆτερ, δακρύσῃς μηδέν· ὦ φίλη πατρίς·

Hath made her lair,—where mountain-haunting
    Cyclops
Ravins,—see her that turneth men to swine,
Ligurian Circe,—shipwreck in salt seas,—
The lotus-cravings, the Sun's sacred kine,
Whose dead flesh with a human voice shall moan,
A dire voice for Odysseus! To make end,
He shall see Hades living, 'scape the sea,
Yet, when he winneth home, find ills untold.

Yet—Odysseus' troubles, wherefore should I loose
    their javelin-flight?
On, that I may haste to wed my bridegroom, Hades'
    spousal-plight. [of day,
Vile one, vile shall be thy burial, darkling, not in light
Thou that dream'st of high achievement, chief of
    Danaus' sons' array!
Yea, and me, flung out a naked corse, the mountain's
    chasm-rift, [a ravin-gift,
Foaming with the wintry floods, shall give to beasts,
Hard beside my bridegroom's grave—Apollo's
    priestess-handmaid me!
Garlands of the God most dear unto me, mystic bravery,
Farewell: I have left the temple-feasts, my joy in days
    o'erpast:
Hence, in rendings from my body, that, while yet my
    blood is chaste, [lord!
I may give them to the blasts to waft to thee, O Prophet-
Where is Agamemnon's galley?—whither go to pass
    aboard? [the sail!
Loiter not from eager watching for the breeze to fill
One of the Avengers Three am I whom thou from
    Troy shalt hale.

Fare-thee-well, my mother, weep not;—fatherland,
    belovèd name;—

οἵ τε γῆς ἔνερθ' ἀδελφοὶ χὠ τεκὼν ἡμᾶς πατήρ,
οὐ μακρὰν δέξεσθέ μ'· ἥκω δ' εἰς νεκροὺς νικη-
φόρος
καὶ δόμους πέρσασ' Ἀτρειδῶν, ὧν ἀπωλόμεσθ'
ὕπο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἑκάβης γεραιᾶς φύλακες, οὐ δεδόρκατε
δέσποιναν ὡς ἄναυδος εἰς πέδον πίτνει;
οὐκ ἀντιλήψεσθ'; ἦ μεθήσετ', ὦ κακαί,
γραῖαν πεσοῦσαν; αἴρετ' εἰς ὀρθὸν δέμας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐᾶτέ μ', οὔτοι φίλα τὰ μὴ φίλ', ὦ κόραι,
κεῖσθαι πεσοῦσαν· πτωμάτων γὰρ ἄξια
πάσχω τε καὶ πέπονθα κἄτι πείσομαι.
ὦ θεοί· κακοὺς μὲν ἀνακαλῶ τοὺς συμμάχους,
ὅμως δ' ἔχει τι σχῆμα κικλήσκειν θεούς,
ὅταν τις ἡμῶν δυστυχῆ λάβῃ τύχην.
πρῶτον μὲν οὖν μοι τἀγάθ' ἐξᾷσαι φίλον·
τοῖς γὰρ κακοῖσι πλείον' οἶκτον ἐμβαλῶ.
ἤμην τύραννος κεἰς τύραννν' ἐγημάμην,
κἀνταῦθ' ἀριστεύοντ' ἐγεινάμην τέκνα,
οὐκ ἀριθμὸν ἄλλως, ἀλλ' ὑπερτάτους Φρυγῶν·
οὐ Τρῳὰς οὐδ' Ἑλληνὶς οὐδὲ βάρβαρος
γυνὴ τεκοῦσα κομπάσειεν ἄν ποτε.
κἀκεῖνά τ' εἶδον δορὶ πεσόνθ' Ἑλληνικῷ,
τρίχας δ' ἐτμήθην τάσδε πρὸς τύμβοις νεκρῶν,
καὶ τὸν φυτουργὸν Πρίαμον οὐκ ἄλλων πάρα
κλύουσ' ἔκλαυσα, τοῖσδε δ' εἶδον ὄμμασιν
αὐτὴ κατασφαγέντ' ἐφ' ἑρκείῳ πυρᾷ,
πόλιν θ' ἁλοῦσαν. ἃς δ' ἔθρεψα παρθένους
εἰς ἀξίωμα νυμφίων ἐξαίρετον,
ἄλλοισι θρέψασ' ἐκ χερῶν ἀφῃρέθην.

Ye beneath the sod, my brethren;—father, of whose
loins I came;— [shall come
'Tis not long ere ye shall greet me: I unto my dead
Triumph-crowned from havoc of the Atreid house that
wrought our doom.

[*Exit* TALTHYBIUS *with* CASSANDRA.

CHORUS

Grey Hecuba's attendants, mark ye not
Your mistress sinking speechless to the earth?
Will ye not help her, heartless ones, but leave
Her grey hairs prostrate? Bear ye up her frame.

HECUBA

Leave me—false kindness were unkindness, girls,—
So fallen to lie. Well may I sink 'neath all
I suffer, and have suffered, and shall suffer.
O Gods!—to sorry helpers I appeal;
Yet to invoke the Gods hath some fair show
When child of man on evil fortune lights.
Fain am I first to chant mine olden bliss;
So shall I wake more ruth for these my woes.
I was a princess wedded to a king,
And mother I became of princely sons,
Nor ciphers these, but Phrygia's mightiest chiefs:
Trojan nor Greek dame, nor barbarian,
Might ever boast her mother of such as these.
Yet these I saw by Hellene spears laid low,
And shore these tresses at my dead sons' graves.
Their father Priam—not from other lips
I heard and wept his doom, but these mine eyes
Beheld him butchered on the altar-stone,
Troy sacked, the maiden daughters I had nursed
For pride of princely spousals without peer,
Torn from mine arms—for aliens reared I them!

κοὔτ' ἐξ ἐκείνων ἐλπὶς ὡς ὀφθήσομαι,
αὐτή τ' ἐκείνας οὐκέτ' ὄψομαί ποτε.
τὸ λοίσθιον δέ, θριγκὸς ἀθλίων κακῶν,
δούλη γυνὴ γραῦς Ἑλλάδ' εἰσαφίξομαι.
ἃ δ' ἐστὶ γήρᾳ τῷδ' ἀσυμφορώτατα,
τούτοις με προσθήσουσιν, ἢ θυρῶν λάτριν
κλῇδας φυλάσσειν, τὴν τεκοῦσαν Ἕκτορα,
ἢ σιτοποιεῖν, κἀν πέδῳ κοίτας ἔχειν
ῥυσοῖσι νώτοις βασιλικῶν ἐκ δεμνίων,
τρυχηρὰ περὶ τρυχηρὸν εἱμένην χρόα
πέπλων λακίσματ', ἀδόκιμ' ὀλβίοις ἔχειν.
οἲ 'γὼ τάλαινα, διὰ γάμον μιᾶς ἕνα
γυναικὸς οἵων ἔτυχον, ὧν τε τεύξομαι.
ὦ τέκνον, ὦ σύμβακχε Κασάνδρα θεοῖς,
οἵαις ἔλυσας συμφοραῖς ἅγνευμα σόν.
σύ τ', ὦ τάλαινα, ποῦ ποτ' εἶ, Πολυξένη;
ὡς οὔτε μ' ἄρσην οὔτε θήλεια σπορὰ
πολλῶν γενομένων τὴν τάλαιναν ὠφελεῖ.
τί δῆτά μ' ὀρθοῦτ'; ἐλπίδων ποίων ὕπο;
ἄγετε τὸν ἁβρὸν δήποτ' ἐν Τροίᾳ πόδα,
νῦν δ' ὄντα δοῦλον, στιβάδα πρὸς χαμαιπετῆ
πέτρινά τε κρήδεμν', ὡς πεσοῦσ' ἀποφθαρῶ
δακρύοις καταξανθεῖσα. τῶν δ' εὐδαιμόνων
μηδένα νομίζετ' εὐτυχεῖν πρὶν ἂν θάνῃ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀμφί μοι Ἴλιον, ὦ — στρ. α
Μοῦσα, καινῶν ὕμνων
ἄεισον ἐν δακρύοις
ᾠδὰν ἐπικήδειον·
νῦν γὰρ μέλος εἰς Τροίαν
ἰαχήσω,

No hope have I of being seen of them,
No, nor of seeing them for evermore.
And last, the topstone of my misery,
Old, and a slave, to Hellas shall I come;
And what tasks for mine eld are most unmeet,
To these will they appoint me, to keep keys,
A portress,—me, who gave to Hector birth!—
Or knead their bread, and couch upon the ground
The wasted form that knew a royal bed,
With tattered rags to clothe my shrunken frame,
Vesture unmeet for those once throned in bliss.
Woe!—for one lover of one adulteress
What have I borne?—what am I yet to bear?
O child Cassandra, bacchant-fellow of Gods,
Mid what disaster ends thy virgin state!
And thou, ill-starred Polyxena, where art thou?
Nor son nor daughter, none remains to help
The wretched mother, of all born to her.
Wherefore then raise up me?—what hope is left?
Guide me,—who once in Troy trod delicately,
Who am a slave now,—to some earth-strown bed,
To fling me down where stones shall veil my face
And waste in tears to death. Of all that prosper
Account ye no one happy ere he die.

CHORUS

O Song-goddess, chant in mine ear (*Str.* 1)
The doom of mine Ilium: sing
Thy strange notes broken with sob and tear
That o'er sepulchres sigh where our dear dead lie:
For now through my lips outwailing clear
Troy's ruin-dirge shall ring,—

τετραβάμονος ὡς ὑπ᾽ ἀπήνας
᾽Αργείων ὀλόμαν τάλαινα δοριάλωτος,
ὅτ᾽ ἔλιπον ἵππον οὐράνια
βρέμοντα χρυσεοφάλαρον ἔνοπλον
ἐν πύλαις ᾽Αχαιοί·
ἀνὰ δ᾽ ἐβόασεν λεὼς
Τρῳάδος ἀπὸ πέτρας σταθείς·
ἴτ᾽, ὦ πεπαυμένοι πόνων,
τόδ᾽ ἱερὸν ἀνάγετε ξόανον
᾽Ιλιάδι Διογενεῖ κόρᾳ.
τίς οὐκ ἔβα νεανίδων,
τίς οὐ γεραιὸς ἐκ δόμων;
κεχαρμένοι δ᾽ ἀοιδαῖς
δόλιον ἔσχον ἄταν.

πᾶσα δὲ γέννα Φρυγῶν ἀντ. α´
πρὸς πύλας ὡρμάθη,
πεύκᾳ ἐν οὐρείᾳ
ξεστὸν λόχον ᾽Αργείων
καὶ Δαρδανίας ἄταν
θεᾷ δώσων,
χάριν ἄζυγος ἀμβροτοπώλου·
κλωστοῦ δ᾽ ἀμφιβόλοις λίνοιο, ναὸς ὡσεὶ
σκάφος κελαινὸν εἰς ἕδρανα
λάϊνα δάπεδά τε φόνια πατρίδι
Παλλάδος θέσαν θεᾶς.
ἐν δὲ πόνῳ καὶ χαρᾷ
νύχιον ἐπὶ κνέφας παρῆν,

How the Argives' four-foot wain
Brought me ruin with spear and with chain,
When clashed to the sky death's armoury [1]
That they left at our gates for our bane—
That gold-decked thing!
And afar from the rock's sheer crest
A shout did the Troy-folk fling—
"Come, ye that from troubles have now found rest,
And the sacred image bring
To the Ilian Maid [2] Zeus bare!"
Who then of the youths but was there?
What hoary head but from home forth sped,
With songs that ruin-snare
Encompassing?

Swift streamed they all to the gate, (*Ant.* 1)
The children of Dardanus' line,
With the Argives' gift to propitiate
The Maid supreme of the deathless team [3]:
And to Phrygia's curse, to the ambushed fate
That was pent in the mountain-pine,
The coils of the flax have they tied.
Like a dark ship on did it glide
To the marble-gleam of the fane, with the stream
Of our fatherland's blood to be dyed,
Even Pallas' shrine.

Now over their toil and their glee
Spread black night's wings divine;

[1] Alluding to the clang of arms from within, of which the Trojans in their infatuation took no heed, as they dragged the Wooden Horse into the city. Cf. Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 243.
[2] Pallas Athena, who sprang from the head of Zeus.
[3] Athena, named "Pallas of the chariot-steeds."

Λίβυς τε λωτὸς ἐκτύπει
Φρύγιά τε μέλεα, παρθένοι δ'
ἀέριον ἀνὰ κρότον ποδῶν
βοάν τ' ἔμελπον εὔφρον'· ἐν
δόμοις δὲ παμφαὲς σέλας
πυρὸς μέλαιναν αἴγλαν
[ἄκος][1] ἔδωκεν ὕπνῳ.

ἐγὼ δὲ τὰν ὀρεστέραν ἐπῳδ.
τότ' ἀμφὶ μέλαθρα παρθένον,
Διὸς κόραν ἐμελπόμαν
χοροῖσι· φοινία δ' ἀνὰ
πτόλιν βοὰ κατεῖχε Περ-
γάμων ἕδρας· βρέφη δὲ φίλι-
α περὶ πέπλους ἔβαλλε μα-
τρὶ χεῖρας ἐπτοημένας·
λόχου δ' ἐξέβαιν' Ἄρης,
κόρας ἔργα Παλλάδος.
σφαγαὶ δ' ἀμφιβώμιοι
Φρυγῶν, ἔν τε δεμνίοις
καράτομος ἐρημια
νεανιῶν[2] στέφανον ἔφερεν
Ἑλλάδι κουροτρόφῳ,
Φρυγῶν δὲ πατρίδι πένθος.

Ἑκάβη, λεύσσεις τήνδ' Ἀνδρομάχην
ξενικοῖς ἐπ' ὄχοις πορθμευομένην
παρὰ δ' εἰρεσίᾳ μαστῶν ἕπεται
φίλος Ἀστυάναξ, Ἕκτορος ἶνις.

[1] Supplied by Murray.
[2] Bothe: for νεανίδων of MSS.

But the flute still pealeth merrily,
Still wreathe the dancers and twine
The fairy-footed maze;
And the jubilant chant they raise;
And the homes glow red with the splendours shed
From the torches, with lurid blaze
O'er the revel that shine.

In that hour to the mountain Maiden, (*Epode*)
Unto Artemis, Zeus's Daughter,
Around mine halls was I singing
In the dance; but a fierce shout murder-laden
Thrilled with foreboding of slaughter
Pergamus' homes, and scared babes flying
Round the skirts of their mothers their hands were flinging
At that awful outcrying.

Then burst forth War from the place of his hiding,
From the lair that Pallas had framed forth-springing;
Troy's altar-pavements with slaughter were streaming.
To her couches a ghastly guest came gliding—
A spectre of headless men, Desolation—
To the foster-mother of warriors bringing,
Unto Hellas, a coronal triumph-gleaming,
And a crown of grief to the Phrygian nation.

Lo! Andromache, Queen, draweth nigh on
A wain of the foe borne high;
On her breast rocked, Hector's scion,
Dear Astyanax, doth lie.

Enter ANDROMACHE *on a mule-car heaped with armour: her child in her arms.*

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ποῖ ποτ' ἀπήνης νώτοισι φέρει,
δύστηνε γύναι, πάρεδρος χαλκέοις
Ἕκτορος ὅπλοις σκύλοις τε Φρυγῶν
δοριθηράτοις,
οἷσιν Ἀχιλλέως παῖς Φθιώτης
στέψει ναοὺς ἀπὸ Τροίας;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Ἀχαιοὶ δεσπόται μ' ἄγουσιν. στρ. β'

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὤμοι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τί παιᾶν' ἐμὸν στενάζεις

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τῶνδ' ἀλγέων

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ Ζεῦ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

καὶ συμφορᾶς;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέκεα,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πρίν ποτ' ἦμεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

βέβακ' ὄλβος, βέβακε Τροία ἀντ. β'

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τλάμων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐμῶν τ' εὐγένεια παίδων.

HECUBA

Whither on yon car's height dost thou ride,
O hapless wife, with the arms at thy side
Of Hector, and Phrygian battle-gear,
The spoil of the spear,
Wherewith that son of Achilles shall deck
The shrines of Phthia from Phrygia's wreck?

ANDROMACHE

(*Str.* 2)

Achaeans our masters to bondage are haling me.

HECUBA

Woe!

ANDROMACHE

Why dost thou chant my paean of misery—

HECUBA

Alas!—

ANDROMACHE

For my burden of woe,—

HECUBA

O Zeus!—

ANDROMACHE

For the anguish I know?

HECUBA

Ah children!

ANDROMACHE

No more are we!

HECUBA

(*Ant.* 2)

Gone is the olden prosperity, Troy is no more!

ANDROMACHE

Ah hapless

HECUBA

Gone are the hero-sons that I bore!

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

φεῦ φεῦ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

φεῦ δῆτ' ἐμῶν

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

κακῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἰκτρὰ τύχα

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πόλεος,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἃ καπνοῦται.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

μόλοις, ὦ πόσις, μοι, στρ. γ'

ΕΚΑΒΗ

βοᾷς τὸν παρ' Ἅιδᾳ
παῖδ' ἐμόν, ὦ μελέα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

σᾶς δάμαρτος ἄλκαρ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σύ τ', ὦ λῦμ' Ἀχαιῶν, ἀντ. γ
τέκνων δήποτ' ἁμῶν
πρεσβυγενὲς Πρίαμῳ,
κοίμισαί μ' ἐς Ἅιδου.[1]

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἵδε πόθοι μεγάλοι· σχετλία, τάδε πάσχομεν ἄλγη,
οἰχομένας πόλεως, ἐπὶ δ' ἄλγεσιν ἄλγεα κεῖται
δυσφροσύναισι θεῶν, ὅτε σὸς γόνος ἔκφυγεν Ἅιδαν,

[1] Paley and Tyrrell's reading adopted: for δέσποθ' . . Πρίαμε of MSS.

ANDROMACHE

Woe!—

HECUBA

For griefs—

ANDROMACHE

On mine head that fall!

HECUBA

Ah the pity—

ANDROMACHE

Of Ilium's wall—

HECUBA

With the smoke-pall shrouded o'er!

ANDROMACHE

Come to me, husband, now— (*Str.* 3)

HECUBA

Thou criest on him that is gone,
O hapless, to Hades, my son—

ANDROMACHE

Thy wife's defender thou!

HECUBA

Thou on whom did Achaeans heap (*Ant.* 3)
Outrage, whom eldest I bare
Unto Priam in days that were,
To thine Hades receive me to sleep.

ANDROMACHE

Sore are our yearnings, sharp anguish is come on us,
O sorrow-stricken!
Ruined our city is; cloud upon cloud do our miseries
thicken,
Sent by the hate of the Gods, since thy son was from
Hades delivered,[1]

[1] Paris, spared at his birth, in spite of the prophecy that he should ruin Troy.

ὃς λεχέων στυγερῶν χάριν ὤλεσε πέργαμα
Τροίας.
αἱματόεντα δὲ θεᾷ παρὰ Παλλάδι σώματα νεκρῶν
γυψὶ φέρειν τέταται· ζυγὰ δ᾽ ἤνυσε δούλια
Τροία.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ πατρὶς ὦ μελέα, καταλειπομέναν σε δακρύω,
νῦν τέλος οἰκτρὸν ὁρᾷς, καὶ ἐμὸν δόμον ἔνθ᾽
ἐλοχεύθην.
† ὦ τέκν᾽, ἐρημόπολις μάτηρ ἀπολείπεται ὑμῶν,
οἷος ἰάλεμος οἷά τε πένθη
δάκρυά τ᾽ ἐκ δακρύων καταλείβεται
ἁμετέροισι δόμοις· ὁ θανὼν δ᾽ ἐπι-
λάθεται ἀλγέων ἀδάκρυτος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἡδὺ δάκρυα τοῖς κακῶς πεπραγόσι
θρήνων τ᾽ ὀδυρμοὶ μοῦσά θ᾽ ἣ λύπας ἔχει.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ μῆτερ ἀνδρός, ὅς ποτ᾽ Ἀργείων δορὶ
πλείστους διώλεσ᾽, Ἕκτορος, τάδ᾽ εἰσορᾷς;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὁρῶ τὰ τῶν θεῶν, ὡς τὰ μὲν πυργοῦσ᾽ ἄνω
τὰ μηδὲν ὄντα, τὰ δὲ δοκοῦντ᾽ ἀπώλεσαν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀγόμεθα λεία σὺν τέκνῳ, τὸ δ᾽ εὐγενὲς
εἰς δοῦλον ἥκει, μεταβολὰς τοιάσδ᾽ ἔχον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τὸ τῆς ἀνάγκης δεινόν· ἄρτι κἀπ᾽ ἐμοῦ
βέβηκ᾽ ἀποσπασθεῖσα Κασάνδρα βίᾳ.

He for whose bridal accurst were the bulwarks of
Ilium shivered. [that crowd her,
Pallas the Goddess is left amid corpses blood-boultered
Spoil for the vultures, and Troy 'neath the yoke-band
of thraldom hath bowed her.

HECUBA

Fatherland, hapless, I weep thee, who now, of our
faces forlorn,
Seest the pitiful end, and mine home where my
children were born. [going—
Children, bereft of my city am I, and from me are ye
How wild is our wailing, our woe how deep!
Tears upon tears are flowing, flowing, [knowing
Mid our desolate homes:—the dead only, un-
Of sorrow, forget to weep.

CHORUS

How sweet unto afflicted souls are tears,
Lamentings, and the chant with sorrow fraught!

ANDROMACHE

Mother of hero Hector, whose spear slew
In days past many an Argive, seest thou this?

HECUBA

I see the Gods' work, who exalt on high
That which was naught, and bring the proud names
low.

ANDROMACHE

I with my child a spoil am haled; high birth
Hath come to bondage—ah the change, the change!

HECUBA

Mighty is fate:—from mine arms too but now
By violence torn Cassandra passed away.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

φεῦ φεῦ·
ἄλλος τις Αἴας, ὡς ἔοικε, δεύτερος
παιδὸς πέφηνε σῆς· νοσεῖς δὲ χἄτερα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὧν γ᾽ οὔτε μέτρον οὔτ᾽ ἀριθμός ἐστί μοι·
κακῷ κακὸν γὰρ εἰς ἅμιλλαν ἔρχεται.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τέθνηκέ σοι παῖς πρὸς τάφῳ Πολυξένη
σφαγεῖσ᾽ Ἀχιλλέως, δῶρον ἀψύχῳ νεκρῷ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἲ ᾽γὼ τάλαινα. τοῦτ᾽ ἐκεῖνό μοι πάλαι
Ταλθύβιος αἴνιγμ᾽ οὐ σαφῶς εἶπεν σαφές.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

εἶδόν νιν αὐτὴ κἀποβᾶσα τῶνδ᾽ ὄχων
ἔκρυψα πέπλοις κἀπεκοψάμην νεκρόν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ, τέκνον, σῶν ἀνοσίων προσφαγμάτων·
αἰαῖ μάλ᾽ αὖθις, ὡς κακῶς διόλλυσαι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὄλωλεν ὡς ὄλωλεν, ἀλλ᾽ ὅμως ἐμοῦ
ζώσης γ᾽ ὄλωλεν εὐτυχεστέρῳ πότμῳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ ταὐτόν, ὦ παῖ, τῷ βλέπειν τὸ κατθανεῖν·
τὸ μὲν γὰρ οὐδέν, τῷ δ᾽ ἔνεισιν ἐλπίδες.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ μῆτερ, ὦ τεκοῦσα, κάλλιστον λόγον
ἄκουσον, ὥς σοι τέρψιν ἐμβάλω φρενί.
τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι τῷ θανεῖν ἴσον λέγω,
τοῦ ζῆν δὲ λυπρῶς κρεῖσσόν ἐστι κατθανεῖν.
ἀλγεῖ γὰρ οὐδὲν τῶν κακῶν ᾐσθημένος·
ὁ δ᾽ εὐτυχήσας εἰς τὸ δυστυχὲς πεσὼν

ANDROMACHE

Alas and alas!
Meseems a second Aias for thy child
Hath risen. Yet hast thou more afflictions still,—

HECUBA

Measure nor numbering whereof I know;
For ill to rival ill comes evermore.

ANDROMACHE

Slain at Achilles' tomb, Polyxena
Thy child is dead, a gift to a lifeless corpse.

HECUBA

O wretched I!—The riddle this that erst
Talthybius spake, not clearly—oh, too clear!

ANDROMACHE

Myself beheld: I lighted from this car,
Veiled with my robes the corse, and smote my breast.

HECUBA

Woe's me, my child, for thine unhallowed slaughter!
Woe yet again! How foully hast thou died!

ANDROMACHE

She hath died—as she hath died: yet by a fate
More blest than mine, who yet live, hath she died.

HECUBA

Not one, my child, with sight of day is death;
For that is naught, in this is space for hope.

ANDROMACHE

Mother, O mother, a fairer, truer word
Hear, that I may with solace touch thine heart:—
To have been unborn I count as one with death;
But better death than life in bitterness.
No pain feels death, which hath no sense of ills:
But who hath prospered, and hath fallen on woe,

ψυχὴν ἀλᾶται τῆς πάροιθ' εὐπραξίας.
κείνη δ' ὁμοίως ὥσπερ οὐκ ἰδοῦσα φῶς
τέθνηκε, κοὐδὲν οἶδε τῶν αὑτῆς κακῶν.
ἐγὼ δὲ τοξεύσασα τῆς εὐδοξίας
λαχοῦσα πλεῖστον τῆς τύχης ἡμάρτανον.
ἃ γὰρ γυναιξὶ σώφρον' ἔσθ' ηὑρημένα,
ταῦτ' ἐξεμόχθουν Ἕκτορος κατὰ στέγας.
πρῶτον μέν, ἔνθα—κἂν προσῇ κἂν μὴ προσῇ
ψόγος γυναιξίν—αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἐφέλκεται
κακῶς ἀκούειν, ἥτις οὐκ ἔνδον μένει,
τούτου παρεῖσα πόθον ἔμιμνον ἐν δόμοις·
εἴσω τε μελάθρων κομψὰ θηλειῶν ἔπη
οὐκ εἰσεφρούμην, τὸν δὲ νοῦν διδάσκαλον
οἴκοθεν ἔχουσα χρηστὸν ἐξήρκουν ἐμοί.
γλώσσης τε σιγὴν ὄμμα θ' ἥσυχον πόσει
παρεῖχον· ᾔδη δ' ἁμὲ χρῆν νικᾶν πόσιν,
κείνῳ τε νίκην ὧν ἐχρῆν παριέναι.
καὶ τῶνδε κληδὼν εἰς στράτευμ' Ἀχαϊκὸν
ἐλθοῦσ' ἀπώλεσέν μ'· ἐπεὶ γὰρ ᾑρέθην,
Ἀχιλλέως με παῖς ἐβουλήθη λαβεῖν
δάμαρτα· δουλεύσω δ' ἐν αὐθεντῶν δόμοις.
κεἰ μὲν παρώσασ' Ἕκτορος φίλον κάρα
πρὸς τὸν παρόντα πόσιν ἀναπτύξω φρένα,
κακὴ φανοῦμαι τῷ θανόντι· τόνδε δ' αὖ
στυγοῦσ' ἐμαυτῆς δεσπόταις μισήσομαι.
καίτοι λέγουσιν ὡς μί' εὐφρόνη χαλᾷ
τὸ δυσμενὲς γυναικὸς εἰς ἀνδρὸς λέχος·
ἀπέπτυσ' αὐτήν, ἥτις ἄνδρα τὸν πάρος
καινοῖσι λέκτροις ἀποβαλοῦσ' ἄλλον φιλεῖ.
ἀλλ' οὐδὲ πῶλος ἥτις ἂν διαζυγῇ
τῆς συντραφείσης, ῥᾳδίως ἕλξει ζυγόν.
καίτοι τὸ θηριῶδες ἄφθογγόν τ' ἔφυ

Forlorn of soul strays far from olden bliss.
Thy child, as though she ne'er had looked on light,
Is dead, and nothing knoweth of her ills.
But I, who drew my bow at fair repute,
Won overmeasure, yet fair fortune missed.
All virtuous fame that women e'er have found,
This was my quest, my gain, 'neath Hector's roof.
First—be the woman smirched with other stain,
Or be she not—this very thing shall bring
Ill fame, if one abide not in the home :
So banished I such craving, kept the house :
Within my bowers I suffered not to come
The tinsel-talk of women, lived content
To be in virtue schooled by mine own heart ;
With silent tongue, with quiet eye, still met
My lord : knew in what matters I should rule,
And where 'twas meet to yield him victory :
Whereof the fame to the Achaean host
Reached, for my ruin ; for, when I was ta'en,
Achilles' son would have me for his wife —
His slave in mine own husband's murderers' halls !
If from mine heart I thrust my love, mine Hector,
And to this new lord ope the doors thereof,
I shall be traitress to the dead : but if
I loathe this prince, shall win my masters' hate.
And yet one night, say they, unknits the knot
Of woman's hate of any husband's couch !
I scorn the wife who flings her sometime lord
Away, and on a new couch loves another !
Not even the steed, from her stall-mate disyoked,
Will with a willing spirit draw the yoke ;
Yet speech nor understanding in the brute

ξυνέσει τ' ἄχρηστον τῇ φύσει τε λείπεται.
σὲ δ', ὦ φίλ' Ἕκτορ, εἶχον ἄνδρ' ἀρκοῦντά μοι
ξυνέσει, γένει, πλούτῳ τε κἀνδρείᾳ μέγαν·
ἀκήρατον δέ μ' ἐκ πατρὸς λαβὼν δόμων
πρῶτος τὸ παρθένειον ἐζεύξω λέχος.
καὶ νῦν ὄλωλας μὲν σύ, ναυσθλοῦμαι δ' ἐγὼ
πρὸς Ἑλλάδ' αἰχμάλωτος εἰς δοῦλον ζυγόν.
ἆρ' οὐκ ἐλάσσω τῶν ἐμῶν ἡγεῖ κακῶν
Πολυξένης ὄλεθρον, ἣν καταστένεις;
ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐδ' ὃ πᾶσι λείπεται βροτοῖς
ξύνεστιν ἐλπίς, οὐδὲ κλέπτομαι φρένας
πράξειν τι κεδνόν· ἡδὺ δ' ἐστὶ καὶ δοκεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς ταὐτὸν ἥκεις συμφορᾶς· θρηνοῦσα δὲ
τὸ σὸν διδάσκεις μ' ἔνθα πημάτων κυρῶ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αὐτὴ μὲν οὔπω ναὸς εἰσέβην σκάφος,
γραφῇ δ' ἰδοῦσα καὶ κλύουσ' ἐπίσταμαι.
ναύταις γὰρ ἢν μὲν μέτριος ᾖ χειμὼν φέρειν,
προθυμίαν ἔχουσι σωθῆναι πόνων,
ὁ μὲν παρ' οἴακ', ὁ δ' ἐπὶ λαίφεσιν βεβώς,
ὁ δ' ἄντλον εἴργων ναός· ἢν δ' ὑπερβάλῃ
πολὺς ταραχθεὶς πόντος, ἐνδόντες τύχῃ
παρεῖσαν αὑτοὺς κυμάτων δρομήμασιν.
οὕτω δὲ κἀγὼ πόλλ' ἔχουσα πήματα
ἄφθογγός εἰμι καὶ παρεῖσ' ἐῶ στόμα·
νικᾷ γὰρ οὑκ θεῶν με δύστηνος κλύδων.
ἀλλ', ὦ φίλη παῖ, τὰς μὲν Ἕκτορος τύχας
ἔασον· οὐ γὰρ δάκρυα νιν σώσει τὰ σά·
τίμα δὲ τὸν παρόντα δεσπότην σέθεν,
φίλον διδοῦσα δέλεαρ ἀνδρὶ σῶν τρόπων.
κἂν δρᾷς τάδ', εἰς τὸ κοινὸν εὐφρανεῖς φίλους

Is found, whose nature lags behind the man.
Thou, O mine Hector, wast my fitting mate
In birth and wisdom, mighty in wealth and valour.
Stainless from my sire's halls thou tookest me,
And first didst yoke with thine my maiden couch.
Now hast thou perished: sea-borne I shall be,
Spear-won, to Hellas, unto thraldom's yoke.
Hath not the doom then of Polyxena,
Whom thou lamentest, lesser ills than mine?
With me not even is hope, which lingers last
With all; nor with far vision of good I cheat
Mine heart, though sweet thereof the day-dream were.

CHORUS

Even as mine is thy calamity:
Thy wail doth teach me all my depth of woes.

HECUBA

Though never yet I stepped aboard a ship,
From pictures seen and hearsay know I this,
That, if there lie a storm not passing great
On mariners, for deliverance all bestir them:
This standeth by the helm, that by the sail;
That baleth ship: but if the sea's full flood
In turmoil overwhelm them, cowed by fate
To the waves' driving they commit themselves.
So I withal, though many a woe is mine,
Am dumb, and I refrain my lips from speech,
For the Gods' misery-surge o'ermastereth me.
But, dear my daughter, let be Hector's fate,
Seeing no tears of thine shall ransom him;
But honour him that is to-day thy lord,
Tendering the sweet lure of thy winsomeness.
If this thou do, thy friends shall share thy joy,

καὶ παῖδα τόνδε παιδὸς ἐκθρέψειας ἂν
Τροίᾳ μέγιστον ὠφέλημ', ἵν' οἵ[1] ποτε
ἐκ σοῦ γενόμενοι παῖδες ὕστερον πάλιν
κατοικίσειαν, καὶ πόλις γένοιτ' ἔτι.
ἀλλ' ἐκ λόγου γὰρ ἄλλος ἐκβαίνει λόγος,
τίν' αὖ δέδορκα τόνδ' Ἀχαϊκὸν λάτριν
στείχοντα καινῶν ἄγγελον βουλευμάτων ;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

Φρυγῶν ἀρίστου πρίν ποθ' Ἕκτορος δάμαρ,
μὴ 'με στυγήσῃς· οὐχ ἑκὼν γὰρ ἀγγελῶ
Δαναῶν τε κοινὰ Πελοπιδῶν τ' ἀγγέλματα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τί δ' ἔστιν ; ὥς μοι φροιμίων ἄρχει κακῶν.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ἔδοξε τόνδε παῖδα—πῶς εἴπω λόγον ;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

μῶν οὐ τὸν αὐτὸν δεσπότην ἡμῖν ἔχειν ;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

οὐδεὶς Ἀχαιῶν τοῦδε δεσπόσει ποτέ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀλλ' ἐνθάδ' αὐτὸν λείψανον Φρυγῶν λιπεῖν ;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως σοι ῥᾳδίως εἴπω κακά.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἐπῄνεσ' αἰδῶ, πλὴν ἐὰν λέγῃς καλά.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

κτενοῦσι σὸν παῖδ', ὡς πύθῃ κακὸν μέγα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἴμοι, γάμων τόδ' ὡς κλύω μεῖζον κακόν.

[1] οἵ Paley ; MSS. εἰ ; Murray ἵν'—εἴ ποτε—.

And this my son's son shalt thou rear to man,
To Troy a mighty aid, that children born
Of thee hereafter may in days to come
Build her, and yet again our city rise.
But—for a new tale followeth on the old—
What servant of the Achaeans see I stride
Hitherward, herald of their new resolve?

Enter TALTHYBIUS.

TALTHYBIUS

O wife of Hector, Phrygia's mightiest once,
Abhor not me: sore loth shall I announce
The Danaans' hest, the word of Pelops' sons.

ANDROMACHE

What now?—with what ill preface dost begin!

TALTHYBIUS

This child, have they decreed—how can I say it?

ANDROMACHE

Not—that he shall not have one lord with me?

TALTHYBIUS

None of Achaeans e'er shall be his lord.

ANDROMACHE

How?—here, a Phrygian remnant, shall he bide?

TALTHYBIUS

I know not gently how to break sad tidings!

ANDROMACHE

Thanks for thy shrinking, save thou bring glad tidings.

TALTHYBIUS

Thy son must die—since thou must hear the horror.

ANDROMACHE

Ah me!—a worse ill this than thraldom's couch!

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

νικᾷ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐν Πανέλλησιν λέγων—

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

αἰαῖ μάλ', οὐ γὰρ μέτρια πάσχομεν κακά.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

λέξας ἀρίστου παῖδα μὴ τρέφειν πατρός,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τοιαῦτα νικήσειε τῶν αὑτοῦ πέρι.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ῥῖψαι δὲ πύργων δεῖν σφε Τρωικῶν ἄπο.
ἀλλ' ὣς γενέσθω, καὶ σοφωτέρα φανεῖ·
μήτ' ἀντέχου τοῦδ', εὐγενῶς δ' ἄλγει κακοῖς,
μήτε σθένουσα μηδὲν ἰσχύειν δόκει.
ἔχεις γὰρ ἀλκὴν οὐδαμῇ· σκοπεῖν δὲ χρή·
πόλις τ' ὄλωλε καὶ πόσις, κρατεῖ δὲ σύ,
ἡμῖν δὲ πῶς γυναῖκα μάρνασθαι μίαν[1]
οἷόν τε; τούτων εἵνεκ' οὐ μάχης ἐρᾶν
οὐδ' αἰσχρὸν οὐδὲν οὐδ' ἐπίφθονόν σε δρᾶν,
οὐδ' αὖ σ' Ἀχαιοῖς βούλομαι ῥίπτειν ἀράς.
εἰ γάρ τι λέξεις ᾧ χολώσεται στρατός,
οὔτ' ἂν ταφείη παῖς ὅδ' οὔτ' οἴκτου τύχοι.
σιγῶσα δ' εὖ τε ταῖς τύχαις κεχρημένη
τὸν τοῦδε νεκρὸν οὐκ ἄθαπτον ἂν λίποις,
αὐτή τ' Ἀχαιῶν πρευμενεστέρων τύχοις.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ φίλτατ', ὦ περισσὰ τιμηθεὶς τέκνον,
θανεῖ πρὸς ἐχθρῶν μητέρ' ἀθλίαν λιπών.
ἡ τοῦ πατρὸς δέ σ' εὐγένει' ἀπώλεσεν,
ἣ τοῖσιν ἄλλοις γίγνεται σωτηρία,
τὸ δ' ἐσθλὸν οὐκ εἰς καιρὸν ἦλθε σοι πατρός.

[1] Nauck's emendation for ἡμεῖς τε πρὸς . . . οἷοί τε.

TALTHYBIUS

Odysseus' speech to assembled Greeks prevailed—

ANDROMACHE

O God! O God! what measureless ill is mine!

TALTHYBIUS

Warning them not to rear a hero's son.

ANDROMACHE

May like rede dooming sons of his prevail!

TALTHYBIUS

He must be hurled from battlements of Troy.
Nay, let this be, so wiser shalt thou show,
Nor cling to him, but queenlike bear thy pain,
Nor, being strengthless, dream that thou art strong.
For nowhere hast thou help: needs must thou mark—
City and lord are gone; thou art held in thrall;
How can one woman fight against our host?
Wherefore I would not see thee set on strife,
Nor doing aught should breed thee shame or spite,
Nor on the Achaeans hurling malisons.
For, if to wrath thy words shall rouse the host,
This child shall find no burial, no, nor ruth.
Nay, hold thy peace, and meekly bow to fate;
So not unburied shalt thou leave his corse,
And kindlier the Achaeans shalt thou find.

ANDROMACHE

O darling child, O prized above all price,
Thou must leave thy poor mother, die by foes!
Thy father's heroism ruineth thee,
Which unto others was deliverance.
Ill-timed thy father's prowess was for thee!

ὦ λέκτρα τἀμὰ δυστυχῆ τε καὶ γάμοι,
οἷς ἦλθον εἰς μέλαθρον Ἕκτορός ποτε,
οὐ σφάγιον υἱὸν Δαναΐδαις τέξουσ᾽ ἐμόν,
ἀλλ᾽ ὡς τύραννον Ἀσιάδος πολυσπόρου.
ὦ παῖ, δακρύεις; αἰσθάνει κακῶν σέθεν;
τί μου δέδραξαι χερσὶ κἀντέχει πέπλων,
νεοσσὸς ὡσεὶ πτέρυγας εἰσπίτνων ἐμάς;
οὐκ εἶσιν Ἕκτωρ κλεινὸν ἁρπάσας δόρυ,
γῆς ἐξανελθών, σοὶ φέρων σωτηρίαν,
οὐ συγγένεια πατρός, οὐκ ἰσχὺς Φρυγῶν·
λυγρὸν δὲ πήδημ᾽ εἰς τράχηλον ὑψόθεν
πεσὼν ἀνοίκτως, πνεῦμ᾽ ἀπορρήξεις σέθεν
ὦ νέον ὑπαγκάλισμα μητρὶ φίλτατον,
ὦ χρωτὸς ἡδὺ πνεῦμα· διὰ κενῆς ἄρα
ἐν σπαργάνοις σε μαστὸς ἐξέθρεψ᾽ ὅδε,
μάτην δ᾽ ἐμόχθουν καὶ κατεξάνθην πόνοις.
νῦν, οὔποτ᾽ αὖθις, μητέρ᾽ ἀσπάζου σέθεν,
πρόσπιτνε τὴν τεκοῦσαν, ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ὠλένας
ἕλισσ᾽ ἐμοῖς νώτοισι καὶ στόμ᾽ ἅρμοσον.
ὦ βάρβαρ᾽ ἐξευρόντες Ἕλληνες κακά,
τί τόνδε παῖδα κτείνετ᾽ οὐδὲν αἴτιον;
ὦ Τυνδάρειον ἔρνος, οὔποτ᾽ εἶ Διός,
πολλῶν δὲ πατέρων φημί σ᾽ ἐκπεφυκέναι,
Ἀλάστορος μὲν πρῶτον, εἶτα δὲ Φθόνου,
Φόνου τε Θανάτου θ᾽, ὅσα τε γῆ τρέφει κακά.
οὐ γάρ ποτ᾽ αὐχῶ Ζῆνά γ᾽ ἐκφῦσαί σ᾽ ἐγώ,
πολλοῖσι κῆρα βαρβάροις Ἕλλησί τε.
ὄλοιο· καλλίστων γὰρ ὀμμάτων ἄπο
αἰσχρῶς τὰ κλεινὰ πεδί᾽ ἀπώλεσας Φρυγῶν.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγετε, φέρετε, ῥίπτετ᾽, εἰ ῥίπτειν δοκεῖ·
δαίνυσθε τοῦδε σάρκας. ἔκ τε γὰρ θεῶν
διολλύμεσθα, παιδί τ᾽ οὐ δυναίμεθ᾽ ἂν

O bridal mine and union evil-starred,
Whereby I came, time was, to Hector's hall,
Not as to bear a babe for Greeks to slay,
Nay, but a king for Asia's fruitful land!
Child, dost thou weep?—dost comprehend thy doom?
Why with thine hands clutch, clinging to my robe,
Like fledgling fleeing to nestle 'neath my wings?
No Hector, glorious spear in grip, shall rise
From earth, and bringing thee deliverance come,
No kinsman of thy sire, no might of Phrygians;
But, falling from on high with horrible plunge,
Unpitied shalt thou dash away thy breath.

O tender nursling, sweet to mother, sweet!
O balmy breath!—in vain and all in vain
This breast in swaddling-bands hath nurtured thee.
Vainly I travailed and was spent with toils!
Now, and no more for ever, kiss thy mother,
Fling thee on her that bare thee, twine thine arms
About my waist, and lay thy lips to mine.

O Greeks who have found out cruelties un-Greek,
Why slay this child who is guiltless wholly of wrong?
O Tyndareus' child, no child of Zeus art thou!
Nay, but of many sires I name thee born:
Child of the Haunting Curse, of Envy child,
Of Murder, Death, of all earth-nurtured plagues!
Thee never Zeus begat, I dare avouch,
A curse to many a Greek, barbarians many!
Now ruin seize thee, who by thy bright eyes
Foully hast wasted Phrygia's glorious plains!
Take him—bear hence, and hurl, if hurl ye will;—
Then on his flesh feast! For we perish now
By the Gods' doom, and cannot shield one child

θάνατον ἀρῆξαι. κρύπτετ' ἄθλιον δέμας
καὶ ῥίπτετ' εἰς ναῦν· ἐπὶ καλὸν γὰρ ἔρχομαι
ὑμέναιον, ἀπολέσασα τοὐμαυτῆς τέκνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάλαινα Τροία, μυρίους ἀπώλεσας
μιᾶς γυναικὸς καὶ λέχους στυγνοῦ χάριν.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ἄγε παῖ, φίλιον πρόσπτυγμα μεθεὶς
μητρὸς μογερᾶς, βαῖνε πατρῴων
πύργων ἐπ' ἄκρας στεφάνας, ὅθι σοι
πνεῦμα μεθεῖναι ψῆφος ἐκράνθη.
λαμβάνετ' αὐτόν. τὰ δὲ τοιάδε χρὴ
κηρυκεύειν, ὅστις ἄνοικτος
καὶ ἀναιδείᾳ τῆς ἡμετέρας
γνώμης μᾶλλον φίλος ἐστίν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνον, ὦ παῖ παιδὸς μογεροῦ,
συλώμεθα σὴν ψυχὴν ἀδίκως
μήτηρ κἀγώ. τί πάθω; τί σ' ἐγώ,
δύσμορε, δράσω; τάδε σοι δίδομεν
πλήγματα κρατὸς στέρνων τε κόπους·
τῶνδε γὰρ ἄρχομεν· οἳ 'γὼ πόλεως,
οἴμοι δὲ σέθεν· τί γὰρ οὐκ ἔχομεν;
τίνος ἐνδέομεν μὴ οὐ πανσυδίᾳ
χωρεῖν ὀλέθρου διὰ παντός;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α'

μελισσοτρόφου Σαλαμῖνος, ὦ βασιλεῦ Τελαμών,
νάσου περικύμονος οἰκήσας ἕδραν

From death. O hide this wretched body of mine,
Yea, cast into a ship. To a bridal fair
Have I attained—I, who have lost my son!

CHORUS

O hapless Troy, who hast lost unnumbered sons
All for one woman's sake, one couch abhorred!

TALTHYBIUS

Come, child, from thy woeful mother's clasp
Break away: to the height of the coronal fare
Of thy towers ancestral; for thy last gasp,
As the doom hath decreed, must be rendered there.
Lay hold on him:—his should such heralding be
Who is made without pity, whose breast doth bear
A spirit more ruthless, that hateth to spare,
More than the spirit that dwelleth in me!

[*Exeunt* ANDROMACHE, *and* TALTHYBIUS *with* ASTYANAX.

HECUBA

O child, O son of mine ill-starred son,
Unrighteously reft thy life is gone
From thy mother and me! What life shall I live?
What do for thee, hapless one? All we can give
Are smitings of heads, and on breasts blows rained:
These only be ours! Woe's me for our town
And for thee! What scathe is of us unattained?
What lack we to hold us from fell destruction's nethermost hell—
From the swift plunge down?

CHORUS

O Telamon, king of the land where the wing of the bee flits aye round Salamis' shore,— (*Str. 1*)
Who didst make thee a home in the isle with the foam of the sea ringed round and the surges' roar,

τᾶς ἐπικεκλιμένας ὄχθοις ἱεροῖς, ἵν᾽ ἐλαίας
πρῶτον ἔδειξε κλάδον γλαυκᾶς Ἀθάνα,
οὐράνιον στέφανον λιπαραῖσι τε κόσμον Ἀθήναις,
ἔβας τῷ τοξοφόρῳ συναρι-
στεύων ἅμ᾽ Ἀλκμήνας γόνῳ
Ἴλιον Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσων πόλιν ἁμετέραι
τὸ πάροιθεν †ὅτ᾽ ἔβας ἀφ᾽ Ἑλλάδος,

ἀντ. α

ὅθ᾽ Ἑλλάδος ἄγαγε πρῶτον ἄνθος ἀτυζόμενος
πώλων, Σιμόεντι δ᾽ ἐπ᾽ εὐρείτᾳ πλάταν
ἔσχασε ποντοπόρον καὶ ναύδετ᾽ ἀνήψατο πρυμνᾶν
καὶ χερὸς εὐστοχίαν ἐξεῖλε ναῶν,
Λαομέδοντι φόνον· κανόνων δὲ τυκίσματα Φοίβου
πυρὸς φοίνικι πνοᾷ καθελὼν
Τροίας ἐπόρθησε χθόνα,
δὶς δὲ δυοῖν πιτύλοιν τείχη περὶ Δαρδανίας
φονία κατέλυσεν αἰχμά.

Which over the tide looketh up to the pride of the
hallowèd heights whose ridge first bore,
At Athena's hest, in the lordship-test, the
olive grey,
A crown heaven-high, whose radiancy bright Athens
to bind her brows hath ta'en,—
Brother-chief didst thou go with the lord of the bow,
with the son of Alcmena, over the main[1]
Unto Ilium bound, to raze to the ground our city,
devising our Ilium's bane,
When from Hellas afar thou didst wend to the
war in the olden day,

(*Ant. 1*)

When the flower of the land from Hellas' strand he
led, whose wrath was enkindled sore
For the steeds denied; and he stayed beside fair-
rippling Simoïs' flood the oar
Through the paths that had plashed of the sea, and
lashed the great stern-hawsers to earth's firm
floor, [unerring aye,
And bare from the ship the bow in his grip
A deadly thing to the traitor king; and the walls
plummet-levelled of Phoebus in vain
With the fierce red blast of the fire he cast to earth,
and he harried the Trojan plain:
Yea, twice did it fall that the coronal of Dardanus'
towers, by spear-strokes twain [lay.
Shattered and rent, all blood-besprent in ruin

[1] Zeus gave to Laomedon, father of Ganymede, a team of immortal chariot-steeds. When the land was wasted by a dragon, the king promised these horses to Hercules, if he would slay it, but afterwards withheld the reward. So Hercules sailed against Troy with a Hellene host and destroyed it.

μάταν ἄρ', ὦ χρυσέαις *στρ. β'*
ἐν οἰνοχόαις ἁβρὰ βαίνων,
Λαομεδόντιε παῖ,
Ζανὸς ἔχεις κυλίκων
πλήρωμα, καλλίσταν λατρείαν·
ἁ δέ σε γειναμένα πυρὶ δαίεται·
ἠιόνες δ' ἅλιαι
ἴαχοῦσ'· οἷον δ' ὑπὲρ[1]
οἰωνὸς τεκέων βοᾷ,
αἱ μὲν εὐνάς, αἱ δὲ παῖδας,
αἱ δὲ ματέρας γεραιάς.
τὰ δὲ σὰ δροσόεντα λουτρὰ
γυμνασίων τε δρόμοι
βεβᾶσι· σὺ δὲ πρόσωπα νεα-
ρὰ χάρισι παρὰ Διὸς θρόνοις
καλλιγάλανα τρέφεις·
Πριάμοιο δὲ γαῖαν
Ἑλλὰς ὤλεσ' αἰχμά.

Ἔρως Ἔρως, ὃς τὰ Δαρ- *ἀντ. β'*
δάνεια μέλαθρά ποτ' ἦλθες
οὐρανίδαισι μέλων·
ὡς τότε μὲν μεγάλως
Τροίαν ἐπύργωσας, θεοῖσιν
κῆδος ἀναψάμενος. τὸ μὲν οὖν Διος
οὐκέτ' ὄνειδος ἐρῶ·
τὸ τᾶς δὲ λευκοπτέρου
Ἁμέρας φίλιον βροτοῖς
φέγγος ὀλοὸν εἶδε γαῖαν,
εἶδε περγάμων ὄλεθρον,

[1] Dindorf: for ἴαχον οἷον οἰωνὸς ὑπὲρ of MSS.

In vain, O thou who art pacing now with delicate feet where the chalices shine (*Str.* 2)
All-golden, O Laomedon's heir,
Is the office thine to brim with the wine
The goblets of Zeus, a service fair,—
And the land of thy birth in devouring flame is rolled !
From her brine-dashed beaches a crying is heard,
Where wail her daughters,—as shrieketh the bird
O'er the nest of her brood left cold,—
For their lost lords some, for their children's doom
These, those for their mothers old.
Gone are the cool baths dewy-plashing,
And the courses where raced thy feet white-flashing:—
But thou, with thy young face glory-litten
With the beauty of peace, by the throne dost stand
Of Zeus,—and the Hellene spear hath smitten
Priam's land !

(*Ant.* 2)

O Love, O Love, who didst brood above Dardanian halls in the olden days,
Thrilling the hearts of abiders in heaven,
Unto what high place didst thou then upraise
Troy, when to her was affinity given
With the Gods by thee !—But the dealings of Zeus shall my tongue
Attaint no more with the breath of blame :
But the light of Aurora, the white-winged flame
Held dear all mortals among,
With baleful beam did on Troyland gleam,
And her towers saw ruinward flung,

τεκνοποιὸν ἔχουσα τᾶσδε
γᾶς πόσιν ἐν θαλάμοις,
ὃν ἀστέρων τέθριππος ἔλα-
βε χρύσεος ὄχος ἀναρπάσας,
ἐλπίδα γᾷ πατρίᾳ
μεγάλαν· τὰ θεῶν δὲ
φίλτρα φροῦδα Τροίᾳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ καλλιφεγγὲς ἡλίου σέλας τόδε,
ἐν ᾧ δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμὴν χειρώσομαι
Ἑλένην· ὁ γὰρ δὴ πολλὰ μοχθήσας ἐγὼ
Μενέλαός εἰμι καὶ στράτευμ' Ἀχαϊκόν.
ἦλθον δὲ Τροίαν οὐχ ὅσον δοκοῦσί με
γυναικὸς εἵνεκ', ἀλλ' ἐπ' ἄνδρ' ὃς ἐξ ἐμῶν
δόμων δάμαρτα ξεναπάτης ἐλῄσατο.
κεῖνος μὲν οὖν ἔδωκε σὺν θεοῖς δίκην
αὐτός τε καὶ γῆ δορὶ πεσοῦσ' Ἑλληνικῷ.
ἥκω δὲ τὴν τάλαιναν, οὐ γὰρ ἡδέως
ὄνομα δάμαρτος ἥ ποτ' ἦν ἐμὴ λέγω,
ἄξων· δόμοις γὰρ τοῖσδ' ἐν αἰχμαλωτικοῖς
κατηρίθμηται Τρῳάδων ἄλλων μέτα.
οἵπερ γὰρ αὐτὴν ἐξεμόχθησαν δορί,
κτανεῖν ἐμοί νιν ἔδοσαν, εἴτε μὴ κτανὼν
θέλοιμ' ἄγεσθαι πάλιν ἐς Ἀργείων χθόνα.
ἐμοὶ δ' ἔδοξε τὸν μὲν ἐν Τροίᾳ μόρον
Ἑλένης ἐᾶσαι, ναυπόρῳ δ' ἄγειν πλάτῃ
Ἑλληνίδ' εἰς γῆν κᾆτ' ἐκεῖ δοῦναι κτανεῖν,
ποινὰς ὅσων τεθνᾶσ' ἐν Ἰλίῳ φίλοι.
ἀλλ' εἶα χωρεῖτ' εἰς δόμους, ὀπάονες,
κομίζετ' αὐτήν, τῆς μιαιφονωτάτης
κόμης ἐπισπάσαντες· οὔριοι δ' ὅταν
πνοαὶ μόλωσι, πέμψομέν νιν Ἑλλάδα.

Albeit in bridal bower she cherished
A son of the land in her sight that hath perished,
A spouse whom a chariot of gold star-splendid
Ravished from earth, that this land might joy
In hope—nay, all lovingkindness is ended
Of Gods for Troy!

Enter MENELAUS *with attendants.*

MENELAUS

Hail, thou fair-shining splendour of yon sun,
Whereby I shall make capture of my wife
Helen,—for I am he that travailed sore,
I Menelaus, with the Achaean host.
Nor so much came I, as men deem, to Troy
For her, but to avenge me on the man,
The traitor guest who stole my wife from me.
He by Heaven's help hath paid the penalty,
He and his land, by Hellene spears laid low.
I come to hale the accursèd,—loth am I
To name her wife, who in days past was mine;—
For in these mansions of captivity
Numbered she is with others, Trojan dames.
For they, by travail of the spear who won,
Gave her to me, to slay, or, an I would,
To slay not, but to take to Argos back.
And I was minded to reprieve from doom
Helen in Troy, but with keel-speeding oar
To bear to Greece, to yield her there to death,
Avenging all my friends in Ilium slain.
On, march to the pavilions, henchmen mine;
Bring her, and by her murder-reeking hair
Hale forth to me: then, soon as favouring winds
Shall blow, to Hellas will we speed her on.

[*Exeunt attendants.*

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ γῆς ὄχημα κἀπὶ γῆς ἔχων ἕδραν,
ὅστις ποτ' εἶ σύ, δυστόπαστος εἰδέναι,
Ζεύς, εἴτ' ἀνάγκη φύσεος εἴτε νοῦς βροτῶν,
προσηυξάμην σε· πάντα γὰρ δι' ἀψόφου
βαίνων κελεύθου κατὰ δίκην τὰ θνήτ' ἄγεις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν; εὐχὰς ὡς ἐκαίνισας θεῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰνῶ σε, Μενέλα', εἰ κτενεῖς δάμαρτα σήν.
ὁρῶν δὲ τήνδε, φεῦγε, μή σ' ἕλῃ πόθῳ.
αἱρεῖ γὰρ ἀνδρῶν ὄμματ', ἐξαιρεῖ πόλεις,
πίμπρησι δ' οἴκους· ὧδ' ἔχει κηλήματα.
ἐγώ νιν οἶδα καὶ σὺ χοἱ πεπονθότες.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαε, φροίμιον μὲν ἄξιον φόβου
τόδ' ἐστίν· ἐν γὰρ χερσὶ προσπόλων σέθεν
βίᾳ πρὸ τῶνδε δωμάτων ἐκπέμπομαι.
ἀτὰρ σχεδὸν μὲν οἶδά σοι στυγουμένη,
ὅμως δ' ἐρέσθαι βούλομαι γνῶμαι τίνες
Ἕλλησι καὶ σοὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς πέρι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ εἰς ἀκριβὲς ἦλθες, ἀλλ' ἅπας στρατὸς
κτανεῖν ἐμοί σ' ἔδωκεν, ὅνπερ ἠδίκεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔξεστιν οὖν πρὸς ταῦτ' ἀμείψασθαι λόγῳ,
ὡς οὐ δικαίως, ἢν θάνω, θανούμεθα;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ εἰς λόγους ἐλήλυθ', ἀλλά σε κτενῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄκουσον αὐτῆς, μὴ θάνῃ τοῦδ' ἐνδεής,
Μενέλαε, καὶ δὸς τοὺς ἐναντίους λόγους

HECUBA

O Earth's Upbearer, thou whose throne is Earth,
Whoe'er thou be, O past our finding out,
Zeus, be thou Nature's Law, or Mind of Man,
Thee I invoke; for, treading soundless paths,
To Justice' goal thou bring'st all mortal things

MENELAUS

How now?—what strange prayer this unto the Gods?

HECUBA

Thanks, Menelaus, if thou slay thy wife!
Yet, seeing, beware her soul-enthralling spells.
She snareth men's eyes, she destroyeth towns,
She burneth homes, such her enchantments are.
I and thou know her—all who have suffered know.

Enter HELEN, *haled forth by attendants.*

HELEN

O Menelaus, terror-fraught to me
This prelude is; for by thy servants' hands
Forth of these tents with violence am I haled.
But, though well-nigh I know me abhorred of thee,
Fain would I ask what the decision is,
Touching my life, of thee and of the Greeks

MENELAUS

No nicely-balanced vote—with one accord
Thee the host gave to me, the wronged, to slay.

HELEN

May I then plead in answer hereunto,
That, if I die, unjustly I shall die?

MENELAUS

Not for debate, for slaying am I come.

HECUBA

Hear her, that lacking not this boon she die,
Menelaus; and to me vouchsafe to plead

ἡμῖν κατ᾽ αὐτῆς· τῶν γὰρ ἐν Τροίᾳ κακῶν
οὐδὲν κάτοισθα. συντεθεὶς δ᾽ ὁ πᾶς λόγος
κτενεῖ νιν οὕτως ὥστε μηδαμῶς φυγεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σχολῆς τὸ δῶρον· εἰ δὲ βούλεται λέγειν,
ἔξεστι. τῶν σῶν δ᾽ εἵνεχ᾽, ὡς μάθῃ, λόγων
δώσω τόδ᾽ αὐτῇ, τῆσδε δ᾽ οὐ δώσω χάριν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἴσως με, κἂν εὖ κἂν κακῶς δόξω λέγειν,
οὐκ ἀνταμείψει πολεμίαν ἡγούμενος.
ἐγὼ δ᾽, ἅ σ᾽ οἶμαι διὰ λόγων ἰόντ᾽ ἐμοῦ
κατηγορήσειν, ἀντιθεῖσ᾽ ἀμείψομαι
τοῖς σοῖσι τἀμὰ καὶ τὰ σ᾽ αἰτιάματα.
πρῶτον μὲν ἀρχὰς ἔτεκεν ἥδε τῶν κακῶν
Πάριν τεκοῦσα· δεύτερον δ᾽ ἀπώλεσε
Τροίαν τε κἄμ᾽ ὁ πρέσβυς οὐ κτανὼν βρέφος,
δαλοῦ πικρὸν μίμημ᾽, Ἀλέξανδρόν ποτε.
ἐνθένδε τἀπίλοιπ᾽ ἄκουσον ὡς ἔχει.
ἔκρινε τρισσὸν ζεῦγος ὅδε τριῶν θεῶν·
καὶ Παλλάδος μὲν ἦν Ἀλεξάνδρῳ δόσις
Φρυξὶ στρατηγοῦνθ᾽ Ἑλλάδ᾽ ἐξανιστάναι,
Ἥρα δ᾽ ὑπέσχετ᾽ Ἀσιάδ᾽ Εὐρώπης θ᾽ ὅρους
τυραννίδ᾽ ἕξειν, εἴ σφε κρίνειεν Πάρις·
Κύπρις δὲ τοὐμὸν εἶδος ἐκπαγλουμένη
δώσειν ὑπέσχετ᾽, εἰ θεὰς ὑπερδράμοι
κάλλει. τὸν ἐνθένδ᾽ ὡς ἔχει σκέψαι λόγον·
νικᾷ Κύπρις θεά, καὶ τοσόνδ᾽ οὑμοὶ γάμοι
ὤνησαν Ἑλλάδ᾽, οὐ κρατεῖσθ᾽ ἐκ βαρβάρων,
οὔτ᾽ εἰς δόρυ σταθέντες, οὐ τυραννίδι.
ἃ δ᾽ ηὐτύχησεν Ἑλλάς, ὠλόμην ἐγὼ
εὐμορφίᾳ πραθεῖσα, κὠνειδίζομαι
ἐξ ὧν ἐχρῆν με στέφανον ἐπὶ κάρᾳ λαβεῖν.

Against her. Of her evil work in Troy
Nought know'st thou: the whole tale, set forth by me,
Shall to death doom her, past all hope to escape.

MENELAUS

This asks delay: yet, if she fain would speak,
Let her. For thy words' sake I grant her this,
But not for her sake, let her be assured.

HELEN

Perchance, or speak I well, or speak I ill,
Thou wilt not answer, counting me a foe.
Yet will I meet such charges as I deem,
If thou wouldst reason with me, thou wouldst bring,
And will confront with thine indictment mine.
First, she brought forth the source of all these ills,
Who brought forth Paris: then, both Troy and me
The old king ruined, slaying not the babe
Alexander, baleful semblance of a torch.
Thereafter, how befell the sequel, hear:—
Judge he became of those three Goddesses.
This guerdon Pallas offered unto him—
"Troy's hosts to vanquish Hellas shalt thou lead."
Lordship o'er Asia, and o'er Europe's bounds,
If Paris judged her fairest, Hera proffered.
Cypris, with rapturous praising of my beauty,
Cried, "Thine she shall be if I stand preferred
As fairest." Mark what followeth therefrom:—
Cypris prevails: this boon my bridal brought
To Greece—ye are not to foreign foes enthralled,
Nor battle-crushed, nor 'neath a despot bowed.
But I by Hellas' good-hap was undone,
Sold for my beauty; and I am reproached
For that for which I should have earned a crown!

οὔπω με φήσεις αὐτὰ τἀν ποσὶν λέγειν,
ὅπως ἀφώρμησ᾽ ἐκ δόμων τῶν σῶν λάθρᾳ.
ἦλθ᾽ οὐχὶ μικρὰν θεὸν ἔχων αὑτοῦ μέτα
ὁ τῆσδ᾽ ἀλάστωρ, εἴτ᾽ Ἀλέξανδρον θέλεις
ὀνόματι προσφωνεῖν νιν εἴτε καὶ Πάριν·
ὅν, ὦ κάκιστε, σοῖσιν ἐν δόμοις λιπὼν
Σπάρτης ἀπῆρας νηὶ Κρησίαν χθόνα.
εἶεν.
οὐ σ᾽, ἀλλ᾽ ἐμαυτὴν τοὐπὶ τῷδ᾽ ἐρήσομαι·
τί δὴ φρονήσασ᾽ ἐκ δόμων ἅμ᾽ ἑσπόμην
ξένῳ, προδοῦσα πατρίδα καὶ δόμους ἐμούς;
τὴν θεὸν κόλαζε καὶ Διὸς κρείσσων γενοῦ,
ὃς τῶν μὲν ἄλλων δαιμόνων ἔχει κράτος,
κείνης δὲ δοῦλός ἐστι· συγγνώμη δ᾽ ἐμοί.
ἔνθεν δ᾽ ἔχοις ἂν εἰς ἔμ᾽ εὐπρεπῆ λόγον·
ἐπεὶ θανὼν γῆς ἦλθ᾽ Ἀλέξανδρος μυχούς,
χρῆν μ᾽, ἡνίκ᾽ οὐκ ἦν θεοπόνητά μου λέχη,
λιποῦσαν οἴκους ναῦς ἐπ᾽ Ἀργείων μολεῖν.
ἔσπευδον αὐτὸ τοῦτο· μάρτυρες δέ μοι
πύργων πυλωροὶ κἀπὸ τειχέων σκοποί,
οἳ πολλάκις μ᾽ ἐφηῦρον ἐξ ἐπάλξεων
πλεκταῖσιν εἰς γῆν σῶμα κλέπτουσαν τόδε.
βίᾳ δ᾽ ὁ καινός μ᾽ οὗτος ἁρπάσας πόσις
Δηίφοβος ἄλοχον εἶχεν ἀκόντων Φρυγῶν.
πῶς οὖν ἔτ᾽ ἂν θνῄσκοιμ᾽ ἂν ἐνδίκως, πόσι,
πρὸς σοῦ† δικαίως, ἣν ὁ μὲν βίᾳ γαμεῖ,
τὰ δ᾽ οἴκοθεν κεῖν᾽ ἀντὶ νικητηρίων
πικρῶς ἐδούλευσ᾽; εἰ δὲ τῶν θεῶν κρατεῖν
βούλει, τὸ χρῄζειν ἀμαθές ἐστί σοι τόδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βασίλει᾽, ἄμυνον σοῖς τέκνοισι καὶ πάτρᾳ,
πειθὼ διαφθείρουσα τῆσδ᾽, ἐπεὶ λέγει

But, thou wilt say, I shun the issue still—
For what cause I by stealth forsook thine home.
He came, with no mean Goddess at his side,
This Hecuba's Evil Genius,—be his name
Paris or Alexander, which thou wilt,—
Whom, wittol thou, thou leftest in thine halls,
Sailing from Sparta to the Cretan land!
Not thee, but mine own heart, I question next—
What impulse stirred me from thine halls to follow
That guest, forsaking fatherland and home?
That Goddess. Punish her!—be mightier
Than Zeus, who ruleth all the Gods beside,
Yet is her slave!—so, pardon is my due.
But,—since thou mightest here find specious plea,—
When Alexander dead to Hades passed,
I, of whose couch the Gods were careless now,
Ought from his halls to have fled to the Argive ships.
Even this did I essay: my witnesses
Gate-warders are, and watchmen of the walls,
Who found me ofttimes from the battlements
By cords to earth down-climbing privily.
Yea, my new lord—yon corpse Deïphobus,—
Kept in the Phrygians' despite his bride.
How then, O husband, should I justly die
By thine hand, since by force he wedded me,
And my life there no victor's triumph was,
But bitter thrall? If thou wouldst overbear
Gods, this thy wish is folly unto thee.

CHORUS

Stand up for children and for country, Queen
Shatter her specious pleading; for her words

καλῶς κακοῦργος οὖσα· δεινὸν οὖν τόδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ταῖς θεαῖσι πρῶτα σύμμαχος γενήσομαι
καὶ τήνδε δείξω μὴ λέγουσαν ἔνδικα.
ἐγὼ γὰρ Ἥραν παρθένον τε Παλλάδα
οὐκ εἰς τοσοῦτον ἀμαθίας ἐλθεῖν δοκῶ,
ὥσθ' ἡ μὲν Ἄργος βαρβάροις ἀπημπόλα,
Παλλὰς δ' Ἀθήνας Φρυξὶ δουλεύειν ποτέ,
αἳ παιδιαῖσι καὶ χλιδῇ μορφῆς πέρι
ἦλυθον ἐπ' Ἴδην. τοῦ γὰρ εἵνεκ' ἂν θεὰ
Ἥρα τοσοῦτον ἔσχ' ἔρωτα καλλονῆς;
πότερον ἀμείνον' ὡς λάβοι Διὸς πόσιν,
ἢ γάμον Ἀθάνα θεῶν τινος θηρωμένη,
ἣ παρθενείαν πατρὸς ἐξῃτήσατο
φεύγουσα λέκτρα; μὴ ἀμαθεῖς ποίει θεὰς
τὸ σὸν κακὸν κοσμοῦσα· μὴ οὐ πείσῃς σοφούς.
Κύπριν δ' ἔλεξας, ταῦτα γὰρ γέλως πολύς,
ἐλθεῖν ἐμῷ ξὺν παιδὶ Μενέλεω δόμους.
οὐκ ἂν μένουσ' ἂν ἥσυχός σ' ἐν οὐρανῷ
αὐταῖς Ἀμύκλαις ἤγαγεν πρὸς Ἴλιον;
ἦν οὑμὸς υἱὸς κάλλος ἐκπρεπέστατος,
ὁ σὸς δ' ἰδών νιν νοῦς ἐποιήθη Κύπρις·
τὰ μῶρα γὰρ πάντ' ἐστὶν Ἀφροδίτη βροτοῖς,
καὶ τοὔνομ' ὀρθῶς ἀφροσύνης ἄρχει θεᾶς.
ὃν εἰσιδοῦσα βαρβάροις ἐσθήμασι
χρυσῷ τε λαμπρὸν ἐξεμαργώθης φρενας.
ἐν μὲν γὰρ Ἄργει μίκρ' ἔχουσ' ἀνεστρέφου,
Σπάρτης δ' ἀπαλλαχθεῖσα τὴν Φρυγῶν πόλιν
χρυσῷ ῥέουσαν ἤλπισας κατακλύσειν
δαπάναισιν· οὐδ' ἦν ἱκανά σοι τὰ Μενέλεω
μέλαθρα ταῖς σαῖς ἐγκαθυβρίζειν τρυφαῖς.
εἶεν, βίᾳ γὰρ παῖδα φὴς σ' ἄγειν ἐμόν·

Ring fair—a wanton's words; foul shame is this.

HECUBA

First, champion will I be of Goddesses,
And will convict her of a slanderous tongue.
Never, I ween, would Hera, or the Maid,
Pallas, have stooped unto such folly's depth,
That Hera would to aliens Argos sell,
Or Pallas bow 'neath Phrygians Athens' neck.
For sport they came and mirth in beauty's strife
To Ida. Why should Goddess Hera yearn
So hotly for the prize of loveliness?
That she might win a mightier lord than Zeus?
Or sought Athena mid the Gods a spouse,
Who of her sire, for hate of marriage, craved
Maidenhood? Charge not Goddesses with folly,
To gloze thy sin: thou cozenest not the wise.
And Cypris, say'st thou—who but laughs to hear?—
Came with my son to Menelaus' halls!
How? could she not in peace have stayed in heaven,
And thee—Amyclae too—to Ilium brought?
Nay, my son's peerless beauty didst thou see,
And thine own lust was made thy Cyprian Queen!
Ever men's folly is their Aphrodite:
Sensual—*senseless*—consonant they ring!
Him in barbaric bravery sawest thou
Gold-glittering, and thy senses were distraught.
For with scant state in Argos didst thou dwell;
But, Sparta left afar, the Phrygians' town,
That seemed a river of gold, thou thought'st to flood
With torrent waste: Menelaus' halls sufficed
Not thee for all thine insolence of pomp.
And my son, say'st thou, haled thee thence by force!

τίς Σπαρτιατῶν ᾔσθετ᾽, ἢ ποίαν βοὴν
ἀνωλόλυξας, Κάστορος νεανίου
τοῦ συζύγου τ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ὄντος οὐ κατ᾽ ἄστρα πω;
ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροίαν ἦλθες Ἀργεῖοί τέ σου
κατ᾽ ἴχνος, ἦν δὲ δοριπετὴς ἀγωνία,
εἰ μὲν τὰ τοῦδε κρείσσον᾽ ἀγγέλλοιτό σοι,
Μενέλαον ᾔνεις, παῖς ὅπως λυποῖτ᾽ ἐμὸς
ἔχων ἔρωτος ἀνταγωνιστὴν μέγαν·
εἰ δ᾽ εὐτυχοῖεν Τρῶες, οὐδὲν ἦν ὅδε.
εἰς τὴν τύχην δ᾽ ὁρῶσα τοῦτ᾽ ἤσκεις ὅπως
ἕποι᾽ ἅμ᾽ αὐτῇ, τἀρετῇ δ᾽ οὐκ ἤθελες.
κἄπειτα πλεκταῖς σῶμα σὸν κλέπτειν λέγεις
πύργων καθιεῖσ᾽ ὡς μένουσ᾽ ἀκουσίως;
ποῦ δῆτ᾽ ἐλήφθης ἢ βρόχους ἀρτωμένη
ἢ φάσγανον θήγουσ᾽, ἃ γενναία γυνὴ
δράσειεν ἂν ποθοῦσα τὸν πάρος πόσιν;
καίτοι γ᾽ ἐνουθέτουν σε πολλὰ πολλάκις·
ὦ θύγατερ, ἔξελθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ἐμοὶ παῖδες γάμους
ἄλλους γαμοῦσι, σὲ δ᾽ ἐπὶ ναῦς Ἀχαϊκὰς
πέμψω συνεκκλέψασα, καὶ παῦσον μάχης
Ἕλληνας ἡμᾶς τ᾽. ἀλλὰ σοὶ τόδ᾽ ἦν πικρόν.
ἐν τοῖς Ἀλεξάνδρου γὰρ ὕβριζες δόμοις
καὶ προσκυνεῖσθαι βαρβάρων ὕπ᾽ ἤθελες.
μεγάλα γὰρ ἦν σοι. κἀπὶ τοῖσδε σὸν δέμας
ἐξῆλθες ἀσκήσασα κἄβλεψας πόσει
τὸν αὐτὸν αἰθέρ᾽, ὦ κατάπτυστον κάρα·
ἣν χρῆν ταπεινὴν ἐν πέπλων ἐρειπίοις
φρίκῃ τρέμουσαν κρᾶτ᾽ ἀπεσκυθισμένην
ἐλθεῖν, τὸ σῶφρον τῆς ἀναιδείας πλέον
ἔχουσαν ἐπὶ τοῖς πρόσθεν ἡμαρτημένοις.
Μενέλα᾽, ἵν᾽ εἰδῇς οἷ τελευτήσω λόγον,
στεφάνωσον Ἑλλάδ᾽, ἀξίως τήνδε κτανὼν

What son of Sparta heard? What rescue-cry
Didst thou upraise, though Castor, yet a youth,
Lived, and his brother, starward rapt not yet?
And when to Troy thou cam'st, and on thy track
The Argives, and the strife of raining spears,
If tidings of his prowess came to thee,
Menelaus wouldst thou praise, to vex my son
Who in his love such mighty rival had:
But, if the Trojans prospered, naught was he.

Still watching fortune's flight, 'twas aye thy wont
To follow her—not virtue's path for thee!
And thou forsooth wouldst steal thy liberty,
By cords let down from towers, as loth to stay!
Where wast thou found with noose about thy neck,
Or whetting steel, as a true-hearted wife
Had done for yearning for her spouse of old?
Yet many a time and oft I counselled thee:—
"Daughter, go forth from Troy: my sons shall wed
New brides; and thee to the Achaean ships
Will I send secretly: so stay the war
'Twixt Greece and us." But this was gall to thee.

For thou didst flaunt in Alexander's halls,
Didst covet Asia's reverent courtesies—
Proud state for thee! And yet hast thou come forth
Costly arrayed, looked on the selfsame sky
As thy wronged spouse. O wanton all-abhorred,
Who oughtest, abject, and with garments rent,
Quaking with fear, with shaven head to have come,
Having regard to modesty, above
Bold shamelessness, for thy transgressions past!
Menelaus,—so to sum my mine argument,—
Crown Greece, by slaying, as beseemeth thee,

σαυτοῦ, νόμον δὲ τόνδε ταῖς ἄλλαισι θὲς
γυναιξί, θνῄσκειν ἥτις ἂν προδῷ πόσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Μενέλαε, προγόνων ἀξίως δόμων τε σῶν
τῖσαι δάμαρτα, κἀφελοῦ πρὸς Ἑλλάδος
ψόγον τὸ θῆλύ τ', εὐγενὴς ἐχθροῖς φανείς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐμοὶ σὺ συμπέπτωκας εἰς ταὐτὸν λόγου,
ἑκουσίως τήνδ' ἐκ δόμων ἐλθεῖν ἐμῶν
ξένας ἐς εὐνάς, χἠ Κύπρις κόμπου χάριν
λόγοις ἐνεῖται. βαῖνε λευστήρων πέλας
πόνους τ' Ἀχαιῶν ἀπόδος ἐν μικρῷ μακροὺς
θανοῦσ', ἵν' εἰδῇς μὴ καταισχύνειν ἐμέ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μή, πρός σε γονάτων, τὴν νόσον τὴν τῶν θεῶν
προσθεὶς ἐμοὶ κτάνῃς με, συγγίγνωσκε δέ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μηδ' οὓς ἀπέκτειν' ἥδε συμμάχους προδῷς·
ἐγὼ πρὸ κείνων καὶ τέκνων σε λίσσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

παῦσαι, γεραιά· τῆσδε δ' οὐκ ἐφρόντισα.
λέγω δὲ προσπόλοισι πρὸς πρύμνας νεῶν
τήνδ' ἐκκομίζειν, ἔνθα ναυστολήσεται.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μή νυν νεὼς σοὶ ταὐτὸν εἰσβήτω σκάφος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστι; μεῖζον βρῖθος ἢ πάροιθ' ἔχει;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἔστ' ἐραστὴς ὅστις οὐκ ἀεὶ φιλεῖ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὅπως ἂν ἐκβῇ τῶν ἐρωμένων ὁ νοῦς.
ἔσται δ' ἃ βούλει· ναῦν γὰρ οὐκ εἰσβήσεται

Yon woman: so ordain to all her sisters
This law—*the traitress to her lord shall die.*

CHORUS

Prince, worthily of thy fathers and thine house
Punish her: show thee unto foes unflinching.
So spurn the gibe of Greece that calls thee *woman.*

MENELAUS

Herein is thy conclusion one with mine,
That willingly she went forth from mine halls
For a strange couch; and Cypris for vain show
Fills out her plea. Thou, to the stoners hence!
The Achaeans' long toils in an hour requite
Dying: so learn to put me not to shame.

HELEN

Oh, by thy knees, impute not unto me
Heaven's visitation! Slay me not, but pardon!

HECUBA

Thine allies whom she slew betray not thou:
For them I pray thee, and their children's sake.

MENELAUS

Enough, grey queen: I give no heed to her;
But bid mine henchmen to the galley sterns
Lead her, wherein her voyaging shall be.

HECUBA

Oh not the same deck let her tread with thee.

MENELAUS

How, should she sink it—heavier than of old?

HECUBA

Lover is none but loveth evermore.

MENELAUS

Nay, love but lives while those we love are true.
Yet as thou wilt it shall be: on one ship

εἰς ἥνπερ ἡμεῖς· καὶ γὰρ οὐ κακῶς λέγεις·
ἐλθοῦσα δ' Ἄργος ὥσπερ ἀξία κακῶς
κακὴ θανεῖται καὶ γυναιξὶ σωφρονεῖν
πάσαισι θήσει. ῥᾴδιον μὲν οὐ τόδε·
ὅμως δ' ὁ τῆσδ' ὄλεθρος εἰς φόβον βαλεῖ
τὸ μῶρον αὐτῶν, κἂν ἔτ' ὦσ' αἰσχίονες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὕτω δὴ τὸν ἐν Ἰλίῳ — στρ. α'
ναὸν καὶ θυόεντα βω-
μὸν προὔδωκας Ἀχαιοῖς,
ὦ Ζεῦ, καὶ πελάνων φλόγα
σμύρνης αἰθερίας τε κα-
πνὸν καὶ Πέργαμον ἱρὰν
Ἰδαῖά τ' Ἰδαῖα κισσοφόρα νάπη
χιόνι κατάρυτα ποταμίᾳ
τέρμονά τε πρωτόβολον ἁλίῳ
τὰν καταλαμπομέναν ζαθέαν θεράπναν.

φροῦδαί σοι θυσίαι χορῶν τ' — ἀντ. α'
εὔφημοι κέλαδοι κατ' ὄρ-
φναν τε παννυχίδες θεῶν,
χρυσέων τε ξοάνων τύποι
Φρυγῶν τε ζάθεοι σελᾶ-
ναι συνδώδεκα πλήθει.
μέλει μέλει μοι τάδ' εἰ φρονεῖς, ἄναξ,
οὐράνιον ἕδρανον ἐπιβεβὼς
αἰθέρα τ' ἐμᾶς πόλεος ὀλομένας,
ἂν πυρὸς αἰθομένα κατέλυσεν ὁρμά.

ὦ φίλος ὦ πόσι μοι, — στρ. β'
σὺ μὲν φθίμενος ἀλαίνεις

With me she shall not step: thou counsellest well.
And, when she wins to Argos, in foul sort
The foul shall die, as meet is, and shall teach
All women chastity:—not easy this;
Yet her destruction shall with terror smite
Their folly, viler though they be than she.

[*Exit* MENELAUS *with* HELEN.

CHORUS

So then thy temple in Troy fair-gleaming, (*Str. 1*)
And thine altar of incense heavenward steaming
  Hast thou rendered up to our foes Achaean,
O Zeus, and the flame of our sacrificing,
And the holy burg with its myrrh-smoke rising,
  And the ivy-mantled glens Idaean
Overstreamed with the wan snow riverward-rushing,
And the haunted bowers of the World's Wall,[1] flushing
  With the first shafts flashed through the empyrean!

(*Ant. 1*)

Thine altars are cold; and the blithesome calling
Of the dancers is hushed; nor at twilight's falling
  To the nightlong vigils of Gods cometh waking.
They are vanished, thy carven images golden,
And the twelve moon-feasts of the Phrygians holden.
  Dost thou care, O King, I muse, heart-aching,—
Thou who sittest on high in the far blue heaven
Enthroned,—that my city to ruin is given,
  That the bands of her strength is the fire-blast breaking?

(*Str. 2*)

O my belovèd, O husband mine,
  Thou art dead, and unburied thou wanderest yonder,

[1] The range of Mount Ida, the supposed boundary of the world on the east (Paley).

ἄθαπτος ἄνυδρος, ἐμὲ δὲ πόντιον σκάφος
ἀίσσον πτεροῖσι πορεύσει
ἱππόβοτον Ἄργος, ἵνα τείχεα
λάϊνα Κυκλώπι' οὐράνια νέμονται.
τέκνων δὲ πλῆθος ἐν πύλαις
δάκρυσι κατᾴορα στένει, βοᾷ βοᾷ,
μᾶτερ, ὤμοι, μόναν δή μ' Ἀχαιοὶ κομί-
ζουσι σέθεν ἀπ' ὀμμάτων
κυανέαν ἐπὶ ναῦν
εἰναλίαισι πλάταις
ἢ Σαλαμῖν' ἱερὰν
ἢ δίπορον κορυφὰν
Ἴσθμιον, ἔνθα πύλας
Πέλοπος ἔχουσιν ἕδραι.

εἴθ' ἀκάτου Μενέλα — ἀντ. β'
μέσον πέλαγος ἰούσας,
δίπαλτον ἱερὸν ἀνὰ μέσον πλατᾶν πέσοι
Αἰγαίου κεραυνοφαὲς πῦρ,
Ἰλιόθεν ὅς με πολύδακρυν
Ἑλλάδι λάτρευμα γᾶθεν ἐξορίζει·
χρύσεα δ' ἔνοπτρα, παρθένων
χάριτας, ἔχουσα τυγχάνει Διὸς κόρα·
μηδὲ γαῖάν ποτ' ἔλθοι Λάκαιναν πατρῷ-
όν τε θάλαμον ἑστίας,
μηδὲ πόλιν Πιτάνας
χαλκόπυλόν τε θεάν,
δύσγαμον αἶσχος ἑλὼν
Ἑλλάδι τᾷ μεγάλᾳ
καὶ Σιμοεντιάσιν
μέλεα πάθη ῥοαῖσιν.

Unwashen!—but me shall the keel thro' the brine
Waft, onward sped by its pinions of pine,
To the horse-land Argos, where that stone wonder
Of Cyclop walls cleaves clouds asunder.
And our babes at the gates, in a long, long line,
Cling to their mothers with wail and with weeping
that cannot avail— [the Achaeans hale
"O mother," they moan, "alone, alone, woe's me!
Me from thy sight—from thine—
To the dark ship, soon o'er the surge to be riding,
To Salamis gliding,
To the hallowed strand,
Or the Isthmian hill 'twixt the two seas swelling,
Where the gates of the dwelling
Of Pelops stand!"

(*Ant.* 2)

Oh that, when, far o'er the mid-sea sped,
Menelaus' galley is onward sailing, [dread
On the midst of her oars might the thunderbolt
Crash down, the Aegean's wildfire red,
Since from Ilium me with weeping and wailing
Unto thraldom in Hellas hence is he haling;
While Helen, like some pure maid unwed,
Hath joy of her mirrors of gold, and her state as of
right doth she hold!
Nevermore may he come to Laconia, home of his sires:
be his hearth aye cold!
Never Pitane's streets may he tread,
Nor the Goddess's temple brazen-gated,
With the evil-fated
For his prize, who for shame
Unto all wide Hellas' sons and daughters,
And for woe to the waters
Of Simoïs, came!

ἰὼ ἰώ,
καιναὶ καινῶν μεταβάλλουσαι
χθονὶ συντυχίαι. λεύσσετε Τρώων
τόνδ' Ἀστυάνακτ' ἄλοχοι μέλεαι
νεκρον, ὃν πυργων δίσκημα πικρὸν
Δαναοι κτείναντες ἔχουσιν

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

Ἑκάβη, νεὼς μὲν πιτυλος εἷς λελειμμενος
λάφυρα τἀπίλοιπ' Ἀχιλλείου τόκου
μέλλει προς ἀκτὰς ναυστολεῖν Φθιώτιδας·
αὐτὸς δ' ἀνῆκται Νεοπτόλεμος, καινάς τινας
Πηλέως ἀκούσας συμφοράς, ὥς νιν χθονὸς
Ἄκαστος ἐκβέβληκεν ὁ Πελίου γόνος.
οὗ θᾶσσον εἵνεκ' ἢ χάριν μονῆς ἔχων,
φροῦδος, μετ' αὐτοῦ δ' Ἀνδρομάχη, πολλῶν ἐμοὶ
δακρύων ἀγωγός, ἡνικ' ἐξώρμα χθονὸς
πάτραν τ' ἀναστένουσα καὶ τὸν Ἕκτορος
τύμβον προσεννέπουσα. καί σφ' ᾐτήσατο
θάψαι νεκρὸν τόνδ', ὃς πεσὼν ἐκ τειχέων
ψυχὴν ἀφῆκεν Ἕκτορος τοῦ σοῦ γόνος,
φόβον τ' Ἀχαιῶν, χαλκόνωτον ἀσπίδα
τήνδ', ἣν πατὴρ τοῦδ' ἀμφὶ πλευρ' ἐβάλλετο,
μή νιν πορεῦσαι Πηλέως ἐφ' ἑστίαν,
μηδ' εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν θάλαμον, οὗ νυμφεύσεται
μήτηρ νεκροῦ τοῦδ' Ἀνδρομάχη, λύπας ὁρᾶν,
ἀλλ' ἀντὶ κέδρου περιβόλων τε λαΐνων
ἐν τῇδε θάψαι παῖδα· σὰς δ' ἐς ὠλένας
δοῦναι, πέπλοισιν ὡς περιστείλῃς νεκρὸν
στεφάνοις θ', ὅση σοι δύναμις, ὡς ἔχει τὰ σά,
ἐπεὶ βέβηκε καὶ τὸ δεσπότου τάχος
ἀφείλετ' αὐτὴν παῖδα μὴ δοῦναι τάφῳ.

Woe's me, woe's me!
Afflictions new, ere the old be past,
On our land are falling! Behold and see,
Ye wives of the Trojans, horror-aghast,
Dead Astyanax, by the Danaans cast
From the towers, slain pitilessly.

Enter TALTHYBIUS *with attendants bearing corpse of* ASTYANAX *on* HECTOR'S *shield.*

TALTHYBIUS

One galley's oars yet linger, Hecuba,
Ready to waft unto the Phthian shores
The remnant of the spoil of Achilles' son.
But Neoptolemus' self hath sailed, who heard
Tidings of wrong to Peleus, how the seed
Of Pelias, even Acastus, exiles him.
Wherefore, too hasty to vouchsafe delay,
He went, Andromache with him, who hath drawn
At her departing many a tear from me,
Wailing her country, crying her farewell
To Hector's tomb. And she besought the prince
To grant his corpse a grave who from the walls
Hurled down, thine Hector's child, gave up the ghost.
And the Achaeans' dread, this brass-lapped shield,
Wherewith his father fenced his body round,
She prayed him not to Peleus' hearth to bear,
Nor to Andromache's new bridal bower,
A grief to see for her that bare the dead;
But that, instead of cedar chest or stone,
This might entomb her child, unto thine arms
Given, that thou mightst shroud the corpse, and crown
With wreaths, as best thou canst of these thy means,
Since she hath gone, and since her master's haste
Withheld herself from burying her child.

ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν, ὅταν σὺ κοσμήσῃς νέκυν,
γῆν τῷδ' ἐπαμπισχόντες ἀροῦμεν δόρυ·
σὺ δ' ὡς τάχιστα πρᾶσσε τἀπεσταλμένα.
ἑνὸς μὲν οὖν μόχθου σ' ἀπαλλάξας ἔχω·
Σκαμανδρίους γὰρ τάσδε διαπερῶν ῥοὰς
ἔλουσα νεκρὸν κἀπένιψα τραύματα.
ἀλλ' εἶμ' ὀρυκτὸν τῷδ' ἀναρρήξων τάφον,
ὡς σύντομ' ἡμῖν τἀπ' ἐμοῦ τε κἀπὸ σοῦ
εἰς ἓν ξυνελθόντ' οἴκαδ' ὁρμήσῃ πλάτην.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

θέσθ' ἀμφίτορνον ἀσπίδ' Ἕκτορος πέδῳ,
λυπρὸν θέαμα κοὐ φίλον λεύσσειν ἐμοί.
ὦ μείζον' ὄγκον δορὸς ἔχοντες ἢ φρενῶν,
τί τόνδ', Ἀχαιοί, παῖδα δείσαντες φόνον
καινὸν διειργάσασθε; μὴ Τροίαν ποτὲ
πεσοῦσαν ὀρθώσειεν; οὐδὲν ἦτ' ἄρα,
ὅθ' Ἕκτορος μὲν εὐτυχοῦντος εἰς δόρυ
διολλύμεσθα μυρίας τ' ἄλλης χερός·
πόλεως δ' ἁλούσης καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐφθαρμένων
βρέφος τοσόνδ' ἐδείσατ'. οὐκ αἰνῶ φόβον,
ὅστις φοβεῖται μὴ διεξελθὼν λόγῳ.
ὦ φίλταθ', ὥς σοι θάνατος ἦλθε δυστυχής.
εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἔθανες πρὸ πόλεως, ἥβης τυχὼν
γάμων τε καὶ τῆς ἰσοθέου τυραννίδος,
μακάριος ἦσθ' ἄν, εἴ τι τῶνδε μακάριον.
νῦν δ' αὔτ' ἰδὼν μὲν γνούς τε σῇ ψυχῇ, τέκνον,
οὐκ οἶσθ', ἐχρήσω δ' οὐδὲν ἐν δόμοις ἔχων.
δύστηνε, κρατὸς ὥς σ' ἔκειρεν ἀθλίως
τείχη πατρῷα, Λοξίου πυργώματα,
ὃν πόλλ' ἐκήπευσ' ἡ τεκοῦσα βόστρυχον
φιλήμασίν τ' ἔδωκεν, ἔνθεν ἐκγελᾷ
ὀστέων ῥαγέντων φόνος, ἵν' αἰσχρὰ μὴ λέγω.

I therefore, when thou hast arrayed the corpse,
Will heap his mound, and set thereon a spear.
Thou then with speed perform the task assigned.
Sooth, I have lightened of one toil thine hands;
For, as I passed o'er yon Scamander's streams,
I bathed the corpse, and cleansed the wounds thereof.
Now will I go, and dig for him a grave,
That, shortened so, thy work and mine withal,
To one end wrought, may homeward speed the oar.

[*Exit* TALTHYBIUS.

HECUBA

Set Hector's shield fair-rounded on the earth,
A woeful sight unsweet for me to see.
O ye who more in spears than wisdom boast,
Fearing this child, Achaeans, why have ye wrought
Murder unheard-of?—lest he raise again [naught
Our fallen Troy? How? was your strength but
When we died daily, even while Hector's spear
Triumphed, and while beside him thousands fought;
But now, Troy taken, all the Phrygians slain,
Ye dread this little child? Out on the fear
Which feareth, having never reasoned why!
Ah darling, what ill death is come on thee! [known
Hadst thou for Troy been slain, when thou hadst
Youth, wedlock's bliss, and godlike sovereignty,
Blest wert thou—if herein may aught be blest.
But now, once seen and sipped by thy child-soul,
Thine home-bliss fleets forgotten, unenjoyed!
Poor child, how sadly thine ancestral walls,
Upreared by Loxias, from thine head have shorn
The curls that oft thy mother softly smoothed
And kissed, wherefrom through shattered bones forth
grins
Murder—a ghastliness I cannot speak!

ὦ χεῖρες, ὡς εἰκοὺς μὲν ἡδείας πατρὸς
κέκτησθ', ἐν ἄρθροις δ' ἔκλυτοι πρόκεισθε νῦν.
ὦ πολλὰ κόμπους ἐκβαλὸν φίλον στόμα,
ὄλωλας, ἐψεύσω μ', ὅτ' εἰσπίπτων λέχος,
ὦ μῆτερ, ηὔδας, ἦ πολύν σοι βοστρύχων
πλόκαμον κεροῦμαι πρὸς τάφον θ' ὁμηλίκων
κώμους ἐπάξω, φίλα διδοὺς προσφθέγματα.
σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔμ', ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σὲ τὸν νεώτερον
γραῦς, ἄπολις, ἄτεκνος, ἄθλιον θάπτω νεκρόν.
οἴμοι, τὰ πόλλ' ἀσπάσμαθ' αἵ τ' ἐμαὶ τροφαὶ
ὕπνοι τ' ἐκεῖνοι [1] φροῦδά μοι. τί καί ποτε
γράψειεν ἂν σῷ μουσοποιὸς ἐν τάφῳ;
τὸν παῖδα τόνδ' ἔκτειναν Ἀργεῖοί ποτε
δείσαντες; αἰσχρὸν τοὐπίγραμμά γ' Ἑλλάδι.
ἀλλ' οὖν πατρῴων οὐ λαχών, ἕξεις ὅμως
ἐν ᾗ ταφήσει χαλκόνωτον ἰτέαν.
ὦ καλλίπηχυν Ἕκτορος βραχίονα
σῴζουσ', ἄριστον φύλακ' ἀπώλεσας σέθεν.
ὡς ἡδὺς ἐν πόρπακι σῷ κεῖται τύπος
ἴτυός τ' ἐν εὐτόρνοισι περιδρόμοις ἱδρώς,
ὃν ἐκ μετώπου πολλάκις πόνους ἔχων
ἔσταζεν Ἕκτωρ προστιθεὶς γενειάδι.
φέρετε, κομίζετ' ἀθλίῳ κόσμον νεκρῷ
ἐκ τῶν παρόντων· οὐ γὰρ εἰς κάλλος τύχας
δαίμων δίδωσιν· ὧν δ' ἔχω, λήψει τάδε.
θνητῶν δὲ μῶρος ὅστις εὖ πράσσειν δοκῶν
βέβαια χαίρει· τοῖς τρόποις γὰρ αἱ τύχαι,
ἔμπληκτος ὡς ἄνθρωπος, ἄλλοτ' ἄλλοσε
πηδῶσι, κοὐδεὶς αὐτὸς εὐτυχεῖ ποτε.

[1] So the MSS. Nauck reads *πόνοι*: Tyrrell *ἄυπνοί τε κλῖναι*. Paley suggests *ὕπνοι τ' ἄυπνοι*.

O hands, how sweet the likeness to your sire
Ye keep!—limp in your sockets now ye lie.
Dear lips, that babbled many a child-boast once,
Ye are dead! 'Twas false, when, bounding to my bed,
"Mother," thou saidst, "full many a curl I'll shear
For thee, and troops of friends unto thy tomb
Will lead, to cry the loving last farewell."
Not I of thee, but thou, the young, of me,—
Old, homeless, childless,—wretched corpse, art buried.
Ah me, the kisses, and my nursing-cares,
Thy love-watched slumbers,—gone! What word, ah what,
Shall bard inscribe of thee upon thy tomb?
"This child the Argives murdered in time past,
Dreading him"—an inscription shaming Greece!
Yet thou, of thy sire's wealth though nought thou hast,
Shalt in thy burial have his brazen targe.

Ah shield that keptest Hector's goodly arm
Safe, thine heroic warder hast thou lost!
How dear his imprint on thine handle lies!
Dear stains of sweat upon thy shapely rim,
Which oft mid battle's toil would Hector drip
Down from his brow, as to his beard he pressed thee!
Come, bring ye adorning for the hapless corse
Of that ye have: our fortune gives no place
For rich array: mine all shalt thou receive.
A fool is he, who, in prosperity
Secure, rejoices: fortune, in her moods,
Like some wild maniac, hither now, now thither,
Leaps, and none prospers ever without change.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν πρὸ χειρῶν αἵδε σοι σκυλευμάτων
Φρυγίων φέρουσι κόσμον ἐξάπτειν νεκρῷ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνον, οὐχ ἵπποισι νικήσαντά σε
οὐδ' ἥλικας τόξοισιν, οὓς Φρύγες νόμους
τιμῶσιν, οὐκ εἰς πλησμονὰς θηρώμενοι,
μήτηρ πατρός σοι προστίθησ' ἀγάλματα
τῶν σῶν ποτ' ὄντων, νῦν δέ σ' ἡ θεοστυγὴς
ἀφείλεθ' Ἑλένη, πρὸς δὲ καὶ ψυχὴν σέθεν
ἔκτεινε καὶ πάντ' οἶκον ἐξαπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἒ ἔ, φρενῶν
ἔθιγες ἔθιγες· ὦ μέγας ἐμοί ποτ' ὢν
ἀνάκτωρ πόλεως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἃ δ' ἐν γάμοις ἐχρῆν σε προσθέσθαι χροὶ
Ἀσιατίδων γήμαντα τὴν ὑπερτάτην,
Φρύγια πέπλων ἀγάλματ' ἐξάπτω χροός.
σύ τ' ὦ ποτ' οὖσα καλλίνικε μυρίων
μῆτερ τροπαίων, Ἕκτορος φίλον σάκος,
στεφανοῦ· θανεῖ γὰρ οὐ θανοῦσα σὺν νεκρῷ·
ἐπεὶ σὲ πολλῷ μᾶλλον ἢ τὰ τοῦ σοφοῦ
κακοῦ τ' Ὀδυσσέως ἄξιον τιμᾶν ὅπλα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ,
πικρὸν ὄδυρμα γαῖά σ', ὦ
τέκνον, δέξεται.
στέναξον, μᾶτερ,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ.

CHORUS

Lo, ready to thine hand, from spoils of Troy,
They bring adornings on the dead to lay.

HECUBA

Child, not for victory with steeds or bow
Over thy fellows,—customs which thy folk
Honour, yet not unto excess pursue,—
The mother of thy sire adorneth thee
With gauds from wealth once thine, now reft from
thee
By Helen god-accurst : she hath slain withal
Thy life, and brought to ruin all thine house.

CHORUS

Alas and alas ! Mine heart dost thou wring, dost thou
wring,
Hector, in days overpast Troy's mighty king !

HECUBA

In that wherein thou shouldst have clad thy form
For marriage, wedding Asia's loveliest,
Splendour of Phrygian robes, I swathe thee now.
And thou, who wast the glorious mother once
Of countless triumphs, Hector's shield beloved,
Receive thy wreath : thou with the dead shalt
die
Undying, worthy of honour, far beyond
The arms Odysseus, crafty villain, won.

CHORUS

Alas for thee !
O child, our sorrow, the earth shall now
Receive thee to rest !—wail, mother, thou !

HECUBA

O misery !

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νεκρῶν ἴακχον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴμοι δῆτα σῶν ἀλάστων κακῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τελαμῶσιν ἕλκη τὰ μὲν ἐγώ σ' ἰάσομαι,
τλήμων ἰατρός, ὄνομ' ἔχουσα, τἄργα δ' οὔ·
τὰ δ' ἐν νεκροῖσι φροντιεῖ πατὴρ σέθεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄρασσ' ἄρασσε κρᾶτα
πιτύλους διδοῦσα χειρός, ἰώ μοί μοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

† * * * *ἔννεπε, τίνα θροεῖς αὐδάν.*

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἦν ἄρ' ἐν θεοῖσι πλὴν ἐμοὶ πόνοι
Τροίᾳ τε πόλεων ἔκκριτον μισουμένη,
μάτην δ' ἐβουθυτοῦμεν. † *εἰ δὲ μὴ θεὸς*[1]
ἔστρεψε τἄνω περιβαλὼν κάτω χθονός,
ἀφανεῖς ἂν ὄντες οὐκ ἂν ὑμνήθημεν ἂν
μούσαις ἀοιδὰς δόντες ὑστέροις βροτῶν.
χωρεῖτε, θάπτετ' ἀθλίῳ τύμβῳ νεκρόν·
ἔχει γὰρ οἷα δεῖ γε νερτέρων στέφη.
δοκῶ δὲ τοῖς θανοῦσι διαφέρειν βραχύ,
εἰ πλουσίων τις τεύξεται κτερισμάτων·
κενὸν δὲ γαύρωμ' ἐστὶ τῶν ζώντων τόδε.

[1] Stephanus' (unsatisfactory) conjectural reading for *εἰ δ' ἡμᾶς* of MSS. Original hopelessly lost.

CHORUS

Wail the keen for the dead!

HECUBA

Ah me, ah me!

CHORUS

Ah griefs whose remembrance shall ne'er be fled!

HECUBA

Some of thy wounds with linen bands I bind,—
Leech but in name, I bind, but cannot heal,—
Some shall thy father tend amongst the dead.

CHORUS

Smite thou, O smite! Let thine hand
Rain, rain the blows on thine head—alas!

HECUBA

O daughters beloved of my land—

CHORUS

Speak the word through thy lips that is panting to pass.

HECUBA

Nought was in Heaven's designs, save woes to me
And Troy, above all cities loathed of them.
In vain we sacrificed! Yet, had not God
O'erthrown us so, and whelmed beneath the earth,
We had faded fameless, never had been hymned
In lays, nor given song-themes to the after-time.
Pass on, lay ye in a wretched tomb the corpse;
For now it hath the garlands, dues of death.
Yet little profit have the dead, I trow,
That gain magnificence of obsequies.
'Tis but the living friends' vaingloriousness.

[*The corpse is carried to burial.*

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ·
μελέα μήτηρ, ἣ τὰς μεγάλας
ἐλπίδας ἐν σοὶ κατέκαμψε[1] βίου.
μέγα δ' ὀλβισθεὶς ὡς ἐκ πατέρων
ἀγαθῶν ἐγένου,
δεινῷ θανάτῳ διόλωλας.
ἔα ἔα·
τίνας Ἰλιάσιν ταῖσδ' ἐν κορυφαῖς
λεύσσω φλογέας δαλοῖσι χέρας
διερέσσοντας; μέλλει Τροίᾳ
καινόν τι κακὸν προσέσεσθαι.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

αὐδῶ λοχαγοῖς, οἳ τέταχθ' ἐμπιμπράναι
Πριάμου τόδ' ἄστυ, μηκέτ' ἀργοῦσαν φλόγα
ἐν χερσὶ σῴζειν, ἀλλὰ πῦρ ἐνιέναι,
ὡς ἂν κατασκάψαντες Ἰλίου πόλιν
στελλώμεθ' οἴκαδ' ἄσμενοι Τροίας ἄπο.
ὑμεῖς δ', ἵν' αὑτὸς λόγος ἔχῃ μορφὰς δύο,
χωρεῖτε, Τρώων παῖδες, ὀρθίαν ὅταν
σάλπιγγος ἠχὼ δῶσιν ἀρχηγοὶ στρατοῦ,
πρὸς ναῦς Ἀχαιῶν, ὡς ἀποστέλλησθε γῆς.
σύ τ', ὦ γεραιὰ δυστυχεστάτη γύναι,
ἕπου. μεθήκουσίν σ' Ὀδυσσέως πάρα
οἵδ', ᾧ σε δούλην κλῆρος ἐκπέμπει χθονός.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἳ 'γὼ τάλαινα· τοῦτο δὴ τὸ λοίσθιον
καὶ τέρμα πάντων τῶν ἐμῶν ἤδη κακῶν·
ἔξειμι πατρίδος, πόλις ὑφάπτεται πυρί.
ἀλλ', ὦ γεραιὲ πούς, ἐπίσπευσον μόλις,

[1] Burges: for κατέκναψε of MSS.—"in wrack undone Are shattered her proud" etc.

CHORUS

Ah me! ah me!
Ah hapless mother, what goal she hath won
Of all the proud hopes builded on thee!
O thou who wert born to exceeding bliss,
Thou hero's son,
What awful death for thy dying was this!

What ho! what ho!
Whom see I on Ilium's tower-crowned wall,
And the tossing torches fierily glow
In the hands of them?—some new evil, I trow,
Shall on Troy-town fall.

Enter TALTHYBIUS *above, with soldiers bearing torches.*

TALTHYBIUS

Captains, to whom the charge is given to fire
This city of Priam, idle in your hands
Keep ye the flame no more: thrust in the torch,
That, having low in dust laid Ilium's towers,
We may with gladness homeward speed from Troy.
Ye—twofold aspect this one hest shall bear—
Children of Troy, forth, soon as loud and clear
The chieftains of the host the trumpet sound,
To yon Greek ships, for voyage from the land.
And thou, O grey-haired dame most evil-starred,
Follow. These from Odysseus come for thee;
For the lot sends thee forth the land, his slave.

HECUBA

Ah wretched I!—the uttermost is this,
The deepest depth of all my miseries;
I leave my land; my city is aflame!
O agèd foot, sore-striving press thou on,

ὡς ἀσπάσωμαι τὴν ταλαίπωρον πόλιν.
ὦ μεγάλα δήποτ' ἐμπνέουσ' ἐν βαρβάροις
Τροία, τὸ κλεινὸν ὄνομ' ἀφαιρήσει τάχα.
πιμπρᾶσί σ', ἡμᾶς δ' ἐξάγουσ' ἤδη χθονὸς
δούλας· ἰὼ θεοί. καὶ τί τοὺς θεοὺς καλῶ;
καὶ πρὶν γὰρ οὐκ ἤκουσαν ἀνακαλούμενοι.
φέρ' εἰς πυρὰν δράμωμεν, ὡς κάλλιστά μοι
σὺν τῇδε πατρίδι κατθανεῖν πυρουμένῃ.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ἐνθουσιᾷς, δύστηνε, τοῖς σαυτῆς κακοῖς·
ἀλλ' ἄγετε, μὴ φείδεσθ'· Ὀδυσσέως δὲ χρὴ
εἰς χεῖρα δοῦναι τήνδε καὶ πέμπειν γέρας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὀτοτοτοτοτοῖ. στρ. α′
Κρόνιε, πρύτανι Φρύγιε, γενέτα
πάτερ, ἀνάξια τᾶς Δαρδάνου
γονᾶς τάδ' οἷα πάσχομεν δέδορκας;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δέδορκεν, ἁ δὲ μεγαλόπολις
ἄπολις ὄλωλεν οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔστι Τροία.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὀτοτοτοτοτοῖ. ἀντ. α
λέλαμπεν Ἴλιος, Περ-
γάμων τε πυρὶ καταίθεται τέραμνα
καὶ πόλις ἄκρα τε τειχέων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πτέρυγι δὲ καπνὸς ὥς τις οὐ-
ρανίᾳ πεσοῦσα δορὶ καταφθίνει γᾶ.
μαλερὰ μέλαθρα πυρὶ κατάδρομα μεσῳδ.
δαΐῳ τε λόγχᾳ.

That I may bid mine hapless town farewell.
O Troy, midst burgs barbaric erst so proud,
Soon of thy glorious name shalt thou be spoiled.
They fire thee, and they hale us forth the land,
Thralls! O ye Gods!—why call I on the Gods?
For called on heretofore they hearkened not.
Come, rush we on her pyre, for gloriously
So with my blazing country should I die.

TALTHYBIUS

Hapless, distraught art thou of thine afflictions!
Hence hale her—spare not. To Odysseus' hand
Her must ye give, and lead to him his prize.

HECUBA

Woe is me! ah for the woes that be mine! (*Str. 1*)
Cronion, O Phrygian Lord, our begetter, our father,
Dost thou see how calamity's tempests around us gather,
Unmerited doom of Dardanus' line?

CHORUS

He hath seen: yet is Troy, the stately city,
A city no more, destroyed without pity.

HECUBA

Woe is me, woe, and a threefold woe! (*Ant. 1*)
Ilios is blazing, the ramparts of Pergamus crashing
Down, with the homes of our city, mid flames far-flashing
Over their ruins, a furnace-glow!

CHORUS

With its wide-winged blackness the heaven's face covering,
O'er our spear-stricken land is the smoke-cloud hovering.
(*Mesode.*)
In madness of ruin-rush earthward they reel,
Our halls, 'neath the fire and the foemen's steel.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνα, κλύετε, μάθετε ματρὸς αὐδάν. στρ. β′

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰαλέμῳ τοὺς θανόντας ἀπύεις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

γεραιά τ᾽ εἰς πέδον τιθεῖσα μέλεα,
καὶ χερσὶ γαῖαν κτυποῦσα δισσαῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

διάδοχά σοι γόνυ τίθημι γαίᾳ
τοὺς ἐμοὺς καλοῦσα νέρθεν
ἀθλίους ἀκοίτας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀγόμεθα φερόμεθ᾽—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄλγος ἄλγος βοᾷς.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δούλειον ὑπὸ μέλαθρον ἐκ πάτρας γ᾽ ἐμᾶς.
ἰὼ ἰώ·
Πρίαμε Πρίαμε, σὺ μὲν ὀλόμενος
ἄταφος, ἄφιλος,
ἄτας ἐμᾶς ἄιστος εἶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέλας γὰρ ὄσσε κατεκάλυψε
θάνατος ὅσιον ἀνοσίαις σφαγαῖσιν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἰὼ θεῶν μέλαθρα καὶ πόλις φίλα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἒ ἕ.

HECUBA

(*Str.* 2)

Hear, children, O hearken your mother's crying !

CHORUS

To the dead dost thou wail—can they hear thine
entreating ?

HECUBA

Low on the ground are mine old limbs lying,
And mine hands, and mine hands on the
earth are beating !

CHORUS

Earthward my knee, as I follow thee, bows,
As I cry to the dweller in Hades' House,
To mine hapless spouse.

HECUBA

I am haled—I am borne—

CHORUS

Sorrow rings in thy cry !

HECUBA

From my land unto mansions of slavery.
O hapless I !
O Priam, O Priam, slain without tomb,
Without friend, nought, nought dost thou know of
my doom !

CHORUS

For the blackness of death hath shrouded the eyne
Of the righteous, by hand of the impious slain.

HECUBA

O fanes of the Gods, dear city mine !

CHORUS

Woe !—wail the refrain !

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τὰν φόνιον ἔχετε φλόγα δορός τε λόγχαν. ἀντ. β΄

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάχ᾿ εἰς φίλαν γᾶν πεσεῖσθ᾿ ἀνώνυμοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

κόνις δ᾿ ἴσα καπνῷ πτέρυγι πρὸς αἰθέρ᾿
ἄιστον οἴκων ἐμῶν με θήσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄνομα δὲ γᾶς ἀφανὲς εἶσιν· ἄλλᾳ δ᾿
ἄλλο φροῦδον, οὐδ᾿ ἔτ᾿ ἔστιν
ἁ τάλαινα Τροία.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐμάθετ᾿, ἐκλύετε;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Περγάμων κτύπον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔνοσις ἅπασαν ἔνοσις ἐπικλύσει πόλιν.
ἰὼ ἰώ,
τρομερὰ τρομερὰ μέλεα, φέρετ᾿ ἐ-
μὸν ἴχνος. ἴτ᾿ ἐπὶ
δούλειον ἁμέραν βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ τάλαινα πόλις· ὅμως δὲ
πρόφερε πόδα σὸν ἐπὶ πλατας Ἀχαιῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἰὼ γᾶ τρόφιμε τῶν ἐμῶν τέκνων.[1]

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἒ ἕ.

[1] Paley's arrangement adopted.

HECUBA

The death-flame, the spear, in your midst have
dominion,— (*Ant.* 2)

CHORUS

Swift-falling to earth your memorial shall vanish,—

HECUBA

And the dust, o'er the welkin wide-stretching its
pinion, [banish.
Mine eyes from the home of my yearning shall

CHORUS

And the name of my land shall be heard not,
and wide [abide
Shall her children be scattered; no more doth
Troy's woeful pride.

HECUBA

Did ye mark—did ye hear?

CHORUS

Crashed Pergamus down!

HECUBA

The earthquake thereof shall engulf the town!—
O sorrow's crown!
O tottering, tottering limbs, upbear
My steps; to the life of bondage fare.

CHORUS

O hapless Troy!—Yet down to the strand
And the galleys Achaean thy feet must strain.

HECUBA

O land—of my children the nursing-land!

CHORUS

Woe!—wail the refrain!

[*Exeunt* OMNES.

HELEN

ARGUMENT

It *is told that one of the old bards, named Stesichorus, who lived six generations before Euripides, did in a certain poem revile Helen, for that her sin was the cause of misery to Hellas and to Troy. Thereupon was he struck blind for railing on her who had after death become a goddess. But the man repented of his presumption, and made a new song wherein he unsaid all the evil he had sung of Queen Helen, and wove into his lay an ancient legend, telling how that not she, but her wraith only, had passed to Troy, while she was borne by the Gods to the land of Egypt, and there remained until the day when her lord, turning aside on the homeward voyage, should find her there.*

When he had done this, his sight was straightway restored to him.

In this play is Helen's story told according to the "Recantation of Stesichorus."

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ΓΡΑΥΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΘΕΟΝΟΗ
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
ΔΙΟΣΚΟΥΡΟΙ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HELEN, *wife of Menelaus.*

TEUCER, *a Greek hero, who fought at Troy.*

MENELAUS, *king of Sparta.*

PORTRESS, *of the palace of Theoclymenus.*

MESSENGER (first), *a sailor of Menelaus' crew.*

THEONOE, *a priestess, sister of Theoclymenus.*

THEOCLYMENUS, *king of Egypt.*

MESSENGER (second), *a servant of Theoclymenus.*

THE TWIN BRETHREN, *Castor and Pollux.*

CHORUS, *consisting of captive Greek maidens attendant on Helen.*

Guards, attendants, huntsmen, and temple-maidens.

SCENE: Before the palace of the King of Egypt by the mouth of the Nile. In the foreground stands the tomb of Proteus, father of Theoclymenus.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Νείλου μὲν αἵδε καλλιπάρθενοι ῥοαί,
ὃς ἀντὶ δίας ψακάδος Αἰγύπτου πέδον
λευκῆς τακείσης χιόνος ὑγραίνει γύας.
Πρωτεὺς δ' ὅτ' ἔζη τῆσδε γῆς τύραννος ἦν,
Φάρον μὲν οἰκῶν νῆσον, Αἰγύπτου δ' ἄναξ,
ὃς τῶν κατ' οἶδμα παρθένων μίαν γαμεῖ,
Ψαμάθην, ἐπειδὴ λέκτρ' ἀφῆκεν Αἰακοῦ.
τίκτει δὲ τέκνα δισσὰ τοῖσδε δώμασι,
Θεοκλύμενον ἄρσεν', † ὅτι δὴ θεοὺς σέβων
βίον διήνεγκ', εὐγενῆ τε παρθένον
Εἰδώ, τὸ μητρὸς ἀγλάϊσμ', ὅτ' ἦν βρέφος·
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐς ἥβην ἦλθεν ὡραίων γάμων,
καλοῦσιν αὐτὴν Θεονόην· τὰ θεῖα γὰρ
τά τ' ὄντα καὶ μέλλοντα πάντ' ἠπίστατο,
προγόνου λαβοῦσα Νηρέως τιμὰς πάρα.
ἡμῖν δὲ γῆ μὲν πατρὶς οὐκ ἀνώνυμος
Σπάρτη, πατὴρ δὲ Τυνδάρεως· ἔστιν δὲ δὴ
λόγος τις ὡς Ζεὺς μητέρ' ἔπτατ' εἰς ἐμὴν
Λήδαν κύκνου μορφώματ' ὄρνιθος λαβών,
ὃς δόλιον εὐνὴν ἐξέπραξ' ὑπ' αἰετοῦ

HELEN

HELEN *discovered bowed in prayer at the tomb of Proteus She rises and advances to the front of the stage.*

HELEN

These be the Nile's fair-flowing virgin-streams,
Who, fed with white snow melting, not with rain
From heaven, waters Egypt's lowland fields.
Lord of this land was Proteus, while he lived,
Dweller in Pharos' isle, and Egypt's king,
Who of the Maids sea-haunting wedded one,
Psamathe, widowed wife of Aeacus:
And to this house she brought forth children twain,
A son, Theoclymenus,—for that honouring
The Gods his father lived,—a noble daughter,
Named Eido, "mother's pride," while yet a babe;
But, since she grew to bloom of spousal-tide,
Theonoë[1] they called her, for she knew
Heaven's will for things that are and things to be,
Inheriting from her grandsire Nereus this.
For me, not fameless is my fatherland
Sparta: my sire was Tyndarus. The tale
Telleth that to my mother Leda flew
Zeus, who had stoln the likeness of a swan,
And, fleeing from a chasing eagle, wrought

[1] *i.e.* The purpose of God.

δίωγμα φεύγων, εἰ σαφὴς οὗτος λόγος.
Ἑλένη δ' ἐκλήθην· ἃ δὲ πεπόνθαμεν κακὰ
λέγοιμ' ἄν. ἦλθον τρεῖς θεαὶ κάλλους πέρι
Ἰδαῖον εἰς κευθμῶν' Ἀλέξανδρον πάρα,
Ἥρα Κύπρις τε διογενής τε παρθένος,
μορφῆς θέλουσαι διαπεράνασθαι κρίσιν.
τοὐμὸν δὲ κάλλος, εἰ καλὸν τὸ δυστυχές,
Κύπρις προτείνασ' ὡς Ἀλέξανδρος γαμεῖ,
νικᾷ· λιπὼν δὲ βούσταθμ' Ἰδαῖος Πάρις
Σπάρτην ἀφίκεθ' ὡς ἐμὸν σχήσων λέχος.
Ἥρα δὲ μεμφθεῖσ' οὕνεκ' οὐ νικᾷ θεάς,
ἐξηνέμωσε τἄμ' Ἀλεξάνδρῳ λέχη,
δίδωσι δ' οὐκ ἔμ', ἀλλ' ὁμοιώσασ' ἐμοὶ
εἴδωλον ἔμπνουν οὐρανοῦ ξυνθεῖσ' ἄπο,
Πριάμου τυράννου παιδί· καὶ δοκεῖ μ' ἔχειν
κενὴν δόκησιν, οὐκ ἔχων. τὰ δ' αὖ Διὸς
βουλεύματ' ἄλλα τοῖσδε συμβαίνει κακοῖς·
πόλεμον γὰρ εἰσήνεγκεν Ἑλλήνων χθονὶ
καὶ Φρυξὶ δυστήνοισιν, ὡς ὄχλου βροτῶν
πλήθους τε κουφίσειε μητέρα χθόνα,
γνωτόν τε θείη τὸν κράτιστον Ἑλλάδος.
Φρυγῶν δ' ἐς ἀλκὴν προὐτέθην ἐγὼ μὲν οὔ,
τὸ δ' ὄνομα τοὐμόν, ἆθλον Ἕλλησιν δορός.
λαβὼν δέ μ' Ἑρμῆς ἐν πτυχαῖσιν αἰθέρος
νεφέλῃ καλύψας, οὐ γὰρ ἠμέλησέ μου
Ζεύς, τόνδ' ἐς οἶκον Πρωτέως ἱδρύσατο,
πάντων προκρίνας σωφρονέστατον βροτῶν,
ἀκέραιον ὡς σώσαιμι Μενέλεῳ λέχος.
κἀγὼ μὲν ἐνθάδ' εἴμ', ὁ δ' ἄθλιος πόσις
στράτευμ' ἀθροίσας τὰς ἐμὰς ἀναρπαγὰς
θηρᾷ πορευθεὶς Ἰλίου πυργώματα.
ψυχαὶ δὲ πολλαὶ δι' ἔμ' ἐπὶ Σκαμανδρίοις

By guile his pleasure,—if the tale be true.
Helen my name, and these my sufferings:
In strife for beauty came three Goddesses
To Paris in a deep Idaean dell—
Hera, and Cypris, and Zeus' child, the Maid,
Fain to bring beauty's judgment unto issue.
And Cypris tempting Paris—he should wed
My fairness, if misfortune can be fair,—
Prevailed: Idaean Paris left the herds,
And for his bride, for me, to Sparta came.

But Hera, wroth that she should not prevail,
Turned into air Alexander's joy of me;
Gave him not me, but fashioned like to me
A breathing phantom, out of cloudland wrought,
For Priam's princely son: he deemed me his,
Who was not, a vain phantasy. Withal
Zeus' counsels to these evils added more;
For war he brought upon the Hellenes' land
And hapless Phrygians, to disburden so
Earth-mother of her straitened throngs of men,
And to make Hellas' mightiest son renowned.
I lay 'twixt Phrygians' prowess—yet not I,
My name alone—and Hellene spears, the prize.

Me Hermes caught away in folds of air,
And veiled in cloud,—for Zeus forgat me not,—
And in these halls of Proteus set me down,
Of all men holding him most continent,
That I might keep me pure for Menelaus.
So am I here: mine hapless lord the while
Gathered a host, set forth for Ilium's towers,
Questing the track of me his ravished bride.
And many a life beside Scamander's streams

ῥοαῖσιν ἔθανον· ἡ δὲ πάντα τλᾶσ' ἐγὼ
κατάρατός εἰμι καὶ δοκῶ προδοῦσ' ἐμὸν
πόσιν συνάψαι πόλεμον Ἕλλησιν μέγαν.
τί δῆτ' ἔτι ζῶ; θεοῦ τόδ' εἰσήκουσ' ἔπος
Ἑρμοῦ, τὸ κλεινόν μ' ἔτι κατοικήσειν πέδον
Σπάρτης σὺν ἀνδρί, γνόντος ὡς ἐς Ἴλιον
οὐκ ἦλθον, ἵνα μὴ λέκτρ' ὑποστρώσω τινί.
ἕως μὲν οὖν φῶς ἡλίου τόδ' ἔβλεπε
Πρωτεύς, ἄσυλος ἦν γάμων· ἐπεὶ δὲ γῆς
σκότῳ κέκρυπται, παῖς ὁ τοῦ τεθνηκότος
θηρᾷ γαμεῖν με. τὸν πάλαι δ' ἐμὸν πόσιν
τιμῶσα Πρωτέως μνῆμα προσπίτνω τόδε
ἱκέτις, ἵν' ἀνδρὶ τἀμὰ διασώσῃ λέχη,
ὡς, εἰ καθ' Ἑλλάδ' ὄνομα δυσκλεὲς φέρω,
μή μοι τὸ σῶμά γ' ἐνθάδ' αἰσχύνην ὄφλῃ.

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

τίς τῶνδ' ἐρυμνῶν δωμάτων ἔχει κράτος;
Πλούτου γὰρ οἶκος ἄξιος προσεικάσαι
βασίλειά τ' ἀμφιβλήματ' εὔθριγκοί θ' ἕδραι.
ἔα·
ὦ θεοί, τίν' εἶδον ὄψιν; ἐχθίστην ὁρῶ
γυναικὸς εἰκὼ φόνιον, ἥ μ' ἀπώλεσε
πάντας τ' Ἀχαιούς. θεοί σ', ὅσον μίμημ' ἔχεις
Ἑλένης, ἀποπτύσειαν. εἰ δὲ μὴ 'ν ξένῃ
γαίᾳ πόδ' εἶχον, τῷδ' ἂν εὐστόχῳ πτερῷ
ἀπόλαυσιν εἰκοῦς ἔθανες ἂν Διὸς κόρης.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί δ'; ὦ ταλαίπωρ', ὅστις ὤν μ' ἀπεστράφης,
καὶ ταῖς ἐκείνης συμφοραῖς ἐμὲ στυγεῖς;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

ἥμαρτον· ὀργῇ δ' εἶξα μᾶλλον ἢ μ' ἐχρῆν·

Perished for me. I, that endured all this,
Yet am cursed too, held traitress to my lord,
Enkindler of a mighty war for Greeks.
Why then live on? This prophecy of Hermes—
Who knew that ne'er to Troy I passed—I heard,
That with my lord in Sparta's plain renowned
I yet should dwell, nor serve an alien couch.
While Proteus yet beheld yon light of day,
Inviolate I abode: but he is veiled
Now in earth's darkness; and the dead king's son
Pursues me. Honouring more mine ancient spouse,
At Proteus' tomb I cast me, suppliant
That he may keep me unsullied for my lord,
That, though through Hellas evil fame I bear,
Mine honour here may take no stain of shame.

Enter TEUCER.

TEUCER

Who hath the lordship of these castle-halls?
To Plutus' palace might one liken them—
Fair battlements and royal flanking-towers!
Ha!
Ye Gods, what sight!—the loathed similitude
Of her, the murderess, who ruined me
And all the Greeks! Now the Gods spue thee out—
So like thou art to Helen! Stood I not
On alien soil, by this unerring shaft
Thou hadst died—thy meed for likeness to Zeus' daughter.

HELEN

Unhappy, whoe'er thou be, why turn from me,
And loathe me for afflictions born of her?

TEUCER

I erred, to wrath more yielded than was meet.

μισεῖ γὰρ Ἑλλὰς πᾶσα τὴν Διὸς κόρην.
σύγγνωθι δ' ἡμῖν τοῖς λελεγμένοις, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τίς δ' εἶ; πόθεν γῆς τῆσδ' ἐπεστράφης πέδον;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

εἷς τῶν Ἀχαιῶν, ὦ γύναι, τῶν ἀθλίων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὔ τἄρα σ' Ἑλένην εἰ στυγεῖς θαυμαστέον.
ἀτὰρ τίς εἶ πόθεν; τίνος δ' αὐδᾶν σε χρή;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

ὄνομα μὲν ἡμῖν Τεῦκρος, ὁ δὲ φύσας πατὴρ
Τελαμών, Σαλαμὶς δὲ πατρὶς ἡ θρέψασά με.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί δῆτα Νείλου τούσδ' ἐπιστρέφει γύας;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

φυγὰς πατρῴας ἐξελήλαμαι χθονός.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τλήμων ἂν εἴης· τίς δέ σ' ἐκβάλλει πάτρας;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

Τελαμὼν ὁ φύσας. τίν' ἂν ἔχοις μᾶλλον φίλον;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐκ τοῦ; τὸ γάρ τοι πρᾶγμα συμφορὰν ἔχει.

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

Αἴας μ' ἀδελφὸς ὤλεσ' ἐν Τροίᾳ θανών.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πῶς; οὔ τί που σῷ φασγάνῳ βίον στερείς;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

οἰκεῖον αὐτὸν ὤλεσ' ἅλμ' ἐπὶ ξίφος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μανέντ'; ἐπεὶ τίς σωφρονῶν τλαίη τάδ' ἄν;

All Hellas hateth her, the child of Zeus.
But for words spoken, lady, pardon me.

HELEN

Who art thou, and whence com'st thou to this land?

TEUCER

One, lady, of the Achaeans evil-starred.

HELEN

No marvel then if Helen thou abhor.
But thou, who art thou?—whence, and who thy sire?

TEUCER

Teucer my name is, Telamon my sire,
And Salamis the land that fostered me.

HELEN

Why dost thou visit then these fields of Nile?

TEUCER

An exile am I driven from fatherland.

HELEN

Unhappy thou! Who banished thee thine home?

TEUCER

My father Telamon. Who should love me more?

HELEN

Wherefore? Such deed imports disastrous cause.

TEUCER

My brother's death at Troy my ruin was.

HELEN

How? Not—O not by thy blade reft of life?

TEUCER

Hurling him on his own sword Aias died.

HELEN

Distraught?—for who unerazed would dare the deed?

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ
τὸν Πηλέως τιν᾽ οἶσθ᾽ Ἀχιλλέα γόνον;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
μνηστήρ ποθ᾽ Ἑλένης ἦλθεν, ὡς ἀκούομεν.

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ
θανὼν ὅδ᾽ ὅπλων ἔριν ἔθηκε συμμάχοις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
καὶ δὴ τί τοῦτ᾽ Αἴαντι γίγνεται κακόν;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ
ἄλλου λαβόντος ὅπλ᾽ ἀπηλλάχθη βίου.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
σὺ τοῖς ἐκείνου δῆτα πήμασιν νοσεῖς;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ
ὁθούνεκ᾽ αὐτῷ γ᾽ οὐ ξυνωλόμην ὁμοῦ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἦλθες γάρ, ὦ ξέν᾽, Ἰλίου κλεινὴν πόλιν;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ
καὶ ξύν γε πέρσας αὐτὸς ἀνταπωλόμην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἤδη γὰρ ἦπται καὶ κατείργασται πυρί;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ
ὥστ᾽ οὐδ᾽ ἴχνος γε τειχέων εἶναι σαφές.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ὦ τλῆμον Ἑλένη, διὰ σ᾽ ἀπόλλυνται Φρύγες.

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ
καὶ πρός γ᾽ Ἀχαιοί· μεγάλα δ᾽ εἴργασται κακά.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
πόσον χρόνον γὰρ διαπεπόρθηται πόλις;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ
ἑπτὰ σχεδόν τι καρπίμους ἐτῶν κύκλους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
χρόνον δ᾽ ἐμείνατ᾽ ἄλλον ἐν Τροίᾳ πόσον;

TEUCER

Of Peleus' son Achilles know'st thou aught?

HELEN

He came a wooer of Helen, as I heard.

TEUCER

He died: his comrades for his armour strove.

HELEN

And how did this thing turn to Aias' bane?

TEUCER

Another won the arms: he passed from life.

HELEN

Art thou in his affliction then afflicted?

TEUCER

Even so, because I perished not with him.

HELEN

Thou wentest then to Troy-town far-renowned?

TEUCER

Yea, helped to smite her—and myself was stricken.

HELEN

Is she ere this aflame?—consumed with fire?

TEUCER

Yea, of her walls no trace may be discerned.

HELEN

Helen ill-starred, for thee the Phrygians died!

TEUCER

Yea, and Achaeans: bitter bale she hath wrought.

HELEN

How long time since was Ilium destroyed?

TEUCER

Well-nigh seven summers' circles harvest-crowned.

HELEN

How long ere then did ye beleaguer Troy?

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

πολλὰς σελήνας, δέκα διελθούσας ἔτη.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦ καὶ γυναῖκα Σπαρτιᾶτιν εἵλετε;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

Μενέλαος αὐτὴν ἦγ' ἐπισπάσας κόμης.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἶδες σὺ τὴν δύστηνον; ἢ κλύων λέγεις;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

ὥσπερ σέ γ', οὐδὲν ἧσσον, ὀφθαλμοῖς ὁρῶ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σκοπεῖτε μὴ δόκησιν εἴχετ' ἐκ θεῶν.

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

ἄλλου λόγου μέμνησο, μὴ κείνης ἔτι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὕτω δοκεῖτε τὴν δόκησιν ἀσφαλῆ;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

αὐτὸς γὰρ ὄσσοις εἶδον, εἰ καὶ νῦν σ' ὁρῶ.[1]

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἤδη δ' ἐν οἴκοις σὺν δάμαρτι Μενέλεως;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

οὔκουν ἐν Ἄργει γ' οὐδ' ἐπ' Εὐρώτα ῥοαῖς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

αἰαῖ· κακὸν τόδ' εἶπας οἷς κακὸν λέγεις.

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

ὡς κεῖνος ἀφανὴς σὺν δάμαρτι κλῄζεται.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ πᾶσι πορθμὸς αὐτὸς Ἀργείοισιν ἦν;

[1] Dobree and Clark: for the MSS. reading εἰδόμην καὶ νοῦς ὁρᾷ.

TEUCER

While many moons through ten years ran their course.

HELEN

And captive did ye take the Spartan dame?

TEUCER

Yea; Menelaus haled her by the hair.

HELEN

Saw'st thou that wretch?—or speakest from report?

TEUCER

Even as I see thee with mine eyes; no less.

HELEN

What if ye nursed a heaven-sent phantasy?

TEUCER

Of other theme bethink thee; of her no more.

HELEN

So sure are ye of this your fancy's truth?

TEUCER

I saw her with mine eyes—if I see thee.

HELEN

Hath Menelaus with his wife won home?

TEUCER

Nay, nor to Argos, nor Eurotas' streams.

HELEN

Woe! Ill news this to whom thy tale is ill.

TEUCER

Lost, with his wife, from sight: so rumour runs.

HELEN

Sailed not together all the Argives home?

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

ἦν, ἀλλὰ χειμὼν ἄλλοσ' ἄλλον ὥρισεν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ποίοισιν ἐν νώτοισι ποντίας ἁλός;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

μέσον περῶσι πέλαγος Αἰγαίου πόρου.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κἀκ τοῦδε Μενέλαν οὔτις εἶδ' ἀφιγμένον;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

οὐδείς· θανὼν δὲ κλῄζεται καθ' Ἑλλάδα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀπωλόμεσθα· Θεστιὰς δ' ἔστιν κόρη;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

Λήδαν ἔλεξας; οἴχεται θανοῦσα δή.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὔ πού νιν Ἑλένης αἰσχρὸν ὤλεσεν κλέος;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

φασίν, βρόχῳ γ' ἅψασαν εὐγενῆ δέρην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἱ Τυνδάρειοι δ' εἰσὶν ἢ οὐκ εἰσὶν κόροι;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

τεθνᾶσι κοὐ τεθνᾶσι· δύο δ' ἐστὸν λόγω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πότερος ὁ κρείσσων; ὢ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ κακῶν.

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

ἄστροις σφ' ὁμοιωθέντε φάσ' εἶναι θεώ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καλῶς ἔλεξας τοῦτο· θάτερον δὲ τί;

TEUCER

Yea; but a storm dispersed them far and wide.

HELEN

On what surf-ridges of the outsea brine?

TEUCER

In the mid-passage of the Aegean sea.

HELEN

Hath none since then seen Menelaus come?

TEUCER

None: but through Hellas rumour speaks him dead.

HELEN

(*Aside*) Undone—undone! Lives Thestias' daughter yet?

TEUCER

Leda mean'st thou? Dead is she, passed from earth.

HELEN

O say not Helen's shame was death to her

TEUCER

They say it. She coiled the noose about her neck.

HELEN

And Tyndarus' sons, live they, or live they not?

TEUCER

They are dead—and are not dead: twofold the tale.

HELEN

Which tale prevaileth? (*aside*) Woe for mine afflictions!

TEUCER

In fashion made as stars men name them Gods.

HELEN

Fair tidings these! But what the other tale?

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

σφαγαῖς ἀδελφῆς εἵνεκ᾽ ἐκπνεῦσαι βίον.
ἅλις δὲ μύθων· οὐ διπλᾶ χρῄζω στένειν.
ὧν δ᾽ εἵνεκ᾽ ἦλθον τούσδε βασιλείους δόμους,
τὴν θεσπιῳδὸν Θεονόην χρῄζων ἰδεῖν,
σὺ προξένησον, ὡς τύχω μαντευμάτων
ὅπῃ νεὼς στείλαιμ᾽ ἂν οὔριον πτερὸν
εἰς γῆν ἐναλίαν Κύπρον, οὗ μ᾽ ἐθέσπισεν
οἰκεῖν ᾽Απόλλων, ὄνομα νησιωτικὸν
Σαλαμῖνα θέμενον τῆς ἐκεῖ χάριν πάτρας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πλοῦς, ὦ ξέν᾽, αὐτὸς σημανεῖ· σὺ δ᾽ ἐκλιπὼν
γῆν τήνδε φεῦγε πρίν σε παῖδα Πρωτέως
ἰδεῖν, ὃς ἄρχει τῆσδε γῆς· ἄπεστι δὲ
κυσὶν πεποιθὼς ἐν φοναῖς θηροκτόνοις·
κτείνει γὰρ Ἕλλην᾽ ὅντιν᾽ ἂν λάβῃ ξένον·
ὅτου δ᾽ ἕκατι, μήτε σὺ ζήτει μαθεῖν
ἐγώ τε σιγῶ· τί γὰρ ἂν ὠφελοῖμί σε;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας, ὦ γύναι· θεοὶ δέ σοι
ἐσθλῶν ἀμοιβὰς ἀντιδωρησαίατο.
Ἑλένῃ δ᾽ ὅμοιον σῶμ᾽ ἔχουσ᾽ οὐ τὰς φρένας
ἔχεις ὁμοίας, ἀλλὰ διαφόρους πολύ.
κακῶς δ᾽ ὄλοιτο μηδ᾽ ἐπ᾽ Εὐρώτα ῥοὰς
ἔλθοι· σὺ δ᾽ εἴης εὐτυχὴς ἀεί, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ μεγάλων ἀχέων καταβαλλομένα μέγαν οἶκτον,
ποῖον ἁμιλλαθῶ γόον; ἢ τίνα μοῦσαν ἐπέλθω,
δάκρυσιν ἢ θρήνοις ἢ πένθεσιν; ἒ ἔ.

TEUCER

Self-slain they perished for a sister's shame.
Suffice these stories: twice I would not groan.
But for this cause I sought these royal halls,
Being fain to see Theonoë the seer.
Thou help me to her, that I may be told
Whereby to steer my galley's prosperous wing
To sea-girt Cyprus, where Apollo bade
That I should dwell, and, for the homeland's sake,
Give it the island-name of Salamis.

HELEN

Thou canst not miss the course, friend: but this land
Leave thou, and flee, ere Proteus' son, who rules
This land, behold thee;—now is he afar,
Following the hounds to slay the wildwood beasts;—
For whatso Greek he findeth doth he kill:
But for what cause—nor seek thou this to learn,
Nor may I tell: how should I profit thee?

TEUCER

Gracious thy speech is, lady: Heaven vouchsafe
To thee for thy fair deeds requital fair.
A form hast thou like Helen's, but thou hast
No heart like hers, nay, diverse utterly.
Ruin be hers! Ne'er to Eurotas' streams
Come she! But be thou, lady, ever blest. [*Exit.*

HELEN

For mine anguish I raise an exceeding great and bitter cry!
How shall I agonize forth my lament?—to what Muse draw nigh
With tears, with death-dirges, or moanings of misery?
Woe's me, woe's me!

πτεροφόροι νεάνιδες, στρ. α´
παρθένοι Χθονὸς κόραι
Σειρῆνες, εἴθ᾽ ἐμοῖς γόοις
μόλοιτ᾽ ἔχουσαι τὸν Λίβυν
λωτὸν ἢ σύριγγας, αἰλίνοις κακοῖς
τοῖς ἐμοῖσι σύνοχα δάκρυα,
πάθεσι πάθεα, μέλεσι μέλεα·
μουσεῖα θρηνήμασι ξυνῳδὰ
πέμψειε Φερσέφασσα
φόνια, χάριτας ἵν᾽ ἐπὶ δάκρυσι
παρ᾽ ἐμέθεν ὑπὸ μέλαθρα νύχια παιᾶνας
νέκυσιν ὀλομένοις λάβῃ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κυανοειδὲς ἀμφ᾽ ὕδωρ ἀντ. α´
ἔτυχον ἕλικά τ᾽ ἀνὰ χλόαν
φοίνικας ἁλίου πέπλους
αὐγαῖσιν ἐν ταῖς χρυσέαις
ἀμφιθάλπουσ᾽ ἔν τε δόνακος ἔρνεσιν·
ἔνθεν οἰκτρὸν ὅμαδον ἔκλυον,
ἄλυρον ἔλεγον, ὅ τι ποτ᾽ ἔλακεν
– – ⏑ – αἰάγμασι στένουσα,
Νύμφα τις οἷα Ναῒς
ὄρεσι φυγάδα νόμον ἱεῖσα
γοερόν, ὑπὸ δὲ πέτρινα γύαλα κλαγγαῖσιν
Πανὸς ἀναβοᾷ γάμους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἰὼ ἰώ· στρ. β´
θήραμα βαρβάρου πλάτας,
Ἑλλανίδες κόραι,
ναύτας Ἀχαιῶν
τις ἔμολεν ἔμολε δάκρυα δάκρυσί μοι φέρων,
Ἰλίου κατασκαφὰν

Come, Sea-maids, hitherward winging, (*Str. 1*)
Daughters of Earth's travail-throes,
Sirens, to me draw nigh,
That your flutes and your pipes may sigh
In accord with my wailings, and cry
To my sorrows consonant-ringing
With tears, lamentations, and woes.
Oh would but Persephone lend
Fellow-mourners from Hades, to blend
Death-dirges with mine! I would send
Thank-offering of weeping and singing
Of chants to her dead, unto those
On whom Night's gates close.

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS (*Ant. 1*)

I was spreading, where grass droops trailing
In the river-flood's darkling gleam,
Purple-dyed robes 'neath the blaze
Of the sun, and his golden rays,
Overdraping the bulrush-sprays;—
Then heard I a pitiful wailing;
Mournful and wild did it seem
As the shriek of a Naiad's despair
Far-borne on the mountain air,
When she moans faint-fleeing the snare,
When the might of Pan is prevailing,
And the gorges where cataracts stream
Ring to her scream.

HELEN

O Hellas' daughters, ye (*Str. 2*)
By strange oars borne o'ersea,
One from Achaea faring,
Tears unto my tears bearing,
Tells Ilium's overthrow

πυρὶ μέλουσαν δαΐῳ
δι' ἐμὲ τὰν πολυκτόνον,
δι' ἐμὸν ὄνομα πολύπονον.
Λήδα δ' ἐν ἀγχόναις
θάνατον ἔλαβεν
αἰσχύνας ἐμᾶς ὑπ' ἀλγέων.
ὁ δ' ἐμὸς ἐν ἁλὶ πολυπλανὴς
πόσις ὀλόμενος οἴχεται,
Κάστορός τε συγγόνου τε
διδυμογενὲς ἄγαλμα πατρίδος
ἀφανὲς ἀφανὲς ἱππόκροτα λέλοιπε δάπεδα
γυμνάσιά τε δονακόεντος
Εὐρώτα, νεανιᾶν πόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ· ἀντ. β΄
ὢ δαίμονος πολυστόνου
μοίρας τε σᾶς, γύναι.
αἰὼν δυσαίων
τις ἔλαχεν ἔλαχεν, ὅτε σ' ἐτέκετο ματρόθεν
Ζεὺς πρέπων δι' αἰθέρος
χιονόχρως κύκνου πτερῷ·
τί γὰρ ἄπεστί σοι κακῶν;
τίνα δὲ βίοτον οὐκ ἔτλας;
μάτηρ μὲν οἴχεται,
δίδυμά τε Διὸς
οὐκ εὐδαιμονεῖ τέκεα φίλα,
χθόνα δὲ πάτριον οὐχ ὁρᾷς,
διὰ δὲ πόλεας ἔρχεται
βάξις, ἅ σε βαρβαροισι
λέχεσι, πότνια, παραδίδωσιν,
ὁ δὲ σὸς ἐν ἁλὶ κύμασί τε λέλοιπε βίοτον,
οὐδέ ποτ' ἔτι πάτρια μέλαθρα
καὶ τὰν Χαλκίοικον ὀλβιεῖς.

Wrapt in the red flame's glow,
Through murderess me laid low—
This baleful name of me!
Of Leda hath he told, self-slain
By the death-noose's strangling strain,
Her heart for my shame anguish-riven:—
Tells of my lord,—o'er far seas driven
Now hath he vanished tempest-tost;—
Of Castor and his brother lost
From earth, their country's twin-born boast:
Where hoofs have thundered, athletes striven,
Eurotas' reeds and racecourse-plain
Wait these in vain.

CHORUS

(*Ant.* 2)

Woe for thy misery,
The weird ordained for thee,
Foredoomed to days of weeping
Since Zeus through clouds down-sweeping,
A swan with wings of snow,
Beguiled thy mother so!
What know'st thou not of woe?
From what ills art thou free?
In death thy mother hides her pain:
Zeus' sons, his well-belovèd twain,
To days of bliss no more may waken:
Thine homeland have thine eyes forsaken;
And slander, through her cities rife,
Assigns thee an accursèd life,
Proclaims thee yon barbarian's wife:
Death amid storm thy lord hath taken:
Thou gladdenest no sire's halls again,
Nor Brazen Fane.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φεῦ, τίς ἦν Φρυγῶν, τίς ἦν[1] στρ. γ
τὰν δακρυόεσσαν Ἰλίῳ τε πεύκαν
† ὃς ἔτεμε τοῖς θ' Ἑλλανίας ἀπὸ χθονός;
ἔνθεν ὀλόμενον σκάφος
ὁ Πριαμίδας συναρμόσας
ἔπλευσε βαρβάρῳ πλάτᾳ
τὰν ἐμὰν ἐφ' ἑστίαν,
ἐπὶ τὸ δυστυχὲς
κάλλος, ὡς ἕλοι γάμον ἐμόν,
ἅ τε δόλιος ἁ πολυκτόνος Κύπρις
Δαναΐδαις ἄγουσα θάνατον Πριαμίδαις τε.
ὦ τάλαινα συμφορᾶς.

ἁ δὲ χρυσέοις θρόνοις ἀντ. γ'
Διὸς ὑπαγκάλισμα σεμνὸν Ἥρα
τὸν ὠκύπουν ἔπεμψε Μαιάδος γόνον,
ὅς με χλοερὰ δρεπομέναν ἔσω πέπλων
ῥόδεα πέταλα, χαλκίοικον ὡς Ἀθάναν
μόλοιμ', ἀναρπάσας δι' αἰθέρος
τάνδε γαῖαν εἰς ἄνολβον
ἔριν ἔριν τάλαιναν ἔθετο
Πριαμίδαισιν Ἑλλάδος.
τὸ δ' ἐμὸν ὄνομα παρὰ Σιμουντιοις ῥοαῖσι
ματψίδιον ἔχει φάτιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔχεις μὲν ἀλγείν', οἶδα· σύμφορον δέ τοι
ὡς ῥᾷστα τἀναγκαῖα τοῦ βίου φέρειν.

[1] Paley, the old MS. reading being "destitute alike of sense and metre."

HELEN

Ah, who of the Phrygians dared that felling (*Str.* 3)
Of the pines, for the mourning of Ilium fated,
And for tears unto them that in Hellas were dwelling,
Of whose beams was the galley, with evil freighted,
Builded of Priam's offspring, the hated,
Whom oars barbaric sped over the tide,
Till he came to the hearth of my Spartan palace
In quest of my beauty, foredoomed the occasion
Of mischief: beside him in treacherous malice
Came Cypris, the bringer of death's desolation
Unto Danaus' sons, unto Priam's nation.
Woe's me for my lot, who am misery's bride

(*Ant.* 3)

From the gold of the throne of her glory bending,
Dread Hera, Zeus' bride jealousy-glowing,
Sped the fleetfoot scion of Maia descending,
Who came on me plucking the roses, and throwing
Into my gown-lap their buds fresh-blowing,
To bear to the Brazen Fane their pride.
And he soared with his prey through the clouds of heaven,
And to this land all unblest he brought her,
And he made her a strife, for calamity striven,
For Hellas, of Priam's people who sought her.
But Helen, by Simoïs' crimsoned water,
Was a breath, was a battle-cry—nought beside.

CHORUS

Sorrows are thine, I know: yet is it best
Lightly as may be to endure life's ills.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φίλαι γυναῖκες, τίνι πότμῳ συνεζύγην;
ἆρ' ἡ τεκοῦσά μ' ἔτεκεν ἀνθρώποις τέρας;
γυνὴ γὰρ οὔθ' Ἑλληνὶς οὔτε βάρβαρος
τεῦχος νεοσσῶν λευκὸν ἐκλοχεύεται,
ἐν ᾧ με Λήδαν φασὶν ἐκ Διὸς τεκεῖν.
τέρας γὰρ ὁ βίος καὶ τὰ πράγματ' ἐστί μοι,
τὰ μὲν δι' Ἥραν, τὰ δὲ τὸ κάλλος αἴτιον.
εἴθ' ἐξαλειφθεῖσ' ὡς ἄγαλμ' αὖθις πάλιν
αἴσχιον εἶδος ἔλαβον ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ,
καὶ τὰς τύχας μὲν τὰς κακὰς ἃς νῦν ἔχω
Ἕλληνες ἐπελάθοντο, τὰς δὲ μὴ κακὰς
ἔσῳζον ὥσπερ τὰς κακὰς σῴζουσί μου.
ὅστις μὲν οὖν εἰς μίαν ἀποβλέπων τύχην
πρὸς θεῶν κακοῦται, βαρὺ μέν, οἰστέον δ' ὅμως·
ἡμεῖς δὲ πολλαῖς συμφοραῖς ἐγκείμεθα.
πρῶτον μὲν οὐκ οὖσ' ἄδικος, εἰμὶ δυσκλεής·
καὶ τοῦτο μεῖζον τῆς ἀληθείας κακόν,
ὅστις τὰ μὴ προσόντα κέκτηται κακά.
ἔπειτα πατρίδος θεοί μ' ἀφιδρύσαντο γῆς
εἰς βάρβαρ' ἤθη, καὶ φίλων τητωμένη
δούλη καθέστηκ' οὖσ' ἐλευθέρων ἄπο·
τὰ βαρβάρων γὰρ δοῦλα πάντα πλὴν ἑνός.
ἄγκυρα δ' ἥ μου τὰς τύχας ὤχει μόνη,
πόσιν ποθ' ἥξειν καί μ' ἀπαλλάξειν κακῶν,
οὗτος τέθνηκεν, οὗτος οὐκέτ' ἔστι δή.
μήτηρ δ' ὄλωλε, καὶ φονεὺς αὐτῆς ἐγώ,
ἀδίκως μέν, ἀλλὰ τἄδικον τοῦτ' ἔστ' ἐμόν.
ὃ δ' ἀγλάϊσμα δωμάτων ἐμοῦ τ' ἔφυ,
θυγάτηρ ἄνανδρος πολιὰ παρθενεύεται·

HELEN

Friends, 'neath the yoke of what doom am I bowed?
Bore not my mother a portent unto men?
For never Hellene nor barbarian dame
Brought forth white vial of a fledgling brood,[1]
Wherein to Zeus men say that Leda bare me.
A portent are my life and all my fortunes,
In part through Hera, through my beauty in part.
Oh could I, like a picture blotted out,
Have changed that beauty for uncomeliness!
Oh might the Greeks forget the lot accurst
That now is mine, and treasure memories
Of honour touching me, as now of shame!
Whoso, on one chance centring all his hopes,
Is stricken of God, hard though it be, may bear it;
But I—I am whelmed in many miseries:
First, an ill name, though I am clean of sin;
And worse is this than suffering for just cause,
To bear the burden of sins that are not ours.
Then, from my homeland the Gods banished me
To alien customs, and, bereft of friends,
A slave am I, the daughter of free sires;
For midst barbarians slaves are all save one.
And—the one anchor that stayed up my fortunes,
That yet my lord would come, and end my woes—
He hath died: who was mine anchor is no more.
Dead is my mother, and her murderer I,—
Innocently, yet cleaves the wrong to me.
And she, erewhile mine house's pride and mine,
My child, is growing grey, a spouseless maid;

[1] Alluding to the two eggs of Leda, from one of which issued Castor and Pollux, from the other Helen.

τὼ τοῦ Διὸς δὲ λεγομένω Διοσκόρω
οὐκ ἐστόν. ἀλλὰ πάντ᾽ ἔχουσα δυστυχῆ
τοῖς πράγμασιν τέθνηκα, τοῖς δ᾽ ἔργοισιν οὔ.
τὸ δ᾽ ἔσχατον τοῦτ᾽, εἰ μόλοιμεν εἰς πάτραν,
κλῄθροις ἂν εἴργοιέν με, τὴν ὑπ᾽ Ἰλίῳ
δοκοῦντες Ἑλένην Μενέλεώ μ᾽ ἐλθεῖν μέτα.
εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἔζη πόσις, ἀνεγνώσθημεν ἂν
εἰς ξύμβολ᾽ ἐλθόνθ᾽ ἃ φανέρ᾽ ἂν μόνοις ἂν ἦν.
νῦν δ᾽ οὔτε τοῦτ᾽ ἔστ᾽ οὔτε μὴ σωθῇ ποτε.
τί δῆτ᾽ ἔτι ζῶ; τίν᾽ ὑπολείπομαι τύχην;
γάμους ἑλομένη τῶν κακῶν ὑπαλλαγάς,
μετ᾽ ἀνδρὸς οἰκεῖν βαρβάρου πρὸς πλουσίαν
τράπεζαν ἵζουσ᾽; ἀλλ᾽ ὅταν πόσις πικρὸς
ξυνῇ γυναικί, καὶ τὸ σῶμ᾽ ἐστιν πικρόν.
θανεῖν κράτιστον· πῶς θάνοιμ᾽ ἂν οὖν καλῶς;
ἀσχήμονες μὲν ἀγχόναι μετάρσιοι,
κἀν τοῖσι δούλοις δυσπρεπὲς νομίζεται·
σφαγαὶ δ᾽ ἔχουσιν εὐγενές τι καὶ καλόν,
† σμικρὸς δ᾽ ὁ καιρὸς σάρκ᾽ ἀπαλλάξαι βίου.
εἰς γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἤλθομεν βάθος κακῶν·
αἱ μὲν γὰρ ἄλλαι διὰ τὸ κάλλος εὐτυχεῖς
γυναῖκες, ἡμᾶς δ᾽ αὐτὸ τοῦτ᾽ ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἑλένη, τὸν ἐλθόνθ᾽, ὅστις ἐστὶν ὁ ξενος,
μὴ πάντ᾽ ἀληθῆ δοξάσῃς εἰρηκέναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ μὴν σαφῶς ἔλεξ᾽ ὀλωλέναι πόσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πόλλ᾽ ἂν γένοιτο καὶ διὰ ψευδῶν ἔπη.

And the Twin Brethren, named the Sons of Zeus,
Are not. But, though I have nought but misery,
Me hath ill-faring, not ill-doing, slain.
And, worst of all, if I should reach mine home,
Men would in dungeon chain me, as the Helen
For whom to Ilium Menelaus went.
For, if mine husband lived, by tokens known
To none beside, might recognition be.
This cannot now be: no, he cannot 'scape.
Why then do I live on?—what fortune waits me?
Shall I choose marriage for escape from ills,
Dwell with a lord barbarian, at his board
Seated mid pomp? Nay, if a husband loathed
Dwell with a woman, her own self she loathes.
To die were best. How then with honour die?
Unseemly is the noose 'twixt earth and heaven:
Even of thralls 'tis held a death of shame.
Noble the dagger is and honourable,
And one short instant rids the flesh of life.
Yea, to such depth of evil am I come!
For other women are by beauty made
Blest—me the selfsame gift to ruin brought.

CHORUS

Helen, believe not yonder stranger spake
Truth only, be he who he may that came.

HELEN

Nay, but he plainly said my lord had died.

CHORUS

In multitude of words there want not lies.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ τἄμπαλίν γε τῶνδ' ἀληθείᾳ σαφῆ.[1]

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς ξυμφορὰν γὰρ ἀντὶ τἀγαθοῦ φέρει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φόβος γὰρ εἰς τὸ δεῖμα περιβαλών μ' ἄγει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς δ' εὐμενείας τοισίδ' ἐν δόμοις ἔχεις;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πάντες φίλοι μοι πλὴν ὁ θηρεύων γάμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον; μνήματος λιποῦσ' ἕδραν—

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς ποῖον ἕρπεις μῦθον ἢ παραίνεσιν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐλθοῦσ' ἐς οἴκους, ἣ τὰ πάντ' ἐπίσταται,
τῆς ποντίας Νηρῇδος ἐκγόνου κόρης,
πυθοῦ πόσιν σὸν Θεονόης, εἴτ' ἔστ' ἔτι
εἴτ' ἐκλέλοιπε φέγγος· ἐκμαθοῦσα δ' εὖ
πρὸς τὰς τύχας τὸ χάρμα τοὺς γόους τ' ἔχε.
πρὶν δ' οὐδὲν ὀρθῶς εἰδέναι, τί σοι πλέον
λυπουμένῃ γένοιτ' ἄν; ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ·
τάφον λιποῦσα τόνδε σύμμιξον κόρῃ,
ὅθενπερ εἴσει πάντα· τἀληθῆ φράσαι
ἔχουσ' ἐν οἴκοις τήνδε, τί βλέπεις πρόσω;
θέλω δὲ κἀγὼ σοὶ συνεισελθεῖν δόμους
καὶ συμπυθέσθαι παρθένου θεσπίσματα·
γυναῖκα γὰρ δὴ συμπονεῖν γυναικὶ χρή.

[1] Paley reads ἀληθείας, transposes ἔπη and σαφῆ, and takes ἔμπαλιν τῶνδε to mean "contrary to these (lies)":—

Ch. By lies may many a tale seem all too clear.
Hel. Nay, falsehood rings not with the note of truth.

HELEN

Nay rather, plain truth may a plain tale be.

CHORUS

Nay, 'tis thou leanest more to grief than joy.

HELEN

Fear folds me round, and drags me to my dread.

CHORUS

How stands to thee affected yonder household?

HELEN

Friends all, save him who hunts me for his bride.

CHORUS

Know'st then thy part? From session at the tomb—

HELEN

To what speech or what counsel drawest thou?

CHORUS

Pass to the house: of her who knoweth all,
The daughter of the sea-born Nereid maid,
Theonoë, ask if yet thine husband live,
Or hath left light; and, being certified,
According to thy fortunes joy or mourn.
But, ere thou know aught truly, what avails
That thou shouldst grieve? Nay, hearken unto me:—
Leave thou this tomb, and with the maid commune,
Of whom shalt thou learn all. When thou hast here
One to resolve the doubt, what wouldst thou more?
I too with thee will pass into the house,
With thee inquire the maiden's oracles.
That woman woman's burden share, is meet.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φίλαι, λόγους ἐδεξάμαν· στρ.
βᾶτε βᾶτε δ' εἰς δόμους,
ἀγῶνας ἐντὸς οἴκων ὡς
πύθησθε τοὺς ἐμούς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θέλουσαν οὐ μόλις καλεῖς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἰὼ μέλεος ἁμέρα.
τίν' ἄρα τάλαινα τίνα δακρυό-
εντα λόγον ἀκούσομαι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μὴ πρόμαντις ἀλγέων
προλάμβαν', ὦ φίλα, γόους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί μοι πόσις μέλεος ἔτλα; ἀντ.
πότερα δέρκεται φάος
τέθριππά θ' ἁλίου
κέλευθά τ' ἀστέρων,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

* * * * * * *[1]

ΕΛΕΝΗ

* * * * * * *

ἢ 'ν νέκυσι κατὰ χθονὸς
τὰν χθόνιον ἔχει τύχαν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς τὸ φέρτερον τίθει
τὸ μέλλον, ὅ τι γενήσεται.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὲ γὰρ ἐκάλεσα, σὲ δὲ κατόμοσα,
τὸν ὑδρόεντα δόνακι χλωρὸν

[1] Two lines missing, corresponding to those in the *Strophe*.

HELEN

I hail, friends, the word ye have spoken. (*Str.*)
Pass in, pass ye into the hall,
To give ear unto prophecy's token
How the end of my toils shall befall.

CHORUS

Thou callest on her that hears full fain.

HELEN

Woe for this day with its burden of pain!
What word waiteth, what desolation
Of tears past relief?

CHORUS

Nay, forestall not, O friend, lamentàtion
Prophetic of grief.

HELEN

(*Ant.*)
To what doom hath mine husband been given?
Doth he yet see the light of the day,
See the Sun's wheels flash through the heaven,
See the gleams of the star-trodden way?

Or to him have the dead done obeisance?
Doth the nether gloom hide?

CHORUS

Nay, look for a fate of fair presence,
Whatsoe'er shall betide.

HELEN

Thee I invoke, I swear by thy name,
O river with ripple-washed reed-beds green,

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Εὐρώταν, θανόντος εἰ βάξις
ἔτυμος ἀνδρὸς ἅδε μοι—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τάδ' ἀσύνετα;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φόνιον αἰώρημα
διὰ δέρης ὀρέξομαι,
ἢ ξιφοκτόνον δίωγμα
λαιμορύτου σφαγᾶς
αὐτοσίδαρον ἔσω πελάσω διὰ σαρκὸς ἅμιλλαν,
θῦμα τριζύγοις θεαῖσι
† τῷ τε συρίγγων ἀοιδὰν σεβί-
ζοντι Πριαμίδᾳ ποτ' ἀμφὶ βουστάθμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄλλοσ' ἀποτροπὰ κακῶν
γένοιτο, τὸ δὲ σὸν εὐτυχές.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἰὼ Τροία τάλαινα,
δι' ἔργ' ἄνεργ' ὄλλυσαι μέλεά τ' ἔτλας·
τὰ δ' ἐμὰ δῶρα Κύπριδος ἔτεκε
πολὺ μὲν αἷμα, πολὺ δὲ δάκρυον, ἄχεά τ' ἄχεσι,
† δάκρυα δάκρυσιν ἔλαβε πάθεα,
ματέρες τε παῖδας ὤλεσαν,
ἀπὸ δὲ παρθένοι κόμας
ἔθεντο σύγγονοι νεκρῶν Σκαμάνδριον
ἀμφὶ Φρύγιον οἶδμα.
βοὰν βοὰν δ' Ἑλλὰς
κελάδησε κἀνωτότυξεν,
ἐπὶ δὲ κρατὶ χέρας ἔθηκεν,
ὄνυχι δ' ἁπαλόχροα γένυν
ἔδευσε φοινίαισι πλαγαῖς.

Eurotas!—if true was the word that came
That my lord on the earth is no more seen,—

CHORUS

Wild words and whirling—ah, what should they mean?

HELEN

The death-dealing cord
Round my neck will I twine,
Or the thirst of the sword
In this heart's blood of mine
Shall be quenched, through the flesh of my neck as I
Plunge it to life's deep shrine,
For a sacrifice to the Goddesses three,
And to Paris, whose pipe's wild melody
Floated afar over Ida, and round still steadings of kine.

CHORUS

Far hence averted may mischief flee,
And fortune fair abide upon thee!

HELEN

Woe, hapless Troy, for thee, woe!
Thou hast perished for sins not thine own, under misery's load brought low!
And the gifts of Cypris to me for their fruit have borne
Rivers of blood and of tears, and to them that mourn
Anguish is added, and grief to the grief-forlorn.
There are mothers for dead sons weeping;
There are maids that have cast shorn hair
Where seaward Scamander on-sweeping
The limbs of their brothers bare.
And from Hellas a cry, a cry,
Ringeth heavenward wild and high,
And with frenzied hands on her head
She smiteth: her fingers are red
From the cheeks that the blood-furrows dye.

ὦ μάκαρ Ἀρκαδίᾳ ποτὲ παρθένε Καλλιστοῖ, Διὸς
ἃ λεχέων ἐπέβας τετραβάμοσι γυίοις,
ὡς πολὺ ματρὸς ἐμᾶς ἔλαχες πλέον,
ἁ μορφᾷ θηρῶν λαχνογυίων
ὄμματι λάβρῳ σχῆμα διαίνεις[1]
ἐξαλλάξασ' ἄχθεα λύπης·
ἄν τέ ποτ' Ἄρτεμις ἐξεχορεύσατο
χρυσοκέρατ' ἔλαφον Μέροπος Τιτανίδα κούραν
καλλοσύνας ἕνεκεν· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν δέμας
ὤλεσεν ὤλεσε πέργαμα Δαρδανίας
ὀλομένους τ' Ἀχαιούς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ τὰς τεθρίππους Οἰνομάῳ Πῖσαν κάτα
Πέλοψ ἁμίλλας ἐξαμιλληθείς ποτε,
εἴθ' ὤφελες τόθ', ἡνίκ' ἔρανον εἰς θεοὺς
† πεισθεὶς[2] ἐποίεις, ἐν θεοῖς λιπεῖν βίον,
πρὶν τὸν ἐμὸν Ἀτρέα πατέρα γεννῆσαί ποτε,
ὃς ἐξέφυσεν Ἀερόπης λέκτρων ἄπο
Ἀγαμέμνον' ἐμέ τε Μενέλεων, κλεινὸν ζυγόν·
πλεῖστον γὰρ οἶμαι, καὶ τόδ' οὐ κόμπῳ λέγω,
στράτευμα κώπῃ διορίσαι Τροίαν ἔπι,
τύραννος οὐδὲν πρὸς βίαν στρατηλατῶν,
ἑκοῦσι δ' ἄρξας Ἑλλάδος νεανίαις.
καὶ τοὺς μὲν οὐκέτ' ὄντας ἀριθμῆσαι πάρα,
τοὺς δ' ἐκ θαλάσσης ἀσμένως πεφευγότας,
νεκρῶν φέροντας ὀνόματ' εἰς οἴκους πάλιν.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐπ' οἶδμα πόντιον γλαυκῆς ἁλὸς

[1] Hermann and Dindorf: for MSS. λεαίνης.

[2] The reference to the legend of Pelops being served up to the Gods at a feast by Tantalus requires some such word as σφαγείς.

Ah, maiden of Arcady, happy, Callisto,[1] art thou,
O fourfoot-pacing thing who wast Zeus' bride,
Better by far than my mother's is thy lot now,
Who hast cast the burden of human sorrow aside,
And only now for the shaggy limb
Of the brute with tears are thy fierce eyes dim.
Yea, happier she whom Artemis drave from her choir,
A stag gold-antlered, Merops' Titanian daughter,
Because of her beauty; but mine with the brands of desire
Hath enkindled Dardanian Pergamus' ruin-pyre,
And hath given the Achaeans to slaughter.

[*They pass into the palace.*

Enter MENELAUS.

MENELAUS

Ah, Pelops, thou at Pisa victor once
Over Oenomaus in chariot-strife,
Oh that, what time thou mad'st the Gods a feast,
Thou hadst left in presence of the Gods thy life,
Ere thou begattest Atreus, sire to me,
Him to whom Aerope bare Agamemnon,
And me, Menelaus, chariot-team renowned.
The mightiest host on earth—no mere vaunt this—
Did I speed overseas to Troy, their chief;
Nor by compulsion captained them to war,
But led with Hellas' heroes' glad consent.
Some must we count mid them that are no more;
Gladly have other some escaped the sea,
And bring back home the names of men deemed dead.
But I far o'er the grey sea's shoreless surge

[1] One of Zeus's victims, changed into a bear.

τλήμων ἀλῶμαι χρόνον ὅσονπερ Ἰλίου
πύργους ἔπερσα, κεἰς πάτραν χρῄζων μολεῖν,
οὐκ ἀξιοῦμαι τοῦδε πρὸς θεῶν τυχεῖν.
Λιβύης τ᾽ ἐρήμους ἀξένους τ᾽ ἐπιδρομὰς
πέπλευκα πάσας· χὤταν ἐγγὺς ὦ πάτρας,
πάλιν μ᾽ ἀπωθεῖ πνεῦμα, κοὔποτ᾽ οὔριον
εἰσῆλθε λαῖφος ὥστε μ᾽ εἰς πάτραν μολεῖν.
καὶ νῦν τάλας ναυαγὸς ἀπολέσας φίλους
ἐξέπεσον εἰς γῆν τήνδε· ναῦς δὲ πρὸς πέτρας
πολλοὺς ἀριθμοὺς ἄγνυται ναυαγίων.
τρόπις δ᾽ ἐλείφθη ποικίλων ἁρμοσμάτων,
ἐφ᾽ ἧς ἐσώθην μόλις ἀνελπίστῳ τύχῃ
Ἑλένη τε, Τροίας ἣν ἀποσπάσας ἔχω.
ὄνομα δὲ χώρας ἥτις ἥδε καὶ λεὼς
οὐκ οἶδ᾽· ὄχλον γὰρ εἰσπεσεῖν ᾐσχυνόμην
ὥσθ᾽ ἱστορῆσαι, τῆς ἐμῆς δυσχλαινίας
κρύπτων ὑπ᾽ αἰδοῦς τὰς τύχας. ὅταν δ᾽ ἀνὴρ
πράξῃ κακῶς ὑψηλός, εἰς ἀηθίαν
πίπτει κακίω τοῦ πάλαι δυσδαίμονος.
χρεία δὲ τείρει μ᾽· οὔτε γὰρ σῖτος πάρα
οὔτ᾽ ἀμφὶ χρῶτ᾽ ἐσθῆτες· αὐτὰ δ᾽ εἰκάσαι
πάρεστι ναὸς ἔκβολ᾽ οἷς ἀμπίσχομαι.
πέπλους δὲ τοὺς πρὶν λαμπρά τ᾽ ἀμφιβλήματα
χλιδάς τε πόντος ἥρπασ᾽· ἐν δ᾽ ἄντρου μυχοῖς
κρύψας γυναῖκα τὴν κακῶν πάντων ἐμοὶ
ἄρξασαν ἥκω, τούς τε περιλελειμμένους
φίλων φυλάσσειν τἄμ᾽ ἀναγκάσας λέχη.
μόνος δὲ νοστῶ, τοῖς ἐκεῖ ζητῶν φίλοις
τὰ πρόσφορ᾽ ἤν πως ἐξερευνήσας λάβω.
ἰδὼν δὲ δῶμα περιφερὲς θριγκοῖς τόδε
πύλας τε σεμνὰς ἀνδρὸς ὀλβίου τινός,
προσῆλθον· ἐλπὶς δ᾽ ἔκ γε πλουσίων δόμων

Wander in pain, long as the leaguer-years
Of Troy; and though I yearn to reach my land,
Of this I am not held worthy by the Gods,
But to all Libya's beaches lone and wild
Have sailed: yea, whenso I am nigh my land,
Back the blast drives me; never following breeze
Hath swelled my sail to waft me to mine home.
And now, a shipwrecked wretch, my comrades lost,
On this land am I cast: against the rocks
My ship is shattered all in countless shards.
Wrenched from its cunning fastenings was the keel,
Whereon past hope and hardly was I saved
With Helen, whom I had snatched from Ilium's wreck.
But this land's name, and who her people be,
I know not, being abashed to yonder throngs
To join me, there to ask: in mine ill plight
I hide for shame my misery; for a man
Low-fallen from high estate more sharply feels
The strangeness of it than the long unblest.
Want wasteth me; for neither food have I
Nor raiment for my body,—judge by these
That gird me, rags washed shoreward from the ship.
The robes once mine, bright vest and bravery,
The sea hath swallowed. In a cave's deep cleft
My wife I hid, first cause of all my woes,
And hither come, for I have straitly charged
My friends yet living to watch over her.
Alone I come, seeking for loved ones there
What shall avail their need, if search may find.
And, marking yonder mansion battlement-girt,
And stately portals of a prosperous man,
I drew nigh: from a wealthy house is hope

λαβεῖν τι ναύταις· ἐκ δὲ μὴ 'χόντων βίον,
οὐδ' εἰ θέλοιεν, ὠφελεῖν ἔχοιεν ἄν.
ὠή· τίς ἂν πυλωρὸς ἐκ δόμων μόλοι,
ὅστις διαγγείλειε τἄμ' εἴσω κακά;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

τίς πρὸς πύλαισιν; οὐκ ἀπαλλάξει δόμων
καὶ μὴ πρὸς αὐλείοισιν ἑστηκὼς πύλαις
ὄχλον παρέξεις δεσπόταις; ἢ κατθανεῖ
Ἕλλην πεφυκώς, οἷσιν οὐκ ἐπιστροφαί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ γραῖα, ταῦτα πάντ' ἔπη καλῶς λέγεις.
ἔξεστι· πείσομαι γάρ· ἀλλ' ἄνες χόλον.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

ἄπελθ'· ἐμοὶ γὰρ τοῦτο πρόσκειται, ξένε,
μηδένα πελάζειν τοισίδ' Ἑλλήνων δόμοις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἆ· μὴ προσείλει χεῖρα μηδ' ὤθει βίᾳ.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

πείθει γὰρ οὐδὲν ὧν λέγω· σὺ δ' αἴτιος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄγγειλον εἴσω δεσπόταισι τοῖσι σοῖς.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

πικρῶς ἂν οἶμαί γ' ἀγγελεῖν τοὺς σοὺς λόγους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ναυαγὸς ἥκω ξένος, ἀσύλητον γένος.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

οἶκον πρὸς ἄλλον νύν τιν' ἀντὶ τοῦδ' ἴθι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὔκ, ἀλλ' ἔσω πάρειμι· καὶ σύ μοι πιθοῦ.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

ὀχληρὸς ἴσθ' ὤν· καὶ τάχ' ὠσθήσει βίᾳ.

Of somewhat for my crew; but from bare walls
Nought could men aid us, howsoe'er they would.

[*Knocks at gate.*

Ho! what gate-warder forth the halls will come
To tell within of my calamities?

Door of palace opens. PORTRESS *appears on threshold.*

PORTRESS

Who loitereth at the doors?—wilt thou not hence?
Away, stand not before the courtyard gate
Troubling my lords; else shalt thou die, who art
A Greek: we have no dealings with the Greeks.

MENELAUS

Grey mother, all these words thou sayest well:—
Even so—I will obey—refrain thy wrath—

PORTRESS

Begone! This charge is laid upon me, stranger,
That none of Hellenes to these halls draw nigh.

MENELAUS

Ah, thrust not forth, nor drive me hence by force!

PORTRESS

Thou wilt not heed my words?—on thine head be it.

MENELAUS

Bear mine appeal unto thy lords within.

PORTRESS

Thine!—bitter should my bearing be, I wot!

MENELAUS

A shipwrecked stranger I: none violate such.

PORTRESS

To another house pass on instead of this.

MENELAUS

Nay, but I will within!—yield thou to me!

PORTRESS

Thou mak'st a coil; but force shall thrust thee hence.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αἰαῖ· τὰ κλεινὰ ποῦ 'στί μοι στρατεύματα ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

οὐκοῦν ἐκεῖ που σεμνὸς ἦσθ', οὐκ ἐνθάδε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ δαῖμον, ὡς ἀνάξι' ἠτιμώμεθα.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

τί βλέφαρα τέγγεις δάκρυσι ; πρὸς τί δ' οἰκτρὸς εἶ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πρὸς τὰς πάροιθεν συμφορὰς εὐδαίμονας.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

οὔκουν ἀπελθὼν δάκρυα σοῖς δώσεις φίλοις ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς δ' ἥδε χώρα ; τοῦ δὲ βασίλειοι δόμοι ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

Πρωτεὺς τάδ' οἰκεῖ δώματ', Αἴγυπτος δὲ γῆ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Αἴγυπτος ; ὦ δύστηνος, οἷ πέπλευκ' ἄρα.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

τί δὴ τὸ Νείλου μεμπτόν ἐστί σοι γάνος ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ τοῦτ' ἐμέμφθην· τὰς ἐμὰς στένω τύχας.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

πολλοὶ κακῶς πράσσουσιν, οὐ σὺ δὴ μόνος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔστ' οὖν ἐν οἴκοις ὅντιν' ὀνομάζεις ἄναξ ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

τόδ' ἐστὶν αὐτοῦ μνῆμα, παῖς δ' ἄρχει χθονός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ποῦ δῆτ' ἂν εἴη ; πότερον ἐκτὸς ἢ 'ν δόμοις ;

MENELAUS

Ah me!—where now my glorious war-array?

PORTRESS

Some great one haply there wast thou, not here.

MENELAUS

Ah fortune, how unmerited this slight!

PORTRESS

Why stream thine eyes with tears? Why make such moan?

MENELAUS

For those my happy fortunes overpast.

PORTRESS

Away then: on thy friends bestow thy tears.

MENELAUS

What land is this, and whose these royal halls?

PORTRESS

'Tis Proteus' palace. Egypt is the land.

MENELAUS

Egypt!—Woe's me, to have sailed to such a land!

PORTRESS

Wherefore misprise the glory of the Nile?

MENELAUS

I blame it not: mine own hard lot I moan.

PORTRESS

Many be fortune-crost, not thou alone.

MENELAUS

Is he within then, whom thou namest king?

PORTRESS

This is his tomb: his son rules o'er the land.

MENELAUS

Where then is he? Within, without the halls?

ΓΡΑΥΣ

οὐκ ἔνδον· Ἕλλησιν δὲ πολεμιώτατος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίν' αἰτίαν σχὼν ἧς ἐπηυρόμην ἐγώ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

Ἑλένη κατ' οἴκους ἐστὶ τούσδ' ἡ τοῦ Διός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς φῄς; τίν' εἶπας μῦθον; αὖθίς μοι φράσον.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

ἡ Τυνδαρὶς παῖς, ἣ κατὰ Σπάρτην ποτ' ἦν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πόθεν μολοῦσα; τίνα τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἔχει λόγον;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

Λακεδαίμονος γῆς δεῦρο νοστήσασ' ἄπο.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πότ'; οὔ τί που λελῄσμεθ' ἐξ ἄντρων λέχος;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

πρὶν τοὺς Ἀχαιούς, ὦ ξέν', εἰς Τροίαν μολεῖν.
ἀλλ' ἕρπ' ἀπ' οἴκων· ἔστι γάρ τις ἐν δόμοις
τύχη, τύραννος ᾗ ταράσσεται δόμος.
καιρὸν γὰρ οὐδέν' ἦλθες· ἢν δὲ δεσπότης
λάβῃ σε, θάνατος ξένιά σοι γενήσεται.
εὔνους γάρ εἰμ' Ἕλλησιν, οὐχ ὅσον πικροὺς
λόγους ἔδωκα δεσπότην φοβουμένη.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί φῶ; τί λέξω; συμφορὰς γὰρ ἀθλίας
ἐκ τῶν πάροιθεν τὰς παρεστώσας κλύω,
εἰ τὴν μὲν αἱρεθεῖσαν ἐκ Τροίας ἄγων
ἥκω δάμαρτα καὶ κατ' ἄντρα σῴζεται,
ὄνομα δὲ ταὐτὸν τῆς ἐμῆς ἔχουσά τις
δάμαρτος ἄλλη τοισίδ' ἐνναίει δόμοις.
Διὸς δ' ἔλεξε παῖδά νιν πεφυκέναι.

PORTRESS

Nay, not within. Grim foe to Greeks is he.

MENELAUS

And what the cause, whereof I feel the effects?

PORTRESS

Zeus' daughter Helen is within these halls.

MENELAUS

How say'st thou?—what thy tale?—speak yet again.

PORTRESS

Tyndarus' child, who erst in Sparta dwelt.

MENELAUS

Whence did she come? What may this matter mean?

PORTRESS

From Lacedaemon hither journeyed she.

MENELAUS

When? (*aside*) Never stolen from the cave—my wife!

PORTRESS

Ere the Achaeans, stranger, fared to Troy.
But thou, begone: somewhat hath chanced within
Whereby the palace is disquieted.
Thou art come in evil hour, and if my lord
Find thee, thy stranger's welcome shall be death.
Well-wisher unto Greeks am I, although
Harsh words I gave for terror of my lord. [*Exit.*

MENELAUS

What shall I think?—what say?—for lo, I hear
Of imminent ills hard-following on the old,
If I have brought the wife I won from Troy
Hither, and safe within the cave she lies,
Yet in these halls another woman dwells
Who bears the selfsame name as mine own wife.
Yon woman named her born of Zeus, his daughter.

ἀλλ' ἦ τις ἔστι Ζηνὸς ὄνομ' ἔχων ἀνὴρ
Νείλου παρ' ὄχθας; εἷς γὰρ ὅ γε κατ' οὐρανόν.
Σπάρτη δὲ ποῦ γῆς ἐστι πλὴν ἵνα ῥοαὶ
τοῦ καλλιδόνακός εἰσιν Εὐρώτα μόνον;
διπλοῦν[1] δὲ Τυνδάρειον ὄνομα κλῄζεται;
Λακεδαίμονος δὲ γαῖά τις ξυνώνυμος
Τροίας τ'; ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἔχω τί χρὴ λέγειν.
πολλοὶ γάρ, ὡς εἴξασιν, ἐν πολλῇ χθονὶ
ὀνόματα ταὔτ' ἔχουσι καὶ πόλις πόλει
γυνή γυναικί τ'· οὐδὲν οὖν θαυμαστέον.
οὐδ' αὖ τὸ δεινὸν προσπόλου φευξούμεθα·
ἀνὴρ γὰρ οὐδεὶς ὧδε βάρβαρος φρένας,
ὃς ὄνομ' ἀκούσας τοὐμὸν οὐ δώσει βοράν.
κλεινὸν τὸ Τροίας πῦρ ἐγώ θ' ὃς ἧψά νιν,
Μενέλαος, οὐκ ἄγνωστος ἐν πάσῃ χθονί.
δόμων ἄνακτα προσμενῶ· δισσὰς δέ μοι
ἔχει φυλάξεις· ἢν μὲν ὠμόφρων τις ᾖ,
κρύψας ἐμαυτὸν εἶμι πρὸς ναυάγια·
ἢν δ' ἐνδιδῷ τι μαλθακόν, τὰ πρόσφορα
τῆς νῦν παρούσης συμφορᾶς αἰτήσομαι.
κακῶν μὲν ἡμῖν ἔσχατον τοῖς ἀθλίοις,
ἄλλους τυράννους αὐτὸν ὄντα βασιλέα
βίον προσαιτεῖν· ἀλλ' ἀναγκαίως ἔχει.
λόγος γάρ ἐστιν οὐκ ἐμός, σοφῶν δ' ἔπος,
δεινῆς ἀνάγκης οὐδὲν ἰσχύειν πλέον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἤκουσα τᾶς θεσπιῳδοῦ κόρας,
ἃ χρῄζουσ' ἐφανη 'ν τυράννοις
δόμοις, ὡς Μενέλαος οὔπω
μελαμφαὲς οἴχεται

[1] Nauck: for ἁπλοῦν of MSS.

Can any *man* that bears this name of Zeus
By Nile's banks dwell? One is there, he in heaven.
And where hath earth a Sparta, save alone
There where Eurotas' streams are fair with reeds?
Do two men bear the name of Tyndarus?
Is there a land twin-named with Lacedaemon
Or Troy? I know not what to say hereof:
For on the wide earth many, as men grant,
Bear like names, city bearing city's name,
And woman woman's: marvel none is here.
Nor from a handmaid's terrors will I flee;
For there is none so barbarous of soul
As to deny me food, my name once heard.
Famed is Troy's burning: I who kindled it,
Menelaus, am renowned in every land.
I will await the king; and for two things
Must I take heed:—if he be ruthless-souled,
Then will I flee, and hide me by the wreck;
But if he show relenting, I will ask
Help for my need in this mine evil plight.
This in my misery is the deepest depth,
That I, who am a king, should beg my bread
Of other princes: yet it needs must be.
Not mine the saying is, but wisdom's saw—
"Stronger is nought than dread Necessity."

[*Retires to back of stage.*

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS

The word which the prophetess said,
  In the king's halls heard I its sound—
"Not yet Menelaus is dead,
Nor to darkness visible fled

δι' ἔρεβος χθονὶ κρυφθείς,
ἀλλ' ἔτι κατ' οἶδμ' ἅλιον
τρυχόμενος οὔπω λιμένων
ψαύσειεν πατρίας γᾶς,
ἀλατείᾳ βιότου
ταλαίφρων, ἄφιλος φίλων,
παντοδαπᾶς ἐπὶ γᾶς
πόδα χριμπτόμενος εἰναλίῳ
κώπᾳ Τρῳάδος ἐκ γᾶς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἥδ' αὖ τάφου τοῦδ' εἰς ἕδρας ἐγὼ πάλιν
στείχω, μαθοῦσα Θεονόης φίλους λόγους,
ἣ πάντ' ἀληθῶς οἶδε· φησὶ δ' ἐν φάει
πόσιν τὸν ἁμὸν ζῶντα φέγγος εἰσορᾶν,
πορθμοὺς δ' ἀλᾶσθαι μυρίους πεπλευκότα
ἐκεῖσε κἀκεῖσ' οὐδ' ἀγύμναστον πλάνοις
ἥξειν, ὅταν δὴ πημάτων λάβῃ τέλος.
ἓν δ' οὐκ ἔλεξεν, εἰ μολὼν σωθήσεται.
ἐγὼ δ' ἀπέστην τοῦτ' ἐρωτῆσαι σαφῶς,
ἡσθεῖσ' ἐπεί νιν εἶπέ μοι σεσωσμένον.
ἐγγὺς δε νίν που τῆσδ' ἔφασκ' εἶναι χθονος,
ναυαγὸν ἐκπεσόντα σὺν παύροις φίλοις.
ὤμοι, πόθ' ἥξεις; ὡς ποθεινὸς ἂν μόλοις.
ἔα, τίς οὗτος; οὔ τί που κρυπτεύομαι
Πρωτέως ἀσέπτου παιδὸς ἐκ βουλευμάτων;
οὐχ ὡς δρομαία πῶλος ἢ Βάκχη θεοῦ
τάφῳ ξυνάψω κῶλον; ἄγριος δέ τις
μορφὴν ὅδ' ἐστίν, ὅς με θηρᾶται λαβεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σὲ τὴν ὄρεγμα δεινὸν ἡμιλλημένην
τύμβου 'πὶ κρηπῖδ' ἐμπύρους τ' ὀρθοστάτας,

Of Erebus, hid in the ground ;
But is still over wide seas driven
Toil-worn, neither yet is it given
To attain to the fatherland's haven,
But in homelessness roams evermore
Wretched, of friends bereft,
Lighting down upon every shore
Of earth, since the brine-dipt oar
Troyland long ago left."

Enter HELEN.

HELEN

Lo, to my session at the tomb again
I come, who have heard Theonoë's glad words,
Who knoweth all things truly. Yet alive,
Saith she, my lord beholds the light of day,
But roameth sailing sea-tracks numberless
Hither and thither, and with wanderings spent
Shall come, when he hath reached his sufferings' goal ;—
Yet said not if at last he shall escape ;
For I refrained from closely questioning this
For gladness, when she spake him yet alive.
And somewhere nigh this land is he, she said,
From shipwreck cast ashore with friends but few.
When wilt thou come to me ?—how long-desired !

MENELAUS *advances from back of stage.*

Ha ! who is this ?—and am I haply snared
By plots of Proteus' god-contemning son ?
Swift as a racing steed or bacchanal
Shall I not seek yon tomb ? Of ruffian mien
Is yonder man who holdeth me in chase.

MENELAUS

Thou that with fearful effort strainest on
To the tomb's basement and the altar-pillars,

μεῖνον· τί φεύγεις; ὡς δέμας δείξασα σὸν
ἔκπληξιν ἡμῖν ἀφασίαν τε προστίθης.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀδικούμεθ', ὦ γυναῖκες· εἰργόμεσθα γὰρ
τάφου πρὸς ἀνδρὸς τοῦδε, καί μ' ἑλὼν θέλει
δοῦναι τυράννοις ὧν ἐφεύγομεν γάμους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ κλῶπές ἐσμεν, οὐχ ὑπηρέται κακῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ μὴν στολήν γ' ἄμορφον ἀμφὶ σῶμ' ἔχεις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

στῆσον, φόβου μεθεῖσα, λαιψηρὸν πόδα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἵστημ', ἐπεί γε τοῦδ' ἐφάπτομαι τάφου.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς εἶ; τίν' ὄψιν σήν, γύναι, προσδέρκομαι;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὺ δ' εἶ τίς; αὑτὸς γὰρ σὲ κἄμ' ἔχει λόγος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐπώποτ' εἶδον προσφερέστερον δέμας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ θεοί· θεὸς γὰρ καὶ τὸ γιγνώσκειν φίλους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἑλληνὶς εἶ τις ἢ 'πιχωρία γυνή;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Ἑλληνίς· ἀλλὰ καὶ τὸ σὸν θέλω μαθεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἑλένῃ σ' ὁμοίαν δὴ μάλιστ' εἶδον, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐγὼ δὲ Μενελάῳ γέ σ'· οὐδ' ἔχω τί φῶ.

Stay!—wherefore flee?—with one glimpse of thy form
Thou with tongue-tied amazement fillest me.
[*Seizes her hand.*

HELEN

I am outraged, women! for I am held back
Of this man from the tomb! He hath caught me, fain
To give to his lord, whose marriage-yoke I fled.

MENELAUS

No robber I, nor minister of wrong!

HELEN

Yet wild attire about thy form thou hast.

MENELAUS

Put fears away, and stay thy hurrying foot!

HELEN (*grasping the altar*)

I stay it, now that to this tomb I cling.

MENELAUS

Who art thou, lady? Whose the face I see?

HELEN

Who thou? The selfsame cause have I to ask.

MENELAUS

Never yet saw I form more like to hers!

HELEN

Gods!—for God moves in recognition of friends.

MENELAUS

A Greek art thou, or daughter of the land?

HELEN

A Greek; thy nation too I fain would learn.

MENELAUS

Thou art very Helen, lady, to mine eyes.

HELEN

And thou Menelaus!—I know not what to say.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔγνως ἄρ' ὀρθῶς ἄνδρα δυστυχέστατον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ χρόνιος ἐλθὼν σῆς δάμαρτος ἐς χέρας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ποιας δάμαρτος; μὴ θίγῃς ἐμῶν πέπλων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἥν σοι δίδωσι Τυνδάρεως ἐμὸς πατήρ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ φωσφόρ' Ἑκάτη, πέμπε φάσματ' εὐμενῆ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ νυκτίφαντον πρόπολον Ἐνοδίας μ' ὁρᾷς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ μὴν γυναικῶν γ' εἷς δυοῖν ἔφυν πόσις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ποίων δὲ λέκτρων δεσπότης ἄλλων ἔφυς;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἣν ἄντρα κεύθει κἀκ Φρυγῶν κομίζομαι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλη σή τις ἀντ' ἐμοῦ γυνή.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὔ που φρονῶ μὲν εὖ, τὸ δ' ὄμμα μου νοσεῖ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ γάρ με λεύσσων σὴν δάμαρθ' ὁρᾶν δοκεῖς;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τὸ σῶμ' ὅμοιον, τὸ δὲ σαφές μ' ἀποστερεῖ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σκέψαι· τί σοι δεῖ πίστεως σαφεστέρας;[1]

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔοικας· οὔτοι τοῦτό γ' ἐξαρνήσομαι.

[1] Badham: for MSS. τί σου δεῖ; τίς ἐστί σου σοφώτερος;

MENELAUS
Thou nam'st me truly, a man most evil-starred.

HELEN (*clasping him*)
O thou to thy wife's arms returned at last!

MENELAUS
Wife?—thou my wife! Touch not my vesture thou!

HELEN
Wife—whom my father Tyndarus gave to thee.

MENELAUS
Light-bearer Hecate, send gracious visions![1]

HELEN
No phantom handmaid I of the Highway Queen.

MENELAUS
I am but *one*—no lord of two wives, I!

HELEN
And of what wife beside me art thou lord?

MENELAUS
Whom the cave hides, whom I from Phrygia brought.

HELEN
None other wife is thine save only me.

MENELAUS
What, is my wit sound, but mine eye diseased?

HELEN
Behold me—feel'st thou not thou seest thy wife?

MENELAUS
The form is hers, but plain truth bars the claim.

HELEN
Look!—what more clear assurance needest thou?

MENELAUS
Like her thou art: this will I not deny.

[1] Spectres and phantoms were the attendants of Hecate.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τίς οὖν διδάξει σ' ἄλλος ἢ τὰ σ' ὄμματα;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐκεῖ νοσοῦμεν, ὅτι δάμαρτ' ἄλλην ἔχω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἦλθον εἰς γῆν Τρῳάδ', ἀλλ' εἴδωλον ἦν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ τίς βλέποντα σώματ' ἐξεργάζεται;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

αἰθήρ, ὅθεν σὺ θεοπόνητ' ἔχεις λέχη.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίνος πλάσαντος θεῶν; ἄελπτα γὰρ λέγεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Ἥρας, διάλλαγμ', ὡς Πάρις με μὴ λάβοι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ἅμ' ἐνθάδ' ἦσθά τ' ἐν Τροίᾳ θ' ἅμα;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τοὔνομα γένοιτ' ἂν πολλαχοῦ, τὸ σῶμα δ' οὔ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

μέθες με, λύπης ἅλις ἔχων ἐλήλυθα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

λείψεις γὰρ ἡμᾶς, τὰ δὲ κέν' ἐξάξεις λέχη;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ χαῖρέ γ', Ἑλένῃ προσφερὴς ὁθούνεκ' εἶ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀπωλόμην· λαβοῦσά σ' οὐχ ἕξω πόσιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τοὐκεῖ με μέγεθος τῶν πόνων πείθει, σὺ δ' οὔ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἲ 'γώ· τίς ἡμῶν ἐγένετ' ἀθλιωτέρα;
οἱ φίλτατοι λείπουσί μ', οὐδ' ἀφίξομαι
Ἕλληνας οὐδὲ πατρίδα τὴν ἐμήν ποτε.

HELEN

Who then shall better teach thee than thine eyes?

MENELAUS

At this I stumble, another wife I have.

HELEN

To Troy I went not: *that* a phantom was.

MENELAUS

But who can fashion living phantom-forms?

HELEN

Aether, whereof thou hast a wife god-shapen.

MENELAUS

Shapen of what God? Passing strange thy tale!

HELEN

Hera, to baffle Paris with my wraith.

MENELAUS

How wast thou here then, and in Troy withal?

HELEN

My name might be in many lands, not I.

MENELAUS

Unhand me!—hither I came with griefs enough!

HELEN

How?—leave me, and lead hence thy phantom-bride

MENELAUS

Yea—since thou art like to Helen, fare thee well.

HELEN

Undone!—I have found my spouse, and may not keep!

MENELAUS

My toils at Troy convince me more than thou.

HELEN

Woe's me! Who is more sorrow-crushed than I?
My best-beloved forsakes me! I shall see
Never my countrymen nor fatherland.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Μενέλαε, μαστεύων σε κιγχάνω μόλις
πᾶσαν πλανηθεὶς τήνδε βάρβαρον χθόνα,
πεμφθεὶς ἑταίρων τῶν λελειμμένων ὕπο—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν; οὔ που βαρβάρων συλᾶσθ' ὕπο;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

θαυμάστ', ἔλασσον τοὔνομ' ἢ τὸ πρᾶγμ', ἔχων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λέγ', ὡς φέρεις τι τῇδε τῇ σπουδῇ νέον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

λέγω πόνους σε μυρίους τλῆναι μάτην.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

παλαιὰ θρηνεῖς πήματ'· ἀγγέλλεις δὲ τί;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

βέβηκεν ἄλοχος σὴ πρὸς αἰθέρος πτυχὰς
ἀρθεῖσ' ἄφαντος· οὐρανῷ δὲ κρύπτεται
λιποῦσα σεμνὸν ἄντρον οὗ σφ' ἐσῴζομεν,
τοσόνδε λέξασ'· ὦ ταλαίπωροι Φρύγες
πάντες τ' Ἀχαιοί, δι' ἔμ' ἐπὶ Σκαμανδρίοις
ἀκταῖσιν Ἥρας μηχαναῖς ἐθνῄσκετε,
δοκοῦντες Ἑλένην οὐκ ἔχοντ' ἔχειν Πάριν.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐπειδὴ χρόνον ἔμειν' ὅσον μ' ἐχρῆν,
τὸ μόρσιμον σώσασα, πατέρ' ἐς οὐρανὸν
ἄπειμι· φήμας δ' ἡ τάλαινα Τυνδαρὶς
ἄλλως κακὰς ἤκουσεν οὐδὲν αἰτία.
ὦ χαῖρε, Λήδας θύγατερ, ἐνθάδ' ἦσθ' ἄρα;
ἐγὼ δέ σ' ἄστρων ὡς βεβηκυῖαν μυχοὺς
ἤγγελλον εἰδὼς οὐδὲν ὡς ὑπόπτερον
δέμας φοροίης· οὐκ ἐῶ σε κερτομεῖν
ἡμᾶς τόδ' αὖθις, ὡς μάτην ἐν Ἰλίῳ
πόνους παρεῖχες σῷ πόσει καὶ συμμάχοις.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Menelaus, at last I find thee, searching long,
Through all this land barbaric wandering,
Being sent of those thy comrades left behind—

MENELAUS

How?—by barbarian robbers are ye spoiled?

MESSENGER

Bearing a tale less marvellous than the truth!

MENELAUS

Speak!—by this eagerness, thou bring'st strange news.

MESSENGER

I say thou barest toils untold for nought.

MENELAUS

Herein thou mourn'st old woes: what news dost bring?

MESSENGER

Gone is thy wife—into the folds of air
Wafted and vanished! Hid in heaven's depths,
The hallowed cave wherein we warded her
She hath left, with this cry, "Hapless Phrygian folk,
And all Achaeans, who by Hera's wiles
Upon Scamander's banks still died for me,
Deeming that Paris had, who had not, Helen!
I, having tarried all the time foredoomed,
My destiny fulfilled, to heaven return,
My parent. Tyndarus' sad daughter bears
An ill name all for nought, who is innocent."

He suddenly perceives HELEN.

Hail, child of Leda! So then thou wast here!
Even now I announced thee passed to viewless heights
Of star-land, knowing not thou bar'st a form
Wing-clad. Thou shalt not mock us with a tale
Again of troubles heaped upon thy lord
And his allies, for nought, in Ilium.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τοῦτ᾽ ἔστ᾽ ἐκεῖνο· ξυμβεβᾶσιν οἱ λόγοι
οἱ τῆσδ᾽ ἀληθεῖς. ὦ ποθεινὸς ἡμέρα,
ἥ σ᾽ εἰς ἐμὰς ἔδωκεν ὠλένας λαβεῖν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ φίλτατ᾽ ἀνδρῶν Μενέλεως, ὁ μὲν χρόνος
παλαιός, ἡ δὲ τέρψις ἀρτίως πάρα.
ἔλαβον ἀσμένα πόσιν ἐμόν, φίλαι,
περί τ᾽ ἐπέτασα χέρα
φίλιον ἐν μακρᾷ φλογὶ φαεσφόρῳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κἀγὼ σέ· πολλοὺς δ᾽ ἐν μέσῳ λόγους ἔχων
οὐκ οἶδ᾽ ὁποίου πρῶτον ἄρξωμαι τὰ νῦν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

γέγηθα, κρατὶ δ᾽ ὀρθίους ἐθείρας
ἀνεπτέρωκα καὶ δάκρυ σταλάσσω,
περὶ δὲ γυῖα χέρας ἔβαλον, ἡδονὰν
ὡς λάβω, ὦ πόσις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ φιλτάτη πρόσοψις, οὐκ ἐμέμφθην·
ἔχω τὰ τῆς Διός τε λέκτρα Λήδας θ᾽,
ἃν ὑπὸ λαμπάδων κόροι λεύκιπποι
ξυνομαίμονες ὤλβισαν ὤλβισαν
τὸ πρόσθεν, ἐκ δόμων δὲ νοσφίσας σ᾽ ἐμοῦ
πρὸς ἄλλαν ἐλαύνει θεὸς συμφορὰν τᾶσδε
κρείσσω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὸ κακὸν δ᾽ ἀγαθὸν σέ τε κἀμὲ συνάγαγε, πόσι,
χρόνιον, ἀλλ᾽ ὅμως ὀναίμαν τύχας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὄναιο δῆτα. ταὐτὰ δὴ ξυνεύχομαι·
δυοῖν γὰρ ὄντοιν οὐχ ὁ μὲν τλήμων, ὁ δ᾽ οὔ.

MENELAUS

This is it that she said :—this woman's words
Agree—they are true ! O day, long, long desired,
Which giveth thee into mine arms to clasp !

HELEN

O Menelaus, best beloved, the time
Was long, but even now the joy is here !

Friends, friends, with rapture my lord have I found,
And with arms of love have I clasped him round ;
And the goal of the sun's long race is with brightness crowned !

MENELAUS

And I thee : the long tale of all these years,
Where to begin it first I know not now.

HELEN

I exult—yea, my tingling tresses uprise
On mine head, and the tears well forth from mine eyes ;
And about thy body mine arms I fling,
O husband mine, to my joy to cling !

MENELAUS

O sweetest presence thou !—no more I chide.
I clasp Zeus' child and Leda's, clasp my bride,
Her to whose happy bridal, tossing flame
Of torch, thy brethren of the white steeds came
Erstwhile ; and Gods removed her from mine home :
But now God speeds us on to newer, happier doom.

HELEN

And the evil made good hath united us, though it be late ;
Yet may blessing be on me, mine husband, in this new fate !

MENELAUS

Blessing on thee ! I pray the selfsame prayer ;
For grief and joy the twain made one must share.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φίλαι φίλαι, τὰ πάρος οὐκέτι
στένομεν οὐδ' ἀλγῶ.
πόσιν ἐμὸν ἐμὸν ἔχομεν ἔχομεν,
ὃν ἔμενον ἔμενον ἐκ Τροίας πολυετῆ μολεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔχεις μ' ἐγώ τέ σ'· ἡλίους δὲ μυρίους
μόγις διελθὼν ᾐσθόμην τὰ τῆς θεοῦ.
ἐμὰ δὲ δάκρυα χαρμονᾷ πλέον ἔχει
χάριτος ἢ λύπας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί φῶ ; τίς ἂν τάδ' ἤλπισεν βροτῶν ποτε ;
ἀδόκητον ἔχω σε πρὸς στέρνοις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κἀγὼ σὲ τὴν δοκοῦσαν Ἰδαίαν πόλιν
μολεῖν Ἰλίου τε μελέους πύργους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἓ ἕ· πικρὰν ἐς ἀρχὰν βαίνεις,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πρὸς θεῶν, δόμων πῶς τῶν ἐμῶν ἀπεστάλης ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἓ ἕ· πικρὰν δ' ἐρευνᾷς φάτιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λέγ', ὡς ἀκουστά· πάντα δῶρα δαιμόνων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀπέπτυσα μὲν λόγον, οἷον οἷον ἐσοίσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὅμως δὲ λέξον· ἡδύ τοι μόχθων κλύειν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἐπὶ λέκτρα βαρβάρου νεανία,
πετομένας κώπας,
πετομένου δ' ἔρωτος ἀδίκων γάμων.

HELEN

Friends, friends, for the ills gone by
I sorrow no more nor sigh.
My belovèd is mine, is mine! Through year on year
I have waited, have waited my lord, till from Troy he appear.

MENELAUS

Thine am I and thou mine. O weary while
Of sore strife, ere I knew the Goddess' guile!
Yet have my tears, through rapture of relief,
More thankfulness than grief.

HELEN

What can I say?—what mortal had looked for this?
I am clasping thee unto my breast, an undreamed-of bliss!

MENELAUS

And I thee, who to Ida's town, men thought,
Wentest, and Ilium's towers misery-fraught.

HELEN

Woe's me! to the bitter beginning of all dost thou go!

MENELAUS

'Fore heaven, how wast thou ravished from mine home?

HELEN

Woe's me for the bitter tale that thou seekest to know!

MENELAUS

Tell; I must hear. From God's hand all things come.

HELEN

Yet oh, I abhor to unfold it, the story of woe.

MENELAUS

Yet tell: woes overpast are sweet to hear.

HELEN

Never to alien prince's bed
Wafted by wings of the oars I fled,
Nor by wings of a lawless love on-sped.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς γάρ σε δαίμων ἢ πότμος συλᾷ πάτρας;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὁ Διὸς ὁ Διός, ὦ πόσι, με παῖς Ἑρμᾶς
ἐπέλασεν Νείλῳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

θαυμαστά· τοῦ πέμψαντος; ὢ δεινοὶ λόγοι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κατεδάκρυσα καὶ βλέφαρον ὑγραίνω
δάκρυσιν· ἁ Διός μ' ἄλοχος ὤλεσεν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἥρα; τί νῷν χρῄζουσα προσθεῖναι κακόν;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὤμοι ἐμῶν δεινῶν, λουτρῶν καὶ κρηνῶν,
ἵνα θεαὶ μορφὰν
ἐφαίδρυναν ἔνθεν ἔμολεν κρίσις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τάδ' εἰς κρίσιν σοι τῶνδ' ἔθηχ' Ἥρα κακῶν;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Κύπριν ὡς ἀφέλοιτο—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς; αὔδα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Πάριν ᾧ μ' ἐπένευσεν—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ τλᾶμον

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τλάμονα τλάμον' ὧδ' ἐπέλασ' Αἰγύπτῳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

εἶτ' ἀντέδωκ' εἴδωλον, ὡς σέθεν κλύω.

MENELAUS

What God, what fate, thee from thy country tore?

HELEN

Zeus' Son, O mine husband, 'twas Zeus' Son caught
Me away, it was Hermes to Nile that brought.

MENELAUS

Ah strange! Who sent him? Ah, the awesome tale!

HELEN

I wept, and the tears from mine eyes yet run:
By the bride of Zeus was I then undone.

MENELAUS

Hera?—What would she, heaping on us bale?

HELEN

Woe for my curse—for the baths from the hill-springs flowing
Where flushed the Goddesses' loveliness lovelier-glowing,
Whereof that Judgment came for a land's overthrowing!

MENELAUS

Did Hera turn this judgment to thy bane?

HELEN

From Cypris to take the prey,—

MENELAUS

Say on, tell how

HELEN

From Paris, to whom she had promised me,—

MENELAUS

Hapless thou!

HELEN

The hapless to Egypt she brought, as my plight is now.

MENELAUS

And gave to him thy wraith, as thou hast said?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τά τε σὰ κατὰ μέλαθρα πάθεα πάθεα, μᾶ-
τερ, οἳ 'γώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί φῄς ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν μάτηρ· ἀγχόνιον βροχον
δι' ἐμὲ κατεδήσατο δύσγαμον αἰσχύνᾳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὤμοι· θυγατρὸς δ' Ἑρμιόνης ἔστιν βίος ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄγαμος ἄτεκνος, ὦ πόσι, καταστένει
γάμον ἄγαμον ἐμόν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ πᾶν κατ' ἄκρας δῶμ' ἐμὸν πέρσας Πάρις,
τάδε καὶ σὲ διώλεσε μυριάδας τε
χαλκεόπλων Δαναῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐμὲ δὲ πατρίδος ἄπο κακόποτμον ἀραίαν
ἔβαλε θεὸς ἀπό τε πόλεος ἀπό τε σέθεν,
ὅτι μέλαθρα λέχεά τ' ἔλιπον οὐ λιποῦσ'
ἐπ' αἰσχροῖς γάμοις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰ καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ τῆς τύχης εὐδαίμονος
τύχοιτε, πρὸς τὰ πρόσθεν ἀρκέσειεν ἄν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Μενέλαε, κἀμοὶ πρόσδοτέ τι τῆς ἡδονῆς,
ἣν μανθάνω μὲν καὐτός, οὐ σαφῶς δ' ἔχω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀλλ', ὦ γεραιέ, καὶ σὺ κοινώνει λόγων.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐχ ἥδε μόχθων τῶν ἐν Ἰλίῳ βραβεύς ;

HELEN

But the woes in thine halls, O my mother, the woes
that befell thee—
Alas and alas!

MENELAUS

What is this thou wouldst tell me?

HELEN

No mother have I! She knit up her neck for shame
In the strangling noose, for my bridal of evil fame!

MENELAUS

Woe's me! Our child Hermione, liveth she?

HELEN

Spouseless and childless, she maketh moan,
My lord, for my marriage that marriage was none.

MENELAUS

O thou who ruinedst mine house utterly,
Ruin for thee too, Paris, this was made,
Ruin for hosts of Danaans brass-arrayed.

HELEN

And me from my country, my city, from thee, God took,
Casting me forth accurst to an evil lot, [I forsook—
For that husband and home for a marriage of shame
Who forsook them not!

CHORUS

If ye shall light in days to be on bliss
Unbroken, for the past shall this atone.

MESSENGER

Menelaus, grant me too to share your joy.
I hear it, yet but dimly comprehend.

MENELAUS

Yea, ancient, in our story share thou too.

MESSENGER

Sat she not arbitress of strife at Troy?

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐχ ἥδε, πρὸς θεῶν δ' ἦμεν ἠπατημένοι,
νεφέλης ἄγαλμ' ἔχοντες ἐν χεροῖν λυγρόν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

τί φής;
νεφέλης ἄρ' ἄλλως εἴχομεν πόνους πέρι;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἥρας τάδ' ἔργα καὶ θεῶν τρισσῶν ἔρις.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἡ δ' οὖσ' ἀληθῶς ἐστιν ἥδε σὴ δάμαρ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αὕτη· λόγοις δ' ἐμοῖσι πίστευσον τάδε.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ, ὁ θεὸς ὡς ἔφυ τι ποικίλον
καὶ δυστέκμαρτον. εὖ δέ πως ἀναστρέφει
ἐκεῖσε κἀκεῖσ' ἀναφέρων· ὁ μὲν πονεῖ,
ὁ δ' οὐ πονήσας αὖθις ὄλλυται κακῶς,
βέβαιον οὐδὲν τῆς ἀεὶ τύχης ἔχων.
σὺ γὰρ πόσις τε σὸς πόνων μετέσχετε,
σὺ μὲν λόγοισιν, ὁ δὲ δορὸς προθυμίᾳ.
σπεύδων δ' ὅτ' ἔσπευδ' οὐδὲν εἶχε· νῦν δ' ἔχει
αὐτόματα πράξας τἀγάθ' εὐτυχέστατα.
οὐκ ἄρα γέροντα πατέρα καὶ Διοσκόρω
ᾔσχυνας οὐδ' ἔδρασας οἷα κλῄζεται.
νῦν ἀνανεοῦμαι τὸν σὸν ὑμέναιον πάλιν,
καὶ λαμπάδων μεμνήμεθ' ἃς τετραόροις
ἵπποις τροχάζων παρέφερον· σὺ δ' ἐν δίφροις
σὺν τῷδε νύμφη δῶμ' ἔλειπες ὄλβιον.
κακὸς γὰρ ὅστις μὴ σέβει τὰ δεσποτῶν
καὶ ξυγγέγηθε καὶ συνωδίνει κακοῖς.
ἐγὼ μὲν εἴην, κεἰ πέφυχ' ὅμως λάτρις,
ἐν τοῖσι γενναίοισιν ἠριθμημένος

MENELAUS

Not she; but by the Gods was I beguiled,
Who grasped a sorry cloud-wraith in mine arms.

MESSENGER

How say'st thou?
For a cloud then all vainly did we strive?

MENELAUS

This Hera wrought, and those three Goddesses' strife.

MESSENGER

Is this, who is very woman, this thy wife?

MENELAUS

Even she: trust thou my word as touching this.

MESSENGER

Daughter, how manifold God's counsels are,
His ways past finding out! Lightly he turns
And sways us to and fro: sore travaileth one;
One long unvexed is wretchedly destroyed,
Having no surety still of each day's lot.
Thou and thy lord in sorrow have had your part,
In ill-fame thou, in fury of battle he.
Then, all his striving nought availed; but now
Effortless he hath won the crown of bliss.
Thy grey sire, then, and those Twin-brethren ne'er
Thou shamedst, nor the deeds far-told hast done!
Now I recall afresh thy spousal-tide,
And how I waved the torch, in four-horsed car
Racing beside thee; and thou, chariot-borne
With him, a bride, didst leave thine happy home.
He is base, who recks not of his master's weal,
Rejoicing with him, sorrowing in his pain.
Still may I be, though I be bondman born,
Numbered among bondservants noble-souled;

δούλοισι, τοὔνομ' οὐκ ἔχων ἐλεύθερον,
τὸν νοῦν δέ· κρεῖσσον γὰρ τόδ' ἢ δυοῖν κακοῖν
ἕν' ὄντα χρῆσθαι, τὰς φρένας τ' ἔχειν κακὰς
ἄλλων τ' ἀκούειν δοῦλον ὄντα τῶν πέλας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄγ', ὦ γεραιέ, πολλὰ μὲν παρ' ἀσπίδα
μοχθήματ' ἐξέπλησας ἐκπονῶν ἐμοί,
καὶ νῦν μετασχὼν τῆς ἐμῆς εὐπραξίας
ἄγγειλον ἐλθὼν τοῖς λελειμμένοις φίλοις
τάδ' ὡς ἔχονθ'· ηὕρηκας οὗ τ' ἐσμὲν τύχης,
μένειν τ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς τούς τ' ἐμοὺς καραδοκεῖν
ἀγῶνας οἳ μένουσί μ', ὡς ἐλπίζομεν,
κεἰ τήνδε πως δυναίμεθ' ἐκκλέψαι χθονός,
φρουρεῖν ὅπως ἂν εἰς ἓν ἐλθόντες τύχης
ἐκ βαρβάρων σωθῶμεν, ἢν δυνώμεθα.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἔσται τάδ', ὦναξ. ἀλλά τοι τὰ μάντεων
ἐσεῖδον ὡς φαῦλ' ἐστὶ καὶ ψευδῶν πλέα.
οὐκ ἦν ἄρ' ὑγιὲς οὐδὲν ἐμπύρου φλογὸς
οὐδὲ πτερωτῶν φθέγματ'· εὔηθες δέ τοι
τὸ καὶ δοκεῖν ὄρνιθας ὠφελεῖν βροτούς.
Κάλχας γὰρ οὐκ εἶπ' οὐδ' ἐσήμηνε στρατῷ
νεφέλης ὕπερ θνῄσκοντας εἰσορῶν φίλους
οὐδ' Ἕλενος, ἀλλὰ πόλις ἀνηρπάσθη μάτην.
εἴποις ἄν, οὕνεχ' ὁ θεὸς οὐκ ἠβούλετο·
τί δῆτα μαντευόμεθα ; τοῖς θεοῖσι χρὴ
θύοντας αἰτεῖν ἀγαθά, μαντείας δ' ἐᾶν·
βίου γὰρ ἄλλως δέλεαρ ηὑρέθη τόδε,
κοὐδεὶς ἐπλούτησ' ἐμπύροισιν ἀργὸς ὤν·
γνώμη δ' ἀρίστη μάντις ἥ τ' εὐβουλία.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς ταὐτὸ κἀμοὶ δόξα μάντεων πέρι

So may I have, if not the name of free,
The heart: for better this is than to bear
On my one head two ills—to nurse base thoughts
Within, and do in bondage others' hests.

MENELAUS

Come, ancient, ofttimes toiling at my side
Hast thou achieved the travail of the shield;
And now, partaker in my happy lot,
Go, tidings to our friends left yonder bear
In what plight thou hast found us, and our bliss.
Bid them await, abiding by the strand,
The issue of strife that waits me, as I deem;
Bid them, if we by stealth may take her hence,
To watch, that we, in one good fortune joined,
May 'scape from these barbarians, if we may.

MESSENGER

This will I do, king. But the lore of seers,
How vain it is I see, how full of lies.
Utterly naught then were the altar-flames,
The voices of winged things! Sheer folly this
Even to dream that birds may help mankind.
Calchas told not, nor gave sign to the host,
Yet saw, when for a cloud's sake died his friends:
Nor Helenus told; but Troy for nought was stormed!
"Yea, for the God forbade," thou mightest say.
Why seek we then to seers? With sacrifice
To Gods, ask blessings: let soothsayings be
They were but as a bait for greed devised:
No sluggard getteth wealth through divination.
Sound wit, with prudence, is the seer of seers.

[*Exit* MESSENGER.

CHORUS

My mind as touching seers is even at one

χωρεῖ γέροντι· τοὺς θεοὺς ἔχων τις ἂν
φίλους ἀρίστην μαντικὴν ἔχοι δόμοις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἶεν· τὰ μὲν δὴ δεῦρ' ἀεὶ καλῶς ἔχει.
ὅπως δ' ἐσώθης, ὦ τάλας, Τροίας ἄπο,
κέρδος μὲν οὐδὲν εἰδέναι, πόθος δέ τις
τὰ τῶν φίλων φίλοισιν αἰσθέσθαι κακά.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἦ πόλλ' ἀνήρου μ' ἑνὶ λόγῳ μιᾷ θ' ὁδῷ.
τί σοι λέγοιμ' ἂν τὰς ἐν Αἰγαίῳ φθορὰς
τὰ Ναυπλίου τ' Εὐβοϊκὰ πυρπολήματα
Κρήτην τε Λιβύης θ' ἃς ἐπεστράφην πόλεις,
σκοπιάς τε Περσέως; οὔτ' ἂν ἐμπλήσαιμί σε
μύθῳ, λέγων τ' ἄν σοι κάκ' ἀλγοίην ἔτι,
πάσχων τ' ἔκαμνον· δὶς δὲ λυπηθεῖμεν ἄν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κάλλιον εἶπας ἤ σ' ἀνηρόμην ἐγώ.
ἓν δ' εἰπὲ πάντα παραλιπών, πόσον χρόνον
πόντου 'πὶ νώτοις ἅλιον ἐφθείρου πλάνον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐνιαυσίων πρὸς τοῖσιν ἐν Τροίᾳ δέκα
ἔτεσι διῆλθον ἑπτὰ περιδρομὰς ἐτῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φεῦ φεῦ· μακρόν γ' ἔλεξας, ὦ τάλας, χρόνον.
σωθεὶς δ' ἐκεῖθεν ἐνθάδ' ἦλθες εἰς σφαγάς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς φῄς; τί λέξεις; ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

[1] θανεῖ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς οὗ τάδ' ἐστὶ δώματα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί χρῆμα δράσας ἄξιον τῆς συμφορᾶς;

[1] The ordinary l. 780 (φεῦγ' ὡς τάχιστα τῆσδ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς χθονός) is omitted.

With yonder ancient. Who hath Gods for friends
Hath the best divination in his home.

HELEN

Enough: unto this present all is well.
But, toil-tried, how thou camest safe from Troy,
To know were profitless; yet friends must needs
Yearn to be told the afflictions of their friends.

MENELAUS

One question—of one voyage—thou askest much!
Why tell of those in the Aegean lost,
Of Nauplius' false lights on Euboea's cliffs,
Of Crete, of Libyan cities visited,
Of Perseus' heights? I should not with the tale
Sate thee, and telling should renew my pain,—
Toil-worn with suffering, should but grieve twice o'er.

HELEN

Wiser thine answer than my questioning is.
Yet—let the rest pass—tell but this, how long
O'er the sea-ridges vainly wanderedst thou.

MENELAUS

Through courses seven of circling years I passed,
Besides those ten years in the land of Troy.

HELEN

Alas, toil-tried, thou nam'st a weary space!
Yet, thence escaped, thou meetest murder here.

MENELAUS

How mean'st thou?—what say'st thou?—thy words are death!

HELEN

Thou shalt be slain by him whose are these halls.

MENELAUS

What have I done that meriteth such doom?

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἥκεις ἄελπτος ἐμποδὼν τ' ἐμοῖς γάμοις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἦ γὰρ γαμεῖν τις τἄμ' ἐβουλήθη λέχη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ὕβριν θ' ὑβρίζειν εἰς ἔμ' ἣν ἔτλην ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἰδίᾳ σθένων τις ἢ τυραννεύων χθονός ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ὃς γῆς ἀνάσσει τῆσδε Πρωτέως γόνος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
τόδ' ἔστ' ἐκεῖν' αἴνιγμ' ὃ προσπόλου κλύω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ποίοις ἐπιστὰς βαρβάροις πυλώμασιν ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
τοῖσδ', ἔνθεν ὥσπερ πτωχὸς ἐξηλαυνόμην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
οὔ που προσῄτεις βίοτον ; ὢ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
τοὔργον μὲν ἦν τοῦτ', ὄνομα δ' οὐκ εἶχον τόδε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
πάντ' οἶσθ' ἄρ,' ὡς ἔοικας, ἀμφ' ἐμῶν γάμων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οἶδ'· εἰ δὲ λέκτρα διέφυγες τάδ' οὐκ ἔχω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἄθικτον εὐνὴν ἴσθι σοι σεσωσμένην.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
τίς τοῦδε πειθώ ; φίλα γάρ, εἰ σαφῆ, λέγεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ὁρᾷς τάφου τοῦδ' ἀθλίους ἕδρας ἐμάς ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὁρῶ, τάλαινα, στιβάδας, ὧν τί σοὶ μέτα ;

HELEN

Coming unlooked-for thou dost thwart my marriage.

MENELAUS

How?—purposeth some man to wed my wife?

HELEN

Yea, to repeat all tyrannous wrong I have borne.

MENELAUS

In his own might, or as this country's king?

HELEN

He is ruler of the land, king Proteus' son.

MENELAUS

This was the riddle that the portress spake!

HELEN

At which of the alien portals didst thou stand?

MENELAUS

At these, whence like a beggar I was driven.

HELEN

Not surely begging bread?—ah, woe is me!

MENELAUS

Such was my plight: beggar I named me not.

HELEN

Touching my bridal, then, shouldst thou know all.

MENELAUS

Yea, but know not if thou hast 'scaped his arms.

HELEN

Rest sure, unsullied hath my couch been kept.

MENELAUS

Of this what proof?—Glad tidings this, if true.

HELEN

Seest thou my wretched session at this tomb?

MENELAUS

A straw couch—hapless, what is this to thee?

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἐνταῦθα λέκτρων ἱκετεύομεν φυγάς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
βωμοῦ σπανίζουσ᾽ ἢ νόμοισι βαρβάροις;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἐρρύεθ᾽ ἡμᾶς τοῦτ᾽ ἴσον ναοῖς θεῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐδ᾽ ἄρα πρὸς οἴκους ναυστολεῖν σ᾽ ἔξεστί μοι;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ξίφος μένει σε μᾶλλον ἢ τοὐμὸν λέχος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὕτως ἂν εἴην ἀθλιώτατος βροτῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
μή νυν καταιδοῦ· φεῦγε δ᾽ ἐκ τῆσδε χθονός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
λιπών σε; Τροίαν ἐξέπερσα σὴν χάριν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
κρεῖσσον γὰρ ἤ σε τἄμ᾽ ἀποκτεῖναι λέχη.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἄνανδρά γ᾽ εἶπας Ἰλίου τ᾽ οὐκ ἄξια.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
οὐκ ἂν κτάνοις τύραννον, ὃ σπεύδεις ἴσως.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὕτω σιδήρῳ τρωτὸν οὐκ ἔχει δέμας;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
εἴσει. τὸ τολμᾶν δ᾽ ἀδύνατ᾽ ἀνδρὸς οὐ σοφοῦ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
σιγῇ παράσχω δῆτ᾽ ἐμὰς δῆσαι χέρας;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
εἰς ἄπορον ἥκεις· δεῖ δὲ μηχανῆς τινος.

HELEN

Fleeing this marriage I am suppliant here.

MENELAUS

No altar nigh?—or this the alien's wont?

HELEN

As well this warded me as fanes of Gods.

MENELAUS

May I not bear thee home, then, overseas?

HELEN

The sword awaits thee rather than mine arms.

MENELAUS

Then were I of all men unhappiest.

HELEN

Now think not shame to flee from this land forth.

MENELAUS

And leave thee?—I, who sacked Troy for thy sake!

HELEN

Better than that my couch should be thy death.

MENELAUS

Tush—craven promptings these, unworthy Troy!

HELEN

Thou canst not slay the king—perchance thy purpose.

MENELAUS

How?—hath he flesh invulnerable of steel?

HELEN

That shalt thou prove. None wise dares hopeless venture.

MENELAUS

How? shall I tamely let them bind mine hands?

HELEN

Thou art in a strait: there needs some shrewd device.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
δρῶντας γὰρ ἢ μὴ δρῶντας ἥδιον θανεῖν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
μί᾽ ἔστιν ἐλπίς, ᾗ μόνῃ σωθεῖμεν ἄν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὠνητὸς ἢ τολμητὸς ἢ λόγων ὕπο ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
εἰ μὴ τύραννός σ᾽ ἐκπύθοιτ᾽ ἀφιγμένον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἐρεῖ δὲ τίς μ᾽ ; οὐ γνώσεταί γ᾽ ὅς εἰμ᾽ ἐγώ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἔστ᾽ ἔνδον αὐτῷ ξύμμαχος θεοῖς ἴση.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
φήμη τις οἴκων ἐν μυχοῖς ἱδρυμένη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
οὔκ, ἀλλ᾽ ἀδελφή· Θεονόην καλοῦσί νιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
χρηστήριον μὲν τοὔνομ᾽· ὅ τι δὲ δρᾷ φράσον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
πάντ᾽ οἶδ᾽, ἐρεῖ τε συγγόνῳ παρόντα σε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
θνῄσκοιμεν ἄν· λαθεῖν γὰρ οὐχ οἷόν τέ μοι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
εἴ πως ἂν ἀναπείσαιμεν ἱκετεύοντέ νιν—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
τί χρῆμα δρᾶσαι ; τίν᾽ ὑπάγεις μ᾽ ἐς ἐλπίδα ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
παρόντα γαίᾳ μὴ φράσαι σε συγγόνῳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
πείσαντε δ᾽ ἐκ γῆς διορίσαιμεν ἂν πόδα ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
κοινῇ γ᾽ ἐκείνῃ ῥᾳδίως, λάθρᾳ δ᾽ ἂν οὔ.

MENELAUS

Best die in action, not with folded hands.

HELEN

One hope there is whereby we might be saved—

MENELAUS

By bribes, by daring, or by cunning speech?

HELEN

If but the king may know not of thy coming.

MENELAUS

Who will betray me? He shall know me not.

HELEN

An ally wise as Gods he hath within.

MENELAUS

A *Voice* that haunts dark crypts within his halls?

HELEN

Nay, but his sister: Theonoë her name.

MENELAUS

Oracular the name:—what doth she?—say.

HELEN

All things she knows;—shall tell him thou art here.

MENELAUS

Then must I die, for hid I cannot be.

HELEN

What if by prayers we might prevail with her—

MENELAUS

To do what?—to what hope wouldst lead me on?

HELEN

To tell her brother of thy presence nought?

MENELAUS

Prevailing so, our feet might flee the land?

HELEN

Lightly, if she connive: in secret, no.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σὸν ἔργον, ὡς γυναικὶ πρόσφορον γυνή.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὡς οὐκ ἄχρωστα γόνατ' ἐμῶν ἕξει χερῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

φέρ,' ἢν δὲ δὴ νῷν μὴ ἀποδέξηται λόγους ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

θανεῖ· γαμοῦμαι δ' ἡ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ βίᾳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

προδότις ἂν εἴης· τὴν βίαν σκήψασ' ἔχεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀλλ' ἁγνὸν ὅρκον σὸν κάρα κατώμοσα—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί φής ; θανεῖσθαι κοὔποτ' ἀλλάξειν λέχη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ταὐτῷ ξίφει γε· κείσομαι δὲ σοῦ πέλας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐπὶ τοῖσδε τοίνυν δεξιᾶς ἐμῆς θίγε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ψαύω, θανόντος σοῦ τόδ' ἐκλείψειν φάος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κἀγὼ στερηθεὶς σοῦ τελευτήσω βίον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πῶς οὖν θανούμεθ' ὥστε καὶ δόξαν λαβεῖν ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τύμβου 'πὶ νώτῳ σὲ κτανὼν ἐμὲ κτενῶ.
πρῶτον δ' ἀγῶνα μέγαν ἀγωνιούμεθα
λέκτρων ὑπὲρ σῶν· ὁ δὲ θέλων ἴτω πέλας·
τὸ Τρωικὸν γὰρ οὐ καταισχυνῶ κλέος
οὐδ' Ἑλλάδ' ἐλθὼν λήψομαι πολὺν ψόγον,
ὅστις Θέτιν μὲν ἐστέρησ' Ἀχιλλέως,
Τελαμωνίου δ' Αἴαντος εἰσεῖδον σφαγάς.

MENELAUS

Essay thou: woman toucheth woman's heart.

HELEN

Surely mine hands about her knees shall cling.

MENELAUS

Hold—what if she will none of our appeal?

HELEN

Thou diest: and I, woe's me, shall wed perforce.

MENELAUS

Then wert thou traitress—false the plea of force!

HELEN

Nay, by thine head I swear a solemn oath—

MENELAUS

How?—wilt thou die ere thou desert thy lord?

HELEN

Yea, by thy sword: beside thee will I lie.

MENELAUS

Then, for this pledge, lay thou thine hand in mine.

HELEN

I clasp—I swear to perish if thou fall.

MENELAUS

And I, of thee bereft, to end my life.

HELEN

How, dying, shall we then with honour die?

MENELAUS

On the tomb's crest thy life I'll spill, then mine.
But first in strife heroic will I strive
For thee, belovèd: let who dare draw nigh.
I will not shame the glory achieved at Troy,
Nor flee to Greece, to meet a nation's scoff.
I!—who robbed Thetis of her hero-son,
Who saw Telamonian Aias slaughtered lie,

τὸν Νηλέως τ᾿ ἄπαιδα· διὰ δὲ τὴν ἐμὴν
οὐκ ἀξιώσω κατθανεῖν δάμαρτ᾿ ἐγώ;
μάλιστά γ᾿· εἰ γὰρ εἰσιν οἱ θεοὶ σοφοί,
εὔψυχον ἄνδρα πολεμίων θανόνθ᾿ ὕπο
κούφῃ καταμπίσχουσιν ἐν τύμβῳ χθονί,
κακοὺς δ᾿ ἐφ᾿ ἕρμα στερεὸν ἐκβάλλουσι γῆς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ θεοί, γενέσθω δήποτ᾿ εὐτυχὲς γένος
τὸ Ταντάλειον καὶ μεταστήτω κακῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἳ ᾿γὼ τάλαινα· τῆς τύχης γὰρ ὧδ᾿ ἔχω.
Μενέλαε, διαπεπράγμεθ᾿· ἐκβαίνει δόμων
ἡ θεσπιῳδὸς Θεονόη· κτυπεῖ δόμος
κλῄθρων λυθέντων. φεῦγ᾿· ἀτὰρ τί φευκτέον;
ἀποῦσα γάρ σε καὶ παροῦσ᾿ ἀφιγμένον
δεῦρ᾿ οἶδεν· ὦ δύστηνος, ὡς ἀπωλόμην.
Τροίας δὲ σωθεὶς κἀπὸ βαρβάρου χθονὸς
εἰς βάρβαρ᾿ ἐλθὼν φάσγαν᾿ αὖθις ἐμπεσεῖ.

ΘΕΟΝΟΗ

ἡγοῦ σύ μοι φέρουσα λαμπτήρων σέλας,
θείου δὲ σεμνὸν θεσμὸν αἰθέρος μυχόν,
ὡς πνεῦμα καθαρὸν οὐρανοῦ δεξώμεθα·
σὺ δ᾿ αὖ κέλευθον εἴ τις ἔβλαψεν ποδὶ
στείβων ἀνοσίῳ, δὸς καθαρσίῳ φλογί,
κροῦσον δὲ πεύκην, ἵνα διεξέλθω, πάρος.
νόμον δὲ τὸν ἐμὸν θεοῖσιν ἀποδοῦσαι πάλιν
ἐφέστιον φλόγ᾿ εἰς δόμους κομίζετε.
Ἑλένη, τί τἀμὰ πῶς ἔχει θεσπίσματα;
ἥκει πόσις σοι Μενέλεως ὅδ᾿ ἐμφανής,
νεῶν στερηθεὶς τοῦ τε σοῦ μιμήματος.

Saw Neleus' son made childless—for my wife
Shall I not count me man enough to die?
Yea, verily:—for, if the Gods are wise,
The valiant man who dies by foemen's hands
With dust light-sprinkled on his tomb they shroud,
But dastards forth on barren rock they cast.

CHORUS

Gods, grant at last fair fortune to the line
Of Tantalus, and rescuing from ills!

HELEN

Woe, hapless I!—my lot is cast in woe!
Undone, Menelaus!—from the hall comes forth
Theonoë the seer: the palace clangs
With bolts shot back:—flee!—yet to what end flee?
Present or absent still she knows of thee,
How thou art come. O wretched I, undone!
Thou, saved from Troy and from the alien land,
Hast come to fall again by alien swords!

Enter THEONOE *attired as a priestess, with train o handmaids in solemn procession.*

THEONOE (*to a torch-bearer*)

Thou, bearing splendour of torches, pass before;
In solemn ritual incense all the air,
That pure heaven's breath may be, ere we receive it.
And thou, if any have marred our path with tread
Of foot unclean, sweep o'er it cleansing flame,
And shake the torch before, that I may pass.
And, when ye have paid the Gods my wonted service,
Bear back again the hearth-flame to the halls.

[*Attendants pass on.*

Helen, how fall my words prophetic now?
Thy lord is come, Menelaus, here in sight,
Spoiled of his ships, and of thy counterfeit.

ὦ τλῆμον, οἵους διαφυγὼν ἦλθες πόνους,
οὐδ' οἶσθα νόστον οἴκαδ' εἴτ' αὐτοῦ μενεῖς·
ἔρις γὰρ ἐν θεοῖς σύλλογός τε σοῦ πέρι
ἔσται πάρεδρος Ζηνὶ τῷδ' ἐν ἤματι.
Ἥρα μέν, ἣ σοι δυσμενὴς πάροιθεν ἦν,
νῦν ἐστιν εὔνους κεἰς πάτραν σῶσαι θέλει
ξὺν τῇδ', ἵν' Ἑλλὰς τοὺς Ἀλεξάνδρου γάμους
δώρημα Κύπριδος ψευδονύμφευτον μάθῃ·
Κύπρις δὲ νόστον σὸν διαφθεῖραι θέλει,
ὡς μὴ 'ξελεγχθῇ μηδὲ πριαμένη φανῇ
τὸ κάλλος Ἑλένης εἵνεκ' ἀνονήτοις[1] γάμοις.
τέλος δ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν, εἴθ', ἃ βούλεται Κύπρις,
λέξασ' ἀδελφῷ σ' ἐνθάδ' ὄντα διολέσω,
εἴτ' αὖ μεθ' Ἥρας στᾶσα σὸν σώσω βίον,
κρύψασ' ὅμαιμον, ὅς με προστάσσει τάδε
εἰπεῖν, ὅταν γῆν τήνδε νοστήσας τύχῃς.
τίς εἶσ' ἀδελφῷ τόνδε σημανῶν ἐμῷ
παρόνθ', ὅπως ἂν τοὐμὸν ἀσφαλῶς ἔχῃ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ παρθέν', ἱκέτις ἀμφὶ σὸν πίτνω γόνυ,
καὶ προσκαθίζω θᾶκον οὐκ εὐδαίμονα
ὑπέρ τ' ἐμαυτῆς τοῦδέ θ', ὃν μόλις ποτὲ
λαβοῦσ' ἐπ' ἀκμῆς εἰμι κατθανόντ' ἰδεῖν·
μή μοι κατείπῃς σῷ κασιγνήτῳ πόσιν
τόνδ' εἰς ἐμὰς ἥκοντα φίλτατον χέρας·
σῶσον δέ, λίσσομαί σε· συγγόνῳ δὲ σῷ
τὴν εὐσέβειαν μὴ προδῷς τὴν σήν ποτε,
χάριτας πονηρὰς κἀδίκους ὠνουμένη.
[μισεῖ γὰρ ὁ θεὸς τὴν βίαν, τὰ κτητὰ δὲ
κτᾶσθαι κελεύει πάντας οὐκ ἐς ἁρπαγάς.

[1] Pierson ἀνονήτοις (*non fruendis*): for MSS. ὠνητοῖς.

Hapless, escaped what perils art thou come,
Unsure of home-return or tarrying here!
For strife in heaven and high debate shall be
On this day in Zeus' presence touching thee.
Hera, who was thy foe in days gone by,
Is gracious now, would bring thee with thy wife
Safe home, that Hellas so may learn the cheat
Of Alexander's bridal, Cypris' gift.
But Cypris fain would wreck thine home-return,
That her shame be not blazoned, hers who bought
The prize of Fair with Helen's phantom hand.
The issue rests with me—to tell my brother,
As Cypris wills, thy presence, ruining thee,
Or, standing Hera's ally, save thy life,
Hiding it from my brother, who bids that I
Declare it, when thou comest to our shore.

[*A pause.*

Go, some one, tell my brother that this man
Is here, that I of peril clear may stand.

HELEN

O maiden, suppliant at thy knee I fall,
And, in the posture of the unhappy, bow
Both for myself and this man, whom at last,
Scarce found, I am in peril to see slain!
Ah, tell not to thy brother that my lord,
My best beloved, hath come unto mine arms;
But save us, I implore thee! To thy brother
Never betray thy reverence for the right,
Buying his gratitude by sin and wrong.
[For God abhorreth violence, bidding all
Not by the spoiler's rapine get them gain.

ἐατέος δ' ὁ πλοῦτος ἄδικός τις ὤν.[1]
κοινὸς γάρ ἐστιν οὐρανὸς πᾶσιν βροτοῖς
καὶ γαῖ', ἐν ᾗ χρὴ δώματ' ἀναπληρουμένους
τἀλλότρια μὴ 'χειν μηδ' ἀφαιρεῖσθαι βίᾳ.]
ἡμᾶς δὲ μακαρίως μέν, ἀθλίως δ' ἐμοί,
Ἑρμῆς ἔδωκε πατρὶ σῷ, σῴζειν πόσει
τῷδ', ὃς πάρεστι κἀπολάζυσθαι θέλει.
πῶς οὖν θανὼν ἂν ἀπολάβοι; κεῖνος δὲ πῶς
τὰ ζῶντα τοῖς θανοῦσιν ἀποδοίη ποτ' ἄν;
σὺ δὴ τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ τὰ τοῦ πατρὸς σκόπει,
πότερον ὁ δαίμων χὠ θανὼν τὰ τῶν πέλας
βούλοιντ' ἂν ἢ οὐ βούλοιντ' ἂν ἀποδοῦναι πάλιν.
δοκῶ μέν. οὔκουν χρή σε συγγόνῳ πλέον
νέμειν ματαίῳ μᾶλλον ἢ χρηστῷ πατρί.
εἰ δ' οὖσα μάντις καὶ τὰ θεῖ' ἡγουμένη
τὸ μὲν δίκαιον τοῦ πατρὸς διαφθερεῖς,
τῷ δ' οὐ δικαίῳ συγγόνῳ δώσεις χάριν,
αἰσχρὸν τὰ μέν σε θεῖα πάντ' ἐξειδέναι,
τά τ' ὄντα καὶ μή, τὰ δὲ δίκαια μὴ εἰδέναι.
* * * * * * * *[2]
τήν τ' ἀθλίαν ἔμ', οἷσιν ἔγκειμαι κακοῖς,
ῥῦσαι, πάρεργον δοῦσα τοῦτο τῆς τύχης·
Ἑλένην γὰρ οὐδεὶς ὅστις οὐ στυγεῖ βροτῶν·
ἣ κλῄζομαι καθ' Ἑλλάδ' ὡς προδοῦσ' ἐμὸν
πόσιν Φρυγῶν ᾤκησα πολυχρύσους δόμους.
ἢν δ' Ἑλλάδ' ἔλθω κἀπιβῶ Σπάρτης πάλιν,
κλύοντες εἰσιδόντες ὡς τέχναις θεῶν
ὤλοντ', ἐγὼ δὲ προδότις οὐκ ἤμην φίλων,
πάλιν μ' ἀνάξουσ' εἰς τὸ σῶφρον αὖθις αὖ,

[1] An unmetrical line generally regarded as an interpolation.
[2] A line, containing a special appeal for Menelaus, is believed to have been lost here.

Away with wealth—the wealth amassed by wrong!
For common to all mortals is heaven's air,
And earth, whereby men ought to enrich their homes,
Nor keep nor wrest by violence others' goods.][1]
Me for mine happiness—yet for my sorrow—
To thy sire Hermes gave, to ward for him,
My lord, who now is here, who claims his own.
Slain, how should he regain me, or thy sire
How render back the living to the dead?
O have regard to God's will and thy sire's!
Would Heaven, would the dead king, render back
Their neighbour's goods, or would they not consent?
Yea, would they, I trow! Thou shouldst not have respect
To wanton brother more than righteous sire.
If thou, a seer, who dost believe in God,
Thy father's righteous purpose shalt pervert,
And to thine unjust brother do a grace,
'Twere shame that thou shouldst know all things divine,
Present and future,—yet not know the right.
Now me, the wretched, whelmed in misery,
Save, and vouchsafe us this our fortune's crown.
For there is none but hateth Helen now,
Through Hellas called forsaker of my lord
To dwell in gold-abounding Phrygian halls.
But if to Greece I come, in Sparta stand,
Then, hearing, seeing, that by heaven's device
They died, nor was I traitress to my friends,
They shall restore me unto virtue's ranks;

[1] Ll. 903–908 are marked as interpolations by Dindorf, Badham, and Nauck.

ἐδνώσομαί τε θυγατέρ' ἣν οὐδεὶς γαμεῖ,
τὴν δ' ἐνθάδ' ἐκλιποῦσ' ἀλητείαν πικρὰν
ὄντων ἐν οἴκοις χρημάτων ὀνήσομαι.
κεἰ μὲν θανὼν ὅδ' ἐν πυρᾷ κατεσφάγη,
πρόσω σφ' ἀπόντα δακρύοις ἂν ἠγάπων·
νῦν δ' ὄντα καὶ σωθέντ' ἀφαιρεθήσομαι;
μὴ δῆτα, παρθέν', ἀλλά σ' ἱκετεύω τόδε·
δὸς τὴν χάριν μοι τήνδε καὶ μιμοῦ τρόπους
πατρὸς δικαίου· παισὶ γὰρ κλέος τόδε
κάλλιστον, ὅστις ἐκ πατρὸς χρηστοῦ γεγὼς
εἰς ταὐτὸν ἦλθε τοῖς τεκοῦσι τοὺς τρόπους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἰκτρὸν μὲν οἱ παρόντες ἐν μέσῳ λόγοι,
οἰκτρὰ δὲ καὶ σύ. τοὺς δὲ Μενέλεω ποθῶ
λόγους ἀκοῦσαι τίνας ἐρεῖ ψυχῆς πέρι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐγὼ σὸν οὔτ' ἂν προσπεσεῖν τλαίην γόνυ
οὔτ' ἂν δακρῦσαι βλέφαρα· τὴν Τροίαν γὰρ ἂν
δειλοὶ γενόμενοι πλεῖστον αἰσχύνοιμεν ἄν.
καίτοι λέγουσιν ὡς πρὸς ἀνδρὸς εὐγενοῦς
ἐν ξυμφοραῖσι δάκρυ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν βαλεῖν.
ἀλλ' οὐχὶ τοῦτο τὸ καλόν, εἰ καλὸν τόδε,
αἱρήσομαι 'γὼ πρόσθε τῆς εὐψυχίας.
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν ἄνδρα σοι δοκεῖ σῶσαι ξένον
ζητοῦντά μ' ὀρθῶς ἀπολαβεῖν δάμαρτ' ἐμήν,
ἀπόδος τε καὶ πρὸς σῶσον· εἰ δὲ μὴ δοκεῖ,
ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ νῦν πρῶτον, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις
ἄθλιος ἂν εἴην, σὺ δὲ γυνὴ κακὴ φανεῖ.
ἃ δ' ἄξι' ἡμῶν καὶ δίκαι' ἡγούμεθα,
καὶ σῆς μάλιστα καρδίας ἀνθάψεται,
λέξω τάδ' ἀμφὶ μνῆμα σοῦ πατρὸς πεσών·[1]

[1] Badham: for MSS. πόθῳ: "regretting the absence of."

I shall betroth the child none now will wed;
And, leaving this my bitter homelessness,
Shall I enjoy the treasures in mine home.
Lo, if my lord had died, slain on some pyre,
My love should weep his memory though afar:
Now, living, saved, shall he be torn from me?
Ah, maiden, not—I implore thee, O not that!
Grant me this grace; so follow in the steps
Of thy just sire. 'Tis children's fairest praise,
When one begotten of a noble sire
Is noble, treading in the father's steps.

CHORUS

Piteous thy pleading comes to stay her hand:
Piteous thy plight is. But I fain would hear
What words Menelaus for his life will speak.

MENELAUS

I cannot brook to cast me at thy knee,
Nor drown mine eyes with tears; else should I shame
Troy utterly, in turning craven thus.
And yet, men say, it is a hero's part
In trouble, from his eyes to shed the tear.
Yet not this seemly part—if seemly it be—
Will I choose rather than stoutheartedness.
But, if thou wilt befriend a stranger, me
Who seek, yea justly, to regain my wife,
Restore her, save withal: if thou wilt not,
Not now first shall I taste of misery,
But thou shalt stand convict of wickedness.
Yet, that which worthy of myself I count,
And just,—yea, that which most shall touch thine heart,—
That will I speak, bowed at thy father's grave:—

ὦ γέρον, ὃς οἰκεῖς τόνδε λάινον τάφον,
ἀπόδος, ἀπαιτῶ τὴν ἐμὴν δάμαρτά σε,
ἣν Ζεὺς ἔπεμψε δεῦρό σοι σῴζειν ἐμοί.
οἶδ' οὕνεχ' ἡμῖν οὔποτ' ἀποδώσεις[1] θανών·
ἀλλ' ἥδε πατέρα νέρθεν ἀνακαλούμενον
οὐκ ἀξιώσει τὸν πρὶν εὐκλεέστατον
κακῶς ἀκοῦσαι· κυρία γάρ ἐστι νῦν.
ὦ νέρτερ' Ἅιδη, καὶ σὲ σύμμαχον καλῶ,
ὃς πόλλ' ἐδέξω τῆσδ' ἕκατι σώματα
πεσόντα τὠμῷ φασγάνῳ, μισθὸν δ' ἔχεις·
ἢ νῦν ἐκείνους ἀπόδος ἐμψύχους πάλιν,
ἢ τήνδ' ἀνάγκασόν γε μὴ εὐσεβοῦς πατρὸς
ἥσσω φανεῖσαν τἀμά γ' ἀποδοῦναι λέχη.
εἰ δ' ἐμὲ γυναῖκα τὴν ἐμὴν συλήσετε,
ἅ σοι παρέλιπεν ἥδε τῶν λόγων, φράσω.
ὅρκοις κεκλῄμεθ', ὡς μάθῃς, ὦ παρθένε,
πρῶτον μὲν ἐλθεῖν διὰ μάχης σῷ συγγόνῳ·
κἀκεῖνον ἢ 'μὲ δεῖ θανεῖν· ἁπλοῦς λόγος.
ἢν δ' ἐς μὲν ἀλκὴν μὴ πόδ' ἀντιθῇ ποδί,
λιμῷ δὲ θηρᾷ τύμβον ἱκετεύοντε νώ,
κτανεῖν δέδοκται τήνδ' ἐμοί, κἄπειτ' ἐμὸν
πρὸς ἧπαρ ὦσαι δίστομον ξίφος τόδε
τύμβου 'πὶ νώτοις τοῦδ', ἵν' αἵματος ῥοαὶ
τάφου καταστάζωσι· κεισόμεσθα δὲ
νεκρὼ δύ' ἑξῆς τῷδ' ἐπὶ ξεστῷ τάφῳ,
ἀθάνατον ἄλγος σοί, ψόγος δὲ σῷ πατρί.
οὐ γὰρ γαμεῖ τήνδ' οὔτε σύγγονος σέθεν
οὔτ' ἄλλος οὐδείς· ἀλλ' ἐγώ σφ' ἀπάξομαι,
εἰ μὴ πρὸς οἴκους δυνάμεθ,' ἀλλὰ πρὸς νεκρούς.
τί ταῦτα; δακρύοις εἰς τὸ θῆλυ τρεπόμενος

[1] Brodaeus: for ἀπολέσεις of MSS., and ὀφλήσεις of Nauck.

O ancient, dweller in this tomb of stone,
Restore thy trust: I claim of thee my wife,
Sent hither of Zeus to thee, to ward for me.
Thou, who art dead, canst ne'er restore, I know:
But this thy child will think scorn that her sire,
Glorious of old, from the underworld invoked,
Have infamy,—for now it rests with her.
Oh Hades, on thy championship I call,
Who hast welcomed many dead, for Helen's sake
Slain by my sword: thou hast them for thine hire.
Or give them back with life's breath filled again,
Or thou constrain this maid to show her worthy
Of a good sire, and render back my wife.
But if ye will despoil me of my bride,
That which to thee she said not will I say:—
Know, maiden, I have bound me by an oath
To dare thy brother, first, unto the fight:
Then he or I must die, my word is passed.
But if he flinch from grappling foot to foot,
And seek to starve the suppliants at the tomb,
I am resolved to slay her, then to thrust
Into mine own heart this two-edgèd sword
On this tomb's crest, that streams of our life-blood
May drench the grave: so shall we side by side,
Two corpses, lie upon this carven tomb,
To be thy deathless grief, thy sire's reproach.
Her shall thy brother never wed—nor he,
Nor any other:—I will bear her hence,
If home I may not, then unto the dead.
Why speak thus? If with tears I played the woman,

ἐλεινὸς ἦν ἂν μᾶλλον ἢ δραστήριος.
κτεῖν', εἰ δοκεῖ σοι· δυσκλεῶς γὰρ οὐ κτενεῖς·
μᾶλλόν γε μέντοι τοῖς ἐμοῖς πείθου λόγοις,
ἵν' ᾖς δικαία καὶ δάμαρτ' ἐγὼ λάβω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐν σοὶ βραβεύειν, ὦ νεᾶνι, τοὺς λόγους·
οὕτω δὲ κρῖνον ὡς ἅπασιν ἁνδάνῃς.

ΘΕΟΝΟΗ

ἐγὼ πέφυκά τ' εὐσεβεῖν καὶ βούλομαι,
φιλῶ τ' ἐμαυτήν, καὶ κλέος τοὐμοῦ πατρὸς
οὐκ ἂν μιάναιμ', οὐδὲ συγγόνῳ χάριν
δοίην ἂν ἐξ ἧς δυσκλεὴς φανήσεται.
ἔνεστι δ' ἱερὸν τῆς Δίκης ἐμοὶ μέγα
ἐν τῇ φύσει· καὶ τοῦτο Νηρέως πάρα
ἔχουσα σῴζειν Μενέλεων πειράσομαι.
Ἥρᾳ δ', ἐπείπερ βούλεταί σ' εὐεργετεῖν,
εἰς ταὐτὸν οἴσω ψῆφον· ἡ Κύπρις δ' ἐμοὶ
ἵλεως μὲν εἴη, συμβέβηκε δ' οὐδαμοῦ·
πειράσομαι δὲ παρθένος μένειν ἀεί.
ἃ δ' ἀμφὶ τύμβῳ τῷδ' ὀνειδίζεις πατρί,
ἡμῖν ὅδ' αὑτὸς μῦθος. ἀδικοίημεν ἄν,
εἰ μὴ ἀποδώσω· καὶ γὰρ ἂν κεῖνος βλέπων
ἀπέδωκεν ἂν σοὶ τήνδ' ἔχειν, ταύτῃ δὲ σέ.
καὶ γὰρ τίσις τῶνδ' ἐστὶ τοῖς τε νερτέροις
καὶ τοῖς ἄνωθεν πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις. ὁ νοῦς
τῶν κατθανόντων ζῇ μὲν οὔ, γνώμην δ' ἔχει
ἀθάνατον εἰς ἀθάνατον αἰθέρ' ἐμπεσών.
ὡς οὖν περαίνω μὴ μακράν, σιγήσομαι
ἅ μου καθικετεύσατ', οὐδὲ μωρίᾳ
ξύμβουλος ἔσομαι τῇ κασιγνήτου ποτέ.
εὐεργετῶ γὰρ κεῖνον οὐ δοκοῦσ' ὅμως,
ἐκ δυσσεβείας ὅσιον εἰ τίθημί νιν.

A pitiful thing were I, no man of deeds.
Slay, if thou wilt: thou shalt not slay and shame!
Yet do thou rather hearken to my words,
That thou be just, that I may win my wife.

CHORUS

Maiden, of these pleas art thou arbitress.
So judge, that thou mayst pleasure all at last.

THEONOE

By nature and by choice I fear the Gods.
I love mine own soul, and my sire's renown
I will not stain, nor show my brother grace
Wherefrom shall open infamy be his:
And the great temple of Justice in mine heart
Stands. Since from Nereus I inherit this,
I will essay to save Menelaus' life.
With Hera, seeing she fain would favour thee,
I cast my vote. Gracious to me withal
Be Cypris, though she hath had no part in me,
And I will strive to abide a maiden aye.
For thy reproaches o'er my father's grave,
I make them mine; for I should work foul wrong,
If I restored not. He, if yet he lived,
Had given back her to thee, and thee to her.
Yea, for such acts have men due recompense
In Hades as on earth. No separate life
Have dead men's souls, yet deathless consciousness
Still have they when in deathless aether merged.
But, to make brief end, I will hold my peace
Of all ye have prayed of me, nor ever be
Co-plotter with my brother's wantonness.
I do him service, though it seem not so,
Who turn him unto righteousness from sin.

αὐτοὶ μὲν οὖν τιν᾽ ἔξοδόν γ᾽ εὑρίσκετε,
ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἀποστᾶσ᾽ ἐκποδὼν σιγήσομαι.
ἐκ τῶν θεῶν δ᾽ ἄρχεσθε χἰκετεύετε
τὴν μέν σ᾽ ἐᾶσαι πατρίδα νοστῆσαι Κύπριν,
Ἥρας δὲ τὴν ἔννοιαν ἐν ταὐτῷ μένειν
ἣν εἰς σὲ καὶ σὸν πόσιν ἔχει σωτηρίας.
σὺ δ᾽, ὦ θανών μοι πάτερ, ὅσον γ᾽ ἐγὼ σθένω,
οὔποτε κεκλήσει δυσσεβὴς ἀντ᾽ εὐσεβοῦς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐδείς ποτ᾽ ηὐτύχησεν ἔκδικος γεγώς,
ἐν τῷ δικαίῳ δ᾽ ἐλπίδες σωτηρίας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαε, πρὸς μὲν παρθένου σεσώσμεθα·
τοὐνθένδε δὴ σὲ τοὺς λόγους φέροντα χρὴ
κοινὴν συνάπτειν μηχανὴν σωτηρίας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄκουε δή νυν· χρόνιος εἶ κατὰ στέγας
καὶ ξυντέθραψαι προσπόλοισι βασιλέως.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί τοῦτ᾽ ἔλεξας; εἰσφέρεις γὰρ ἐλπίδας
ὡς δή τι δράσων χρηστὸν εἰς κοινόν γε νῷν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πείσειας ἄν τιν᾽ οἵτινες τετραζύγων
ὄχων ἀνάσσουσ᾽, ὥστε νῷν δοῦναι δίφρους;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πείσαιμ᾽ ἄν· ἀλλὰ τίνα φυγὴν φευξούμεθα
πεδίων ἄπειροι βαρβάρου τ᾽ ὄντες χθονός;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀδύνατον εἶπας. φέρε, τί δ᾽ εἰ κρυφθεὶς δόμοις
κτάνοιμ᾽ ἄνακτα τῷδε διστόμῳ ξίφει;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἄν σ᾽ ἀνάσχοιτ᾽ οὐδὲ σιγήσειεν ἂν
μέλλοντ᾽ ἀδελφὴ σύγγονον κατακτανεῖν.

Yet how to escape must ye yourselves devise :
I from your path will stand, will hold my peace.
With prayer to Gods begin ye : supplicate
Cypris to grant return to fatherland.
Thou, pray that Hera's mind abide unchanged,
Her will for thy deliverance and thy lord's.
And thou, dead sire, so far as in me lies,
Impious for righteous ne'er shalt be misnamed.

[*Exit.*

CHORUS

None prospered ever by unrighteousness :
In righteousness all hope of safety dwells.

HELEN

From peril from yon maid are we secured.
Thou, for the rest, give counsel to devise
A path of safety alike for thee and me.

MENELAUS

Hearken. Long hast thou dwelt beneath yon roof
Co-inmate with the servants of the king :—

HELEN

Why say'st thou this? Thou givest hint of hopes,
As thou wouldst work deliverance for us twain.

MENELAUS

Couldst thou persuade some warder of four-horse cars
To give to us a chariot and steeds?

HELEN

I might persuade—yet what avails our flight
Who know these plains not, nor the alien's land?

MENELAUS

A hopeless bar! What if I hide within
And slay the king with this two-edgèd sword?

HELEN

His sister would not suffer thee, nor spare
To tell thy purposed murder of her kin.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀλλ' οὐδὲ μὴν ναῦς ἔστιν ᾗ σωθεῖμεν ἂν
φεύγοντες· ἣν γὰρ εἴχομεν θάλασσ' ἔχει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄκουσον, ἤν τι καὶ γυνὴ λέξῃ σοφόν.
βούλει λέγεσθαι μὴ θανὼν λόγῳ θανεῖν;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κακὸς μὲν ὄρνις· εἰ δὲ κερδανῶ λέγων,
ἕτοιμός εἰμι μὴ θανὼν λόγῳ θανεῖν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ μὴν γυναικείοις σ' ἂν οἰκτισαίμεθα
κουραῖσι καὶ θρήνοισι πρὸς τὸν ἀνόσιον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σωτηρίας δὲ τοῦτ' ἔχει τί νῷν ἄκος;
παλαιότης γὰρ τῷ λόγῳ γ' ἔνεστί τις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὡς δὴ θανόντα σ' ἐνάλιον κενῷ τάφῳ
θάψαι τύραννον τῆσδε γῆς αἰτήσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ δὴ παρεῖκεν· εἶτα πῶς ἄνευ νεὼς
σωθησόμεσθα κενοταφοῦντ' ἐμὸν δέμας;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

δοῦναι κελεύσω πορθμίδ', ᾗ καθήσομεν
κόσμον τάφῳ σῷ πελαγίας ἐς ἀγκάλας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς εὖ τόδ' εἶπας, πλὴν ἕν· εἰ χέρσῳ ταφὰς
θεῖναι κελεύσει σ', οὐδὲν ἡ σκῆψις φέρει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀλλ' οὐ νομίζειν φήσομεν καθ' Ἑλλάδα
χέρσῳ καλύπτειν τοὺς θανόντας ἐναλίους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τοῦτ' αὖ κατορθοῖς· εἶτ' ἐγὼ συμπλεύσομαι
καὶ συγκαθήσω κόσμον ἐν ταὐτῷ σκάφει.

MENELAUS

No ship have we wherein we might escape
Fleeing; for that I had the sea hath whelmed.

HELEN

Hearken—if woman's lips may wisdom speak:—
Wouldst thou consent, ere death, in name to die?

MENELAUS

Evil the omen: yet, if words may help,
Ready I am, ere death, in name to die.

HELEN

Yea, with shorn hair and dirges will I mourn thee
Before the tyrant, after woman's wont.

MENELAUS

What salve of safety for us twain hath this?
Sooth, the device is something overworn!

HELEN

As thou hadst died at sea, I'll pray the king
For leave to entomb thee in a cenotaph.

MENELAUS

This granted, how shall we without a ship
Escape by raising this void tomb for me?

HELEN

A vessel will I beg, to cast therefrom
Into the sea's arms burial-gifts for thee.

MENELAUS

Well said, save but for this—if he bid rear
On land my tomb, fruitless is thy pretence.

HELEN

Nay, will we say, this is not Hellas' wont,
On land to bury such as die at sea.

MENELAUS

This too thou rightest. I with thee embark,
And in the same ship help to stow the gifts.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὲ καὶ παρεῖναι δεῖ μάλιστα τούς τε σοὺς
πλωτῆρας οἵπερ ἔφυγον ἐκ ναυαγίας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ἐάνπερ ναῦν ἐπ' ἀγκύρας λάβω,
ἀνὴρ παρ' ἄνδρα στήσεται ξιφηφόρος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὲ χρὴ βραβεύειν πάντα· πόμπιμοι μόνον
λαίφει πνοαὶ γένοιντο καὶ νεὼς δρόμος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔσται· πόνους γὰρ δαίμονες παύσουσί μου.
ἀτὰρ θανόντα τοῦ μ' ἐρεῖς πεπυσμένη;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σοῦ· καὶ μόνος γε φάσκε διαφυγεῖν μόρον
'Ατρέως πλέων σὺν παιδὶ καὶ θανόνθ' ὁρᾶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ μὴν τάδ' ἀμφίβληστρα σώματος ῥάκη
ξυμμαρτυρήσει ναυτικῶν ἐρειπίων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς καιρὸν ἦλθε, τότε δ' ἄκαιρ' ἀπώλλυτο·
τὸ δ' ἄθλιον κεῖν' εὐτυχὲς τάχ' ἂν πέσοι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πότερα δ' ἐς οἴκους σοὶ συνεισελθεῖν με χρὴ
ἢ πρὸς τάφῳ τῷδ' ἥσυχοι καθώμεθα;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

αὐτοῦ μέν'· ἢν γὰρ καί τι πλημμελές σε δρᾷ,
τάφος σ' ὅδ' ἂν ῥύσαιτο φάσγανόν τε σόν.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐς οἴκους βᾶσα βοστρύχους τεμῶ
πέπλων τε λευκῶν μέλανας ἀνταλλάξομαι
παρῆδί τ' ὄνυχα φόνιον ἐμβαλῶ χροός.
μέγας γὰρ ἁγών, καὶ βλέπω δύο ῥοπάς·
ἢ γὰρ θανεῖν δεῖ μ', ἢν ἁλῶ τεχνωμένη,

HELEN

Of all things chiefly, needs must thou be there,
And all thy crew which from the wreck escaped.

MENELAUS

Let me but at her moorings find a ship,
And man by man shall they stand girt with swords.

HELEN

'Tis thou must order all: let wafting winds
But fill the sail, and good speed to the keel!

MENELAUS

This shall be, for the Gods will end my toils.
But of whom wilt thou say thou heard'st my death?

HELEN

Of thee. Say, thou alone escapedst doom:
Sailing with Atreus' son, thou saw'st him die.

MENELAUS

Yea, and these rags about my body cast
Shall witness as to salvage from the wreck.

HELEN

In good time saved, in an ill time nigh lost!
That sore mischance may turn to fortune fair.

MENELAUS

Into the palace with these shall I pass,
Or by the tomb here tarry sitting still?

HELEN

Here stay: if he would do thee any hurt,
This tomb and thine own sword shall keep thee safe.
But I will pass within, will shear mine hair,
And sable vesture for white robes will don,
And with the blood-stained nail will scar my cheek.
'Tis a grim strife, and issues twain I see:
Or I must die, if plotting I am found,

ἢ πατρίδα τ' ἐλθεῖν καὶ σὸν ἐκσῶσαι δέμας.
ὦ πότνι', ἣ Δίοισιν ἐν λέκτροις πίτνεις,
Ἥρα, δύ' οἰκτρὼ φῶτ' ἀνάψυξον πόνων,
αἰτούμεθ' ὀρθὰς ὠλένας πρὸς οὐρανὸν
ῥίπτονθ', ἵν' οἰκεῖς ἀστέρων ποικίλματα.
σύ θ', ἣ 'πὶ τὠμῷ κῦδος ἐκτήσω γάμῳ,
κόρη Διώνης Κύπρι, μή μ' ἐξεργάσῃ.
ἅλις δὲ λύμης ἥν μ' ἐλυμήνω πάρος
τοὔνομα παρασχοῦσ', οὐ τὸ σῶμ', ἐν βαρβάροις.
θανεῖν δ' ἔασόν μ', εἰ κατακτεῖναι θέλεις,
ἐν γῇ πατρῴᾳ. τί ποτ' ἄπληστος εἶ κακῶν,
ἔρωτας ἀπάτας δόλιά τ' ἐξευρήματα
ἀσκοῦσα φίλτρα θ' αἱματηρὰ δωμάτων;
εἰ δ' ἦσθα μετρία, τἄλλα γ' ἡδίστη θεῶν
πέφυκας ἀνθρώποισιν· οὐκ ἄλλως λέγω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὲ τὰν ἐναυλείοις ὑπὸ δενδροκόμοις στρ. α'
μουσεῖα καὶ θάκους ἐνίζουσαν ἀναβοάσω,
σὲ τὰν ἀοιδοτάταν
ὄρνιθα μελῳδὸν ἀηδόνα δακρυόεσσαν,
ἐλθὲ διὰ ξουθᾶν γενύων ἐλελιζομένα
θρήνοις ἐμοῖς ξυνῳδός,
Ἑλένας μελέας πόνους
τὸν Ἰλιάδων τ' ἀει-
δούσᾳ δακρυόεντα πότμον
Ἀχαιῶν ὑπὸ λόγχαις,
ὅτ' ἔμολεν ἔμολε πεδία βαρβάρῳ πλάτᾳ,
ὃς ἔδραμε ῥόθια, μέλεα Πριαμίδαις ἄγων
Λακεδαίμονος ἄπο λέχεα
σέθεν, ὦ Ἑλένα, Πάρις αἰνόγαμος
πομπαῖσιν Ἀφροδίτας.

Or see the homeland and redeem thy life.
O Queen, who restest on the couch of Zeus,
Hera, to hapless twain grant pause from ills,
We pray, with arms flung upward to the sky,
Thy mansion wrought with arabesques of stars.
And thou, by mine hand winner of beauty's prize,
Cypris, Dione's child, destroy me not!
Enough the scathe thou hast done me heretofore,
Lending my name, not me, to alien men:
But let me die, if 'tis thy will to slay,
In homeland. Why, insatiate of wrong,
Dost thou use loves, deceits, and guile's inventions,
And love-spells dark with blood of families?
Wouldst thou in measure come, thou wert to men
Else kindest of the Gods: I hold this truth.

[*Exit.*

CHORUS

O thou in thine halls of song abiding, (*Str. 1*)
Under the greenwood leaves deep-hiding,
I hail thee, I hail,
Nightingale, queen by thy notes woe-thrilling
Of song-birds, come, through thy brown throat trilling
Notes tuned to my wail,
As of Helen's grief and pain
And of Ilium's daughters' tears
I sing, how they stooped them to thraldom's chain
Beneath the Achaean spears.
They were doomed, when from Sparta fleeing hied
Paris, the bridegroom accursèd, to ride
O'er the foam-blossomed plain, for the Priamids' bane—
O Helen, it seemeth as thou wert the bride,
And the Love-queen steers!

πολλοὶ δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἐν δορὶ καὶ πετρίναις ἀντ. α'
ῥιπαῖσιν ἐκπνεύσαντες Ἅιδαν μέλεον ἔχουσιν,
τάλαιναν ὧν ἀλόχων
κείραντες ἔθειραν· ἄνυμφα μέλαθρα δὲ κεῖται·
πολλοὺς δὲ πυρσεύσας φλογερὸν σέλας ἀμφι-
ρύταν
Εὔβοιαν εἷλ' Ἀχαιῶν
μονόκωπος ἀνήρ, πέτραις
Καφηρίσιν ἐμβαλὼν
Αἰγαίαις τ' ἐνάλοισιν ἀκταῖς,
δόλιον ἀστέρα λάμψας.
ἀλίμενα δ' ὄρεα[1] †μέλεα βαρβάρου στολᾶς,
ὅτ' ἔσυτο πατρίδος ἀποπρὸ χειμάτων πνοᾷ
γέρας οὐ γέρας, ἀλλ' ἔριν
Δαναῶν νεφέλαν ἐπὶ ναυσὶν ἄγων,
εἴδωλον ἱρὸν Ἥρας.

ὅ τι θεὸς ἢ μὴ θεὸς ἢ τὸ μέσον, στρ. β'
τίς φησ' ἐρευνήσας βροτῶν
μακρότατον πέρας εὑρεῖν,
ὃς τὰ θεῶν ἐσορᾷ
δεῦρο καὶ αὖθις ἐκεῖσε
καὶ πάλιν ἀντιλόγοις
πηδῶντ' ἀνελπίστοις τύχαις;
σὺ Διὸς ἔφυς, ὦ Ἑλένα, θυγάτηρ·
πτανὸς γὰρ ἐν κόλποις σε Λή-
δας ἐτέκνωσε πατήρ.
κᾆτ' ἰαχήθης καθ' Ἑλλανίαν
ἄδικος, προδότις, ἄπιστος, ἄθεος· οὐδ' ἔχω

[1] MS. reading, but text uncertain: the strained interpretation "wretchedly strewn with the spoils of Troy" (from the wrecked fleet) gives perhaps the only relevant sense.

And Achaeans many, by stones down-leaping (*Ant. 1*)
And by spear-thrusts sped, are in Hades sleeping;
And in sorrow for these
Was their wives' hair shorn in their widowed bowers;
And the beacon-lights glared on the headland that lowers
O'er Euboean seas;
So that lone voyager[1] hurled
Many Greeks on Caphereus' scaur
And Aegean skerries where wild surf swirled,
When he lit that treachery-star.
And by havenless cliffs Menelaus hath passed
Driven afar from his land by the blast
With his prize—no prize, but by Hera's device
A cloud-wraith into the mid-lists cast
Of the Danaans' war.

(*Str. 2*)

Who among men dare say that he, exploring
Even to Creation's farthest limit-line,
Ever hath found the God of our adoring,
That which is not God, or the half-divine—
Who, that beholdeth the decrees of Heaven
This way and that in hopeless turmoil swayed?
Daughter of Zeus art thou, to Leda given,
Helen, by him whom those swan-plumes arrayed:
Yet wert thou cursed—"*Unrighteous, god-despising,
Traitress,* and *faithless,*" Hellas deemed thy due!

[1] Nauplius hastily left Troy in a fishing-boat, before the Greek fleet sailed, to make his preparations for wrecking it.

τί τὸ σαφές, ὅ τι ποτ' ἐν βροτοῖς.
τὸ θεῶν ἔπος ἀλαθὲς εὗρον.

ἄφρονες ὅσοι τὰς ἀρετὰς πολέμῳ ἀντ. β΄
κτᾶσθε δορὸς ἀλκαίου λόγχαι-
σιν καταπαυόμενοι πό-
νους θνατῶν ἀμαθῶς.
εἰ γὰρ ἅμιλλα κρινεῖ νιν
αἵματος, οὔποτ' ἔρις
λείψει κατ' ἀνθρώπων πόλεις.
† ἃ Πριαμίδος γᾶς ἔλαχεν[1] θαλάμους,
ἐξὸν διορθῶσαι λόγοις
σὰν ἔριν, ὦ Ἑλένα.
νῦν δ' οἱ μὲν Ἅιδᾳ μέλονται κάτω,
τείχεα δέ, φλογμὸς ὥστε Διός, ἐπέσυτο φλόξ,
ἐπὶ δὲ πάθεα πάθεσι φέρεις
† ἀθλίοις ἐν συμφοραῖς αἰλίνοις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ὦ χαῖρε, πατρὸς μνῆμ'· ἐπ' ἐξόδοισι γὰρ
ἔθαψα, Πρωτεῦ, σ' ἕνεκ' ἐμῆς προσρήσεως·
ἀεὶ δέ σ' ἐξιών τε κεἰσιὼν δόμους
Θεοκλύμενος παῖς ὅδε προσεννέπει, πάτερ.
ὑμεῖς μὲν οὖν κύνας τε καὶ θηρῶν βρόχους,
δμῶες, κομίζετ' εἰς δόμους τυραννικούς·
ἐγὼ δ' ἐμαυτὸν πόλλ' ἐλοιδόρησα δή·
οὐ γάρ τι θανάτῳ τοὺς κακοὺς κολάζομεν.
καὶ νῦν πέπυσμαι φανερὸν Ἑλλήνων τινὰ
εἰς γῆν ἀφῖχθαι καὶ λεληθέναι σκοπούς,
ἤτοι κατόπτην ἢ κλοπαῖς θηρώμενον
Ἑλένην· θανεῖται δ', ἤν γε δὴ ληφθῇ μόνον.

[1] Kirchhoff: for MSS. αἳ . . . ἔλιπον.

Nought I find certain, for all man's surmising:
Only Gods' words have I found utter-true.

(*Ant.* 2)

Madmen, all ye who strive for manhood's guerdons
Battling with shock of lances, seeking ease
Senselessly so from galling of life's burdens!
Never, if blood be arbitress of peace,
Strife between towns of men shall find an ending:
Lo, how its storm o'er homes of Ilium brake,[1]
Yea, though fair words might once have wrought amending,
Helen, of wrong, of quarrel for thy sake!
Now are her sons in depths of Hades lying;
Flame o'er her walls leapt, like Zeus' levin-glare:
Woes upon woes, and unto captives sighing
Sorer afflictions still—thy gifts they were.

Enter THEOCLYMENUS, *with hounds, and attendants carrying weapons, nets, spoils of the chase, etc.*

THEOCLYMENUS

Hail, my sire's tomb!—for at my palace-gate,
Proteus, I buried thee, to greet thee so:
Still as I enter and pass forth mine halls,
Thee, father, I thy son Theoclymenus hail.
Ho ye, my men, the hounds and hunting-nets
Unto the palace-kennels take away.

[*Exeunt attendants.*

Many a time have I reproached myself
That I have punished not you knaves with death!
Lo, now I hear of some Greek openly
Come to my land, eluding all my guards,—
Some spy, or one that prowls to kidnap hence
Helen. Die shall he, so he but be caught.

[1] The text seems hopelessly corrupt. I have followed Jerram's conjecture as to general sense.

ἔα·
ἀλλ', ὡς ἔοικε, πάντα διαπεπραγμένα
εὕρηκα· τύμβου γὰρ κενὰς λιποῦσ' ἕδρας
ἡ Τυνδαρὶς παῖς ἐκπεπόρθμευται χθονός.
ὠή, χαλᾶτε κλῇθρα· λύεθ' ἱππικὰς
φάτνας, ὀπαδοί, κἀκκομίζεθ' ἅρματα,
ὡς ἂν πόνου γ' ἕκατι μὴ λάθῃ με γῆς
τῆσδ' ἐκκομισθεῖσ' ἄλοχος, ἧς ἐφίεμαι.
ἐπίσχετ'· εἰσορῶ γὰρ οὓς διώκομεν
παρόντας ἐν δόμοισι κοὐ πεφευγότας.
αὕτη, τί πέπλους μέλανας ἐξήψω χροὸς
λευκῶν ἀμείψασ' ἔκ τε κρατὸς εὐγενοῦς
κόμας σίδηρον ἐμβαλοῦσ' ἀπέθρισας
χλωροῖς τε τέγγεις δάκρυσι σὴν παρηίδα
κλαίουσα; πότερον ἐννύχοις σεσεισμένη [1]
στένεις ὀνείροις, ἢ φάτιν τιν' οἴκοθεν
κλύουσα λύπῃ σὰς διέφθαρσαι φρένας;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ δέσποτ', ἤδη γὰρ τόδ' ὀνομάζω σ' ἔπος,
ὄλωλα· φροῦδα τἀμὰ κοὐδέν εἰμ' ἔτι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐν τῷ δὲ κεῖσαι συμφορᾶς; τίς ἡ τύχη;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαος—οἴμοι, πῶς φράσω;—τέθνηκέ μοι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐδέν τι χαίρω σοῖς λόγοις, τὰ δ' εὐτυχῶ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

* * * * * * * [2]

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς οἶσθα; μῶν σοι Θεονόη λέγει τάδε;

[1] Nauck: for πεπεισμένη of MSS.
[2] A line has been lost here (Hermann).

Ha!
Lo, all my plans, meseemeth, have I found
Frustrate!—for Tyndarus' child hath left her seat
By the tomb void, and from the land hath sailed!
What ho! unbar the gates!—loose from the stalls
The steeds, mine henchmen!—bring the chariots forth,
That not for pains untried by me the wife
I long for may escape the land unmarked.
Nay, hold your hands! I see whom we would chase
There in the palace standing, nowise fled.

Re-enter HELEN.

Thou, why hast thou attired thee in dark robes,
Thy white cast off, and from thy queenly head
Hast thou with sweep of steel thy tresses shorn,
And wettest with fast-streaming tears thy cheeks
Weeping? Mourn'st thou by visions of the night
Soul-shaken, or for some dread inward voice
Heard, is thy spirit thus distraught with grief?

HELEN

My lord,—for now I name thee by this name,—
Undone!—mine hopes are fled; I am but nought!

THEOCLYMENUS

In what affliction liest thou? What hath chanced?

HELEN

Menelaus—woe's me!—how to speak it?—dead!

THEOCLYMENUS

I triumph not at thy words, yet am blest.

HELEN

[Let my lord pardon that *I* joy not—yet.][1]

THEOCLYMENUS

How know'st thou? Hath Theonoë told thee this?

[1] Inserted conjecturally to supply the lacuna.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
κείνη τέ φησιν ὅ τε παρὼν ὅτ᾽ ὤλλυτο.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
ἥκει γὰρ ὅστις καὶ τάδ᾽ ἀγγέλλει σαφῆ ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἥκει· μόλοι γὰρ ὡς ἐγὼ χρῄζω μολεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
τίς ἐστί ; ποῦ ᾽στιν ; ἵνα σαφέστερον μάθω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ὅδ᾽ ὃς κάθηται τῷδ᾽ ὑποπτήξας τάφῳ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
Ἄπολλον, ὡς ἐσθῆτι δυσμόρφῳ πρέπει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
οἴμοι, δοκῶ μὲν κἀμὸν ὧδ᾽ ἔχειν πόσιν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
ποδαπὸς δ᾽ ὅδ᾽ ἀνὴρ καὶ πόθεν κατέσχε γῆν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
Ἕλλην, Ἀχαιῶν εἷς, ἐμῷ σύμπλους πόσει.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
θανάτῳ δὲ ποίῳ φησὶ Μενέλεων θανεῖν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
οἰκτρόταθ᾽ ὑγροῖσιν ἐν κλυδωνίοις ἁλός.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
ποῦ βαρβάροισι πελάγεσιν ναυσθλούμενον ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
Λιβύης ἀλιμένοις ἐκπεσόντα πρὸς πέτραις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
καὶ πῶς ὅδ᾽ οὐκ ὄλωλε κοινωνῶν πλάτης ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἐσθλῶν κακίους ἐνίοτ᾽ εὐτυχέστεροι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
λιπὼν δὲ ναὸς ποῦ πάρεστιν ἔκβολα ;

HELEN

Even she, and he who when he died was there.

THEOCLYMENUS

How, is one here to tell this certainly?

HELEN

Is here:—would he might come as *I* desire!

THEOCLYMENUS

Who is he?—where?—that I be certified.

HELEN

Yon man who sitteth cowering at the tomb.

THEOCLYMENUS

Apollo!—lo, how marred his vesture shows!

HELEN

Ah me, so showeth now my lord, I ween!

THEOCLYMENUS

Of what land?—and whence sailed he to our shore?

HELEN

Greek, an Achaean, shipmate of my lord.

THEOCLYMENUS

By what death says he Menelaus died?

HELEN

Most piteously, in whelming surge of brine.

THEOCLYMENUS

And where on alien waters voyaging?

HELEN

On havenless rocks of Libya cast away.

THEOCLYMENUS

How perished this man not, who shared his voyage?

HELEN

Whiles are the base-born more than heroes blest.

THEOCLYMENUS

And, hither faring, where left he the wreck?

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ὅπου κακῶς ὄλοιτο, Μενέλεως δὲ μή.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
ὄλωλ' ἐκεῖνος· ἦλθε δ' ἐν ποίῳ σκάφει;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ναῦταί σφ' ἀνείλοντ' ἐντυχόντες, ὡς λέγει.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
ποῦ δὴ τὸ πεμφθὲν ἀντὶ σοῦ Τροίᾳ κακόν;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
νεφέλης λέγεις ἄγαλμ'; ἐς αἰθέρ' οἴχεται.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
ὦ Πρίαμε καὶ γῆ Τρῳάς, ὡς ἔρρεις μάτην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
κἀγὼ μετέσχον Πριαμίδαις δυσπραξίας.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
πόσιν δ' ἄθαπτον ἔλιπεν ἢ κρύπτει χθονί;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἄθαπτον· οἲ 'γὼ τῶν ἐμῶν τλήμων κακῶν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
τῶνδ' εἵνεκ' ἔταμες βοστρύχους ξανθῆς κόμης;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
φίλος γάρ ἐστιν, ὅς ποτ' ἐστίν, ἐνθάδ' ὤν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
ὀρθῶς μὲν ἥδε συμφορὰ δακρύεται;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἐν εὐμαρεῖ γοῦν σὴν κασιγνήτην λαθεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
οὐ δῆτα. πῶς οὖν; τόνδ' ἔτ' οἰκήσεις τάφον;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
τί κερτομεῖς με, τὸν θανόντα δ' οὐκ ἐᾷς;

HELEN

Where ruin seize it!—but not Menelaus

THEOCLYMENUS

Ruin hath seized him. What ship brought this man?

HELEN

Some, voyaging, found and took him up, he saith.

THEOCLYMENUS

Where is that bane, in thy stead sent to Troy?

HELEN

The cloud-wraith mean'st thou? Into air it passed.

THEOCLYMENUS

O Priam, Troyland, ruined all for nought

HELEN

I too have shared the Priamids' dark doom.

THEOCLYMENUS

Left he thy lord unburied, or entombed him?

HELEN

Unburied—woe is me! Alas mine ills!

THEOCLYMENUS

For this cause hast thou shorn thy golden hair?

HELEN

Yea, dear he is, whate'er he be—he is *here*.[1]

THEOCLYMENUS

Is this misfortune real, thy tears unfeigned?

HELEN

O yea, thy sister's ken were lightly 'scaped!

THEOCLYMENUS

Nay, sooth. How then? Wilt dwell by this tomb still?

HELEN

Why mock me? Leave the dead awhile in peace.

[1] Laying her hand upon her heart (Heath).

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πιστὴ γὰρ εἶ σὺ σῷ πόσει φεύγουσά με.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀλλ᾽ οὐκέτ᾽· ἤδη δ᾽ ἄρχε τῶν ἐμῶν γάμων.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

χρόνια μὲν ἦλθεν, ἀλλ᾽ ὅμως αἰνῶ τάδε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἶσθ᾽ οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον; τῶν πάρος λαθώμεθα.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐπὶ τῷ; χάρις γὰρ ἀντὶ χάριτος ἐλθέτω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σπονδὰς τέμωμεν καὶ διαλλάχθητί μοι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

μεθίημι νεῖκος τὸ σόν, ἴτω δ᾽ ὑπόπτερον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πρός νύν σε γονάτων τῶνδ᾽, ἐπείπερ εἶ φίλος—

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

τί χρῆμα θηρῶσ᾽ ἱκέτις ὠρέχθης ἐμοῦ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὸν κατθανόντα πόσιν ἐμὸν θάψαι θέλω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

τί δ᾽; ἔστ᾽ ἀπόντων τύμβος; ἢ θάψεις σκιάν;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Ἕλλησίν ἐστι νόμος, ὃς ἂν πόντῳ θάνῃ—

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

τί δρᾶν; σοφοί τοι Πελοπίδαι τὰ τοιάδε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κενοῖσι θάπτειν ἐν πέπλων ὑφάσμασιν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

κτέριζ᾽· ἀνίστη τύμβον οὗ χρῄζεις χθονός.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐχ ὧδε ναύτας ὀλομένους τυμβεύομεν.

THEOCLYMENUS

So loyal to thy lord, thou shunnest me.

HELEN

No more will I: prepare my bridal now.

THEOCLYMENUS

Late comes it, yet with praise and thanks of me!

HELEN

Know'st then thy part? Let us forget the past.

THEOCLYMENUS

Thy terms?—since favour is for favour due.

HELEN

Let us make truce: be reconciled to me.

THEOCLYMENUS

I put away our feud: let it take wings.

HELEN

Now then by these thy knees, since friend thou art—

THEOCLYMENUS

What seekest thou with suppliant arms outstretched?

HELEN

The dead, mine husband, fain would I entomb.

THEOCLYMENUS

How?—for the lost a grave?—wouldst bury a shade?

HELEN

'Tis Hellene wont, whoso is lost at sea—

THEOCLYMENUS

To do what? Wise are Pelops' sons herein.

HELEN

With garments shrouding nought to bury them.

THEOCLYMENUS

Rear him a tomb where in my land thou wilt.

HELEN

Not thus we bury mariners cast away.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς δαί; λέλειμμαι τῶν ἐν Ἕλλησιν νόμων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς πόντον ὅσα χρὴ νέκυσιν ἐξορμίζομεν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

τί σοι παράσχω δῆτα τῷ τεθνηκότι;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὅδ' οἶδ'·[1] ἐγὼ δ' ἄπειρος, εὐτυχοῦσα πρίν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ὦ ξένε, λόγων μὲν κληδόν' ἤνεγκας φίλην.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὔκουν ἐμαυτῷ γ' οὐδὲ τῷ τεθνηκότι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς τοὺς θανόντας θάπτετ' ἐν πόντῳ νεκρούς;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς ἂν παρούσης οὐσίας ἕκαστος ᾖ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πλούτου λέγ' εἵνεχ', ὅ τι θέλεις ταύτης χάριν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

προσφάζεται μὲν αἷμα πρῶτα νερτέροις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

τίνος; σύ μοι σήμαινε, πείσομαι δ' ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αὐτὸς σὺ γίγνωσκ'· ἀρκέσει γὰρ ἂν διδῷς.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐν βαρβάροις μὲν ἵππον ἢ ταῦρον νόμος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

διδούς γε μὲν δὴ δυσγενὲς μηδὲν δίδου.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐ τῶνδ' ἐν ἀγέλαις ὀλβίαις σπανίζομεν.

[1] Hartung: for οὐκ οἶδ' of MSS.

THEOCLYMENUS

How then? Of Hellene wont I nothing know.

HELEN

We put out seaward with the corpse's dues.

THEOCLYMENUS

What shall I give thee for the dead man then?

HELEN (*pointing to* MENELAUS)

He knows. Unskilled am I—happy ere this!

THEOCLYMENUS

Stranger, glad tidings dost thou bring to me.

MENELAUS

For me not glad, nor yet for that dead man.

THEOCLYMENUS

How do ye bury dead men lost at sea?

MENELAUS

According to the substance of each friend.

THEOCLYMENUS

If wealth be all, for her sake speak thy wish.

MENELAUS

First is blood shed, an offering to the shades.

THEOCLYMENUS

The victim?—tell thou, and I will perform.

MENELAUS

Decide thou: that thou givest shall suffice.

THEOCLYMENUS

My people use to slay a horse or bull.

MENELAUS

If thou wilt give, give worthily of a king.[1]

THEOCLYMENUS

Of such in my fair herds I have no lack.

[1] Hinting that he should give both, as he actually does.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
καὶ στρωτὰ φέρεται λέκτρα σώματος κενά.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
ἔσται· τί δ' ἄλλο προσφέρειν νομίζεται;
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
χαλκήλαθ' ὅπλα· καὶ γὰρ ἦν φίλος δορί.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
ἄξια τάδ' ἔσται Πελοπιδῶν ἃ δώσομεν.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
καὶ τἄλλ' ὅσα χθὼν καλὰ φέρει βλαστήματα.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
πῶς οὖν; ἐς οἶδμα τίνι τρόπῳ καθίετε;
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ναῦν δεῖ παρεῖναι κἀρετμῶν ἐπιστάτας.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
πόσον δ' ἀπείργει μῆκος ἐκ γαίας δόρυ;
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὥστ' ἐξορᾶσθαι ῥόθια χερσόθεν μόλις.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
τί δή; τόδ' Ἑλλὰς νόμιμον ἐκ τίνος σέβει,
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὡς μὴ πάλιν γῇ λύματ' ἐκβάλῃ κλύδων.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
Φοίνισσα κώπη ταχύπορος γενήσεται.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
καλῶς ἂν εἴη Μενέλεῴ τε πρὸς χάριν.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
οὔκουν σὺ χωρὶς τῆσδε δρῶν ἀρκεῖς τάδε;
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
μητρὸς τόδ' ἔργον ἢ γυναικὸς ἢ τέκνων.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
ταύτης ὁ μόχθος, ὡς λέγεις, θάπτειν πόσιν;

MENELAUS

Next, a decked bier is borne, no corpse thereon.

THEOCLYMENUS

This shall be. What beside doth custom add?

MENELAUS

Arms forged of bronze, for well he loved the spear.

THEOCLYMENUS

These, our gifts, shall be worthy Pelops' line.

MENELAUS

Therewith, all increase fair that earth brings forth.

THEOCLYMENUS

How then?—how cast ye these into the surge?

MENELAUS

There needeth here a ship with rowers manned.

THEOCLYMENUS

And how far speedeth from the strand the keel?

MENELAUS

So that from land the foam-wake scarce is seen.

THEOCLYMENUS

Now wherefore? Why doth Greece observe this use?

MENELAUS

Lest the surge sweep pollution back to shore.

THEOCLYMENUS

Phoenician oars shall traverse soon the space.

MENELAUS

'Twere well done, and a grace to Menelaus.

THEOCLYMENUS

Dost thou not, without her, suffice for this?

MENELAUS

This must be done by mother, wife, or child.

THEOCLYMENUS

Hers then the task, thou say'st, to entomb her lord?

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐν εὐσεβεῖ γοῦν νόμιμα μὴ κλέπτειν νεκρῶν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ἴτω· πρὸς ἡμῶν ἄλοχον εὐσεβῆ τρέφειν.
ἐλθὼν δ' ἐς οἴκους ἐξελοῦ κόσμον νεκρῷ·
καὶ σ' οὐ κεναῖσι χερσὶ γῆς ἀποστελῶ,
δράσαντα τῇδε πρὸς χάριν· φήμας δέ μοι
ἐσθλὰς ἐνεγκὼν γ' ἀντὶ τῆς ἀχλαινίας
ἐσθῆτα λήψει σῖτά θ', ὥστε σ' εἰς πάτραν
ἐλθεῖν, ἐπεὶ νῦν γ' ἀθλίως ἔχονθ' ὁρῶ.
σὺ δ', ὦ τάλαινα, μὴ 'πὶ τοῖς ἀνηνύτοις
τρύχου σὺ σαυτήν· Μενέλεως δ' ἔχει πότμον,
κοὐκ ἂν δύναιτο ζῆν ὁ κατθανὼν πόσις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σὸν ἔργον, ὦ νεᾶνι· τὸν παρόντα μὲν
στέργειν πόσιν χρή, τὸν δὲ μηκέτ' ὄντ' ἐᾶν·
ἄριστα γάρ σοι ταῦτα πρὸς τὸ τυγχάνον.
ἢν δ' Ἑλλάδ' ἔλθω καὶ τύχω σωτηρίας,
παύσω ψόγου σε τοῦ πρίν, ἢν γυνὴ γένῃ
οἵαν γενέσθαι χρή σε σῷ ξυνευνέτῃ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔσται τάδ'· οὐδὲ μέμψεται πόσις ποτὲ
ἡμῖν· σὺ δ' αὐτὸς ἐγγὺς ὢν εἴσει τάδε.
ἀλλ', ὦ τάλας, εἴσελθε καὶ λουτρῶν τύχε
ἐσθῆτά τ' ἐξάλλαξον. οὐκ ἐς ἀμβολὰς
εὐεργετήσω σ'· εὐμενέστερον γὰρ ἂν
τῷ φιλτάτῳ μοι Μενέλεῳ τὰ πρόσφορα
δρῴης ἄν, ἡμῶν τυγχάνων οἵων σε χρή.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀρεία ποτὲ δρομάδι κώλῳ — στρ. α'
μάτηρ θεῶν ἐσύθη

MENELAUS

Yea, piety bids rob not the dead of dues.

THEOCLYMENUS

Let her go:—best to foster in my wife
Piety. From mine halls the death-dues take.
Nor thee will I send empty-handed hence,
For this thy kindness shown her. For good news
Thou hast brought me, raiment in thy bare rags' stead
And food shalt thou have, so that thou mayst come
To Greece, whom now I see in sorriest plight.
Thou, hapless queen, fret not thine heart away
Without avail. Menelaus hath his doom,
And thy dead husband cannot live again.

MENELAUS

Princess, thy part is this: with him who is now
Thy lord, content thee; him who is not, let be,
As best it is for thee in this thy plight.
And if to Greece I come, and safety win,
Then will I take thine old reproach away,
If now thou prove true wife to thine own spouse.

HELEN

This shall be: never shall my lord blame me.
Thou shalt thyself be near, and witness this.
Now, toil-tried one, pass in, enjoy the bath,
And change thy raiment. I will tarry not
In kindness to thee: thou with more good will
Shalt pay all dues to my belovèd lord,
Menelaus, if thou have thy due of us.

[*Exeunt* MENELAUS, HELEN, *and* THEOCLYMENUS.

CHORUS

The Mountain-goddess,[1] with feet swift-racing, (*Str.* 1)
Mother of Gods, rushed onward of yore

[1] Demeter, who is here invested with some of the attributes of Cybele.

ἀν' ὑλᾶντα νάπη
ποτάμιόν τε χεῦμ' ὑδάτων
βαρύβρομόν τε κῦμ' ἅλιον
πόθῳ τᾶς ἀποιχομένας
ἀρρήτου κούρας·
κρόταλα δὲ Βρόμια διαπρύσιον
ἱέντα κέλαδον ἀνεβόα,
θηρῶν ὅτε ζυγίους
ζευξάσᾳ θεᾷ σατίνας,
τὰν ἁρπασθεῖσαν κυκλίων
χορῶν ἔξω παρθενίων
μέτα κοῦραι ἀελλόποδες,
ἁ μὲν τόξοις Ἄρτεμις, ἁ δ'
ἔγχει Γοργῶπις πάνοπλος,
<συνείποντο. Ζεὺς δ' ἑδράνων[1]>
αὐγάζων δ' ἐξ οὐρανίων
ἄλλαν μοῖραν ἔκραινε.

δρομαῖον δ' ὅτε πολυπλάνητον ἀντ. α'
μάτηρ ἔπαυσε πόνον,
μαστεύουσ' ἀπόρους
θυγατρὸς ἁρπαγὰς δολίους,
χιονοθρέμμονας δ' ἐπέρασ'
Ἰδαιᾶν Νυμφᾶν σκοπιάς·
ῥίπτει δ' ἐν πένθει
πέτρινα κατὰ δρία πολυνιφέα·
βροτοῖσι δ' ἄχλοα πεδία γᾶς
οὐ καρπίζουσ' ἀρότοις
λαῶν φθείρει γενεάν·
ποίμναις δ' οὐχ ἵει θαλερὰς

[1] Murray's conjecture to supply a lost line.

By glens of the forest in frenzied chasing,
By the new-born rivers' cataract-roar,
By the thunderous surge of the sea wind-tost,
In anguished quest for a daughter lost
Whose name is unuttered in prayer or praising;[1]
And a peal far-piercing the echoes bore
As clashed the Bacchanal's castanet;
And beasts of the wold by her spells controlled
'Neath the yoke of the Goddess's chariot met:
And with her for her child, by the ravisher parted
From the virgins' dances, on that wild quest
The storm-footed Maiden-goddesses darted,
Even Artemis Queen of the Bow, and pressed
At her side with her spear and her panoply
Stern-eyed Pallas:—but Zeus, throned high
In the heavens, looked down, and their purpose thwarted,
And ordered the issue as seemed him best.

When ceased the Mother from weary faring (*Ant.* 1)
Of feet wide-wandering to and fro,
Seeking the daughter whom hands ensnaring
Had ravished whitherward none might know,
Then over the watch-tower peaks did she tread
Of the Nymphs of Ida, the snow's birth-bed,
And earthward flung her in grief's despairing
Mid the rocky thickets deep in snow:
And she caused that from herbless plains of earth
No blade should shoot for the tilth-land's fruit,
And she wasted the tribes of men with dearth:
And the cattle for tendril-sprays lush-trailing

[1] Persephone's name was not uttered in ritual, for fear of re-awakening Demeter's grief.

βοσκὰς εὐφύλλων ἑλίκων·
πολέων δ' ἀπέλειπε βίος,
οὐδ' ἦσαν θεῶν θυσίαι,
βωμοῖς τ' ἄφλεκτοι πέλανοι·
πηγάς τ' ἀμπαύει δροσερὰς
λευκῶν ἐκβάλλειν ὑδάτων
πένθει παιδὸς ἀλάστῳ.

ἐπεὶ δ' ἔπαυσ' εἰλαπίνας *στρ. β*
θεοῖς βροτείῳ τε γένει,
Ζεὺς μειλίσσων στυγίους
ματρὸς ὀργὰς ἐνέπει·
βᾶτε, σεμναὶ Χάριτες,
ἴτε, τὰν περὶ παρθένῳ
Δηοῖ θυμωσαμένᾳ
λύπαν ἐξαλλάξατ' ἀλᾶν,[1]
Μοῦσαί θ' ὕμνοισι χορῶν.
χαλκοῦ δ' αὐδὰν χθονίαν
τύπανά τ' ἔλαβε βυρσοτενῆ
καλλίστα τότε πρῶτα μακάρων
Κύπρις· γέλασέν τε θεὰ
δέξατό τ' εἰς χέρας
βαρύβρομον αὐλὸν
τερφθεῖσ' ἀλαλαγμῷ.

† ὧν οὐ θέμις σ' οὐδ' ὁσία[2] *ἀντ. β'*
ἐπύρωσας ἐν θαλάμοις,
μῆνιν δ' εἶχες μεγάλας
ματρός, ὦ παῖ, θυσίας
οὐ σεβίζουσα θεᾶς.

[1] Bothe: for MSS. ἀλαλᾷ.
[2] This antistrophe is corrupt, and its interpretation is largely conjectural (Paley).

Looked yearning with famishing eyes in vain;
And from many and many the life was failing,
Nor the sacrifice-smoke made misty the fane;
Nor on altars were found meal-cakes to burn:
And she sealed the spray-dashed mountain-urn
From pouring the wan stream forth, aye wailing
For her child with inconsolable pain.

(*Str.* 2)

And the Gods' feasts failed from the altars fuming,
And for men the staff of bread she brake.
Then Zeus, to assuage the wrath overglooming
The soul of the Mighty Mother, spake:
"Pass down, O Worshipful Ones, ye Graces,
And from Deo banish her wrath's dark traces,
And the grief that hath driven through desolate places
A mother distraught for a daughter's sake.
Go ye, too, Muses, with dance and with singing."
Then first of the Blessèd Ones Cypris the fair
Caught up the brass of the voice deep-ringing,
And the skin-strained tambourine she bare.
Then Demeter smiled, and forgat her grieving,
In her hands for a token of peace receiving
The flute of the deep wild notes far-cleaving
The gorges; and gladness lulled her care.

Princess, did flame unconsecrated (*Ant.* 2)
Of rites unhallowed in thy bowers shine,
And so of the Mighty Mother hated
Wast thou?—O child, and was this sin thine,
To have lived of the Goddess's altar unreeking?

μέγα τοι δύναται νεβρῶν
παμποίκιλοι στολίδες
κισσοῦ τε στεφθεῖσα χλόα
νάρθηκας εἰς ἱερούς,
ῥόμβων θ' εἱλισσομένα
κύκλιος ἔνοσις αἰθερία,
βακχεύουσά τ' ἔθειρα Βρομίῳ
καὶ παννυχίδες θεᾶς
εὖτέ νιν ὄμμασιν
ἔβαλε σελάνα.
μορφᾷ μόνον ηὔχεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους εὐτυχοῦμεν, ὦ φίλαι·
ἡ γὰρ συνεκκλέπτουσα Πρωτέως κόρη
πόσιν παρόντα τὸν ἐμὸν ἱστορουμένη
οὐκ εἶπ' ἀδελφῷ· κατθανόντα δ' ἐν χθονὶ
οὔ φησιν αὐγὰς εἰσορᾶν ἐμὴν χάριν.
κάλλιστα δὴ τάδ' ἥρπασεν τεύχη πόσις·
ἃ γὰρ καθήσειν ὅπλ' ἔμελλεν εἰς ἅλα,
ταῦτ' ἐμβαλὼν πόρπακι γενναίαν χέρα
αὐτὸς κομίζει, δόρυ τε δεξιᾷ λαβών,
ὡς τῷ θανόντι χάριτα δὴ συνεκπονῶν.
προὔργου δ' ἐς ἀλκὴν σῶμ' ὅπλοις ἠσκήσατο,
ὡς βαρβάρων τρόπαια μυρίων χερὶ
στήσων, ὅταν κωπῆρες εἰσβῶμεν σκάφος,
πέπλους ἀμείψας ἀντὶ ναυφθόρου στολῆς,
ἁγώ νιν ἐξήσκησα, καὶ λουτροῖς χρόα
ἔδωκα, χρόνια νίπτρα ποταμίας δρόσου.
ἀλλ' ἐκπερᾷ γὰρ δωμάτων ὁ τοὺς ἐμοὺς
γάμους ἑτοίμους ἐν χεροῖν ἔχειν δοκῶν,
σιγητέον μοι· καὶ σὲ προσποιούμεθα
εὔνουν κρατεῖν τε στόματος, ἢν δυνώμεθα
σωθέντες αὐτοὶ καὶ σὲ συσσῶσαί ποτε.

Yet atonement may come of the fawn-skin decking
Thy limbs, bedappled with dark spots flecking
Its brown, and if greenness of ivy twine
Round the sacred fennel-wand lightly shivering,
And if whirled through the air the tambour moan
As it swings, as it rings, to the light touch quivering,
And if Bacchanal hair to the winds shall be thrown,
When the Goddess's vigils are revelling nightly,
And the shafts of the moon's bow touch them
lightly, [brightly.
Shot from the heights where her eyes gleam
Repent—thou didst trust in thy fairness alone.

Enter HELEN.

HELEN

Within the palace all is well, my friends;
For Proteus' child, confederate with us,
Being questioned, hath not told her brother aught
Of my lord's presence, but for my sake saith
That dead he seeth not on earth the light.
Right happily my lord hath won these arms.
Himself hath donned the mail that he should cast
Into the sea, hath thrust his stalwart arm
Into the shield-strap, grasped in hand the spear,
As who should join in homage to the dead,—
In season for the fray hath harnessed him,
As who shall vanquish aliens untold
Singly, when once we tread the galley's deck.
He hath doffed his wreckage rags for the attire
Wherein I have arrayed him, and have given
His limbs the bath, long lacked, of river-dew.
—No more, for forth comes one who deems he holds
My marriage in the hollow of his hand:
I must be silent, and thy loyalty
I claim, and sealed lips, that we haply may,
Ourselves delivered, one day save thee too.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

χωρεῖτ' ἐφεξῆς, ὡς ἔταξεν ὁ ξένος,
δμῶες, φέροντες ἐνάλια κτερίσματα.
Ἑλένη, σὺ δ', ἤν σοι μὴ κακῶς δόξω λέγειν,
πείθου, μέν' αὐτοῦ· ταὐτὰ γὰρ παροῦσά τε
πράξεις τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν σὸν ἤν τε μὴ παρῇς.
δέδοικα γάρ σε μή τις ἐμπεσὼν πόθος
πείσῃ μεθεῖναι σῶμ' ἐς οἶδμα πόντιον
τοῦ πρόσθεν ἀνδρὸς χάρισιν ἐκπεπληγμένην·
ἄγαν γὰρ αὐτὸν οὐ παρόνθ' ὅμως στένεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ καινὸς ἡμῖν πόσις, ἀναγκαίως ἔχει
τὰ πρῶτα λέκτρα νυμφικάς θ' ὁμιλίας
τιμᾶν· ἐγὼ δὲ διὰ τὸ μὲν στέργειν πόσιν
καὶ ξυνθάνοιμ' ἄν· ἀλλὰ τίς κείνῳ χάρις
ξὺν κατθανόντι κατθανεῖν ; ἔα δ' ἐμὲ
αὐτὴν μολοῦσαν ἐντάφια δοῦναι νεκρῷ.
θεοὶ δὲ σοί τε δοῖεν οἷ' ἐγὼ θέλω,
καὶ τῷ ξένῳ τῷδ', ὅτι συνεκπονεῖ τάδε.
ἕξεις δέ μ' οἵαν χρή σ' ἔχειν ἐν δώμασι
γυναῖκ', ἐπειδὴ Μενέλεων εὐεργετεῖς
κἄμ'· ἔρχεται γὰρ δή τιν' εἰς τύχην τάδε·
ὅστις δὲ δώσει ναῦν ἐν ᾗ τάδ' ἄξομεν,
πρόσταξον, ὡς ἂν τὴν χάριν πλήρη λάβω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

χώρει σὺ καὶ ναῦν τοῖσδε πεντηκόντορον
Σιδωνίαν δὸς κἀρετμῶν ἐπιστάτας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὔκουν ὅδ' ἄρξει ναὸς ὃς κοσμεῖ τάφον ;

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

μάλιστ'· ἀκούειν τοῦδε χρὴ ναύτας ἐμούς.

Enter THEOCLYMENUS *and* MENELAUS, *with train of attendants bearing funeral offerings.*

THEOCLYMENUS

Pass on in order, as the stranger bade,
Thralls, bearing offerings destined to the sea.
Helen, thou—if thou take not ill my words—
Be ruled by me, here stay: for thou shalt serve
Thy lord alike, or be thou there or not.
I fear thee, lest some thrill of yearning pain
Move thee to fling thy body mid the surge,
Distraught with love for him who was thy lord;
For overmuch thou mournest him, who is not.

HELEN

O my new spouse, needs must I honour him,
My first love, who embraced me as a bride:
Yea, I for very love of my dead lord
Could die,—yet wherein should I pleasure him
If with the dead I died? Nay, suffer me
Myself to go and pay him burial-dues:
So the Gods grant thee all the boons I wish,
And to this stranger, for his help herein.
And such wife shalt thou find me in thine halls
As meet is, for thy kindness to my lord
And me; for these things to fair issue tend.
Now bid one give a ship wherein to bear
The gifts, that so thy kindness may be full.

THEOCLYMENUS (*to attendant*)

Go thou, and give these a Sidonian ship
Of fifty oars, and rowers therewithal.

HELEN

The rites who ordereth, shall not he command?

THEOCLYMENUS

Yea surely; him my sailors must obey.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
αὖθις κέλευσον, ἵνα σαφῶς μάθωσί σου.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
αὖθις κελεύω καὶ τρίτον γ', εἴ σοι φίλον.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ὄναιο, κἀγὼ τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
μή νυν ἄγαν σὸν δάκρυσιν ἐκτήξῃς χρόα.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἥδ' ἡμέρα σοι τὴν ἐμὴν δείξει χάριν.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
τὰ τῶν θανόντων οὐδέν, ἀλλ' ἄλλως πόνος.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἔστιν τι κἀκεῖ κἀνθάδ' ὧν ἐγὼ λέγω.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
οὐδὲν κακίω Μενέλεώ μ' ἕξεις πόσιν.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
οὐδὲν σὺ μεμπτός· τῆς τύχης με δεῖ μόνον.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
ἐν σοὶ τόδ', ἢν σὴν εἰς ἔμ' εὔνοιαν διδῷς.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
οὐ νῦν διδαξόμεσθα τοὺς φίλους φιλεῖν.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
βούλει ξυνεργῶν αὐτὸς ἐκπέμψω στόλον ;
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἥκιστα· μὴ δούλευε σοῖς δούλοις, ἄναξ.
ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
ἀλλ' εἶα· τοὺς μὲν Πελοπιδῶν ἐῶ νόμους·
καθαρὰ γὰρ ἡμῖν δώματ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐνθάδε
ψυχὴν ἀφῆκε Μενέλεως· ἴτω δέ τις
φράσων ὑπάρχοις τοῖς ἐμοῖς φέρειν γάμων
ἀγάλματ' οἴκους εἰς ἐμούς· πᾶσαν δὲ χρὴ

HELEN
Speak it again, that all may understand.

THEOCLYMENUS
Twice I command, yea, thrice, if this thou wilt.

HELEN
Blessings on thee—and me, in mine intent!

THEOCLYMENUS
Waste not with tears thy beauty overmuch.

HELEN
This day shall prove to thee my gratitude.

THEOCLYMENUS
The dead are naught: to toil for them is vain.

HELEN
Both dead and living as yet have claim on me.

THEOCLYMENUS
Me shalt thou prove no worse than Menelaus.

HELEN
No fault in thee: I need but fortune fair.

THEOCLYMENUS
This rests with thee, so thou yield me true love.

HELEN
I shall not need to learn to love my love.

THEOCLYMENUS
Wouldst have myself for escort and for aid?

HELEN
Nay, be not servant to thy servants, king.

THEOCLYMENUS
Away then: Pelopid wont is nought to me.
Mine house is unpolluted, since not here
Did Menelaus die. Let some one go
And bid my vassal-kings bring marriage-gifts
Unto mine halls. Let all the land break forth

γαῖαν βοᾶσθαι μακαρίαις ὑμνῳδίαις
ὑμέναιον Ἑλένης κἀμόν, ὡς ζηλωτὸς ᾖ.
σὺ δ', ὦ ξέν', ἐλθών, πελαγίους ἐς ἀγκάλας
τῷ τῆσδε πρίν ποτ' ὄντι δοὺς πόσει τάδε,
πάλιν πρὸς οἴκους σπεῦδ' ἐμὴν δάμαρτ' ἔχων,
ὡς τοὺς γάμους τοὺς τῆσδε συνδαίσας ἐμοὶ
στέλλῃ πρὸς οἴκους ἢ μένων εὐδαιμονῇς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ, πατήρ τε καὶ σοφὸς κλῄζει θεός,
βλέψον πρὸς ἡμᾶς καὶ μετάστησον κακῶν.
ἕλκουσι δ' ἡμῖν πρὸς λέπας τὰς συμφορὰς
σπουδῇ σύναψαι· κἂν ἄκρᾳ θίγῃς χερί,
ἥξομεν ἵν' ἐλθεῖν βουλόμεσθα τῆς τύχης.
ἅλις δὲ μόχθων οὓς ἐμοχθοῦμεν πάρος.
κέκλησθέ μοι, θεοί, πολλὰ χρήστ' ἐμοῦ κλύειν
καὶ λύπρ'· ὀφείλω δ' οὐκ ἀεὶ πράσσειν κακῶς,
ὀρθῷ δὲ βῆναι ποδί· μίαν δ' ἐμοὶ χάριν
δόντες τὸ λοιπὸν εὐτυχῆ με θήσετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Φοίνισσα Σιδωνιὰς ὦ — στρ. α'
ταχεῖα κώπα, ῥοθίοισι μάτηρ
εἰρεσίᾳ φίλα,
χοραγὲ τῶν καλλιχόρων
δελφίνων, ὅταν αὔραις
πέλαγος νήνεμον ᾖ,
γλαυκὰ δὲ Πόντου θυγάτηρ
Γαλάνεια τάδ' εἴπῃ·
κατὰ μὲν ἱστία πετάσατ' αὔ-
ραις λείποντες ἐναλίαις,
λάβετε δ' εἰλατίνας πλάτας,

In shouts of happy spousal hymns for Helen
And me, that all may triumph in my joy.
Thou, stranger, go, and into the sea's arms
These offerings cast to Helen's sometime lord,
Then homeward speed again with this my wife,
That, having shared with me her spousal-feast,
Thou mayst fare home, or here abide in bliss. [*Exit.*

Attendants pass on with the offerings.

MENELAUS

Zeus, Father art thou called, and the Wise God:
Look upon us, and from our woes redeem;
And, as we drag our fortunes up the steep,
Lay to thine hand: a finger-touch from thee,
And good-speed's haven long-desired we win.
Suffice our travail heretofore endured.
Oft have ye been invoked, ye Gods, to hear
My joys and griefs: not endless ills I merit,
But in plain paths to tread. Grant this one boon,
And happy shall ye make me all my days.

[*Exeunt* MENELAUS *and* HELEN.

CHORUS

Swift galley Phoenician of Sidon, (*Str.* 1)
  Foam sprang from the travail of thee,
    O dear to the sons of the oar:
    The dolphin-dance sweepeth before
    And behind thee, when breezes no more
Ruffle the sea thou dost ride on,
  And thus through the hush crieth she,
  Calm,[1] child azure-eyed of the sea:—
"Shake out the canvas, committing
  Your sails to what breezes may blow,
And arow at the pine-blades sitting

[1] Galene, named by Hesiod a sea-nymph.

ναῦται, ἰὼ ναῦται,
πέμποντες εὐλιμένους
Περσείων οἴκων Ἑλέναν ἐπ᾽ ἀκτάς.

ἦ που κόρας ἂν ποταμοῦ ἀντ. α'
παρ᾽ οἶδμα Λευκιππίδας ἢ πρὸ ναοῦ
Παλλάδος ἂν λάβοις
χρόνῳ ξυνελθοῦσα χοροῖς
ἢ κώμοις Ὑακίνθου,
νυχίαν εὐφροσύναν,
ὃν ἐξαμιλλησάμενος
τροχῷ ἀτέρμονι δίσκου
ἔκανε Φοῖβος, ὅθεν Λακαί-
να γᾳ βούθυτον ἁμέραν
ὁ Διὸς εἶπε σέβειν γόνος,
μόσχον θ᾽, ἂν οἴκοις
<ἔλειπες, Ἑρμιόναν,[1]>
ἇς οὔπω πεῦκαι πρὸ γάμων ἔλαμψαν.

δι᾽ ἀέρος εἴθε ποτανοὶ στρ. β'
γενοίμεσθ᾽ ᾇ Λίβυας
οἰωνοὶ στολάδες
ὄμβρον λιποῦσαι χειμέριον
νίσσονται πρεσβυτάτᾳ
σύριγγι πειθόμεναι
ποιμένος, ὃς ἄβροχα
πεδία καρποφόρα τε γᾶς
ἐπιπετόμενος ἰαχεῖ.
ὦ πταναὶ δολιχαύχενες,
σύννομοι νεφέων δρόμου,

[1] Murray's conjecture to supply a lost line.

Give way, O sailors, yoho !
Till the keel bearing Helen shall slide on
The strand where the old homes be."

Perchance by the full-brimming river (*Ant.* 1)
On the priestess-maids shalt thou light,
Or haply by Pallas's fane,
And shalt join in the dances again,
Or the revels for Hyacinth slain,
When with rapture night's pulses shall quiver
For him whom the overcast quoit
Of Phoebus in contest did smite,[1]
Whence the God to Laconia's nation
Gave charge that they hallow the day
With slaughter of kine for oblation :—
And thy daughter whom, speeding away,
Ye left, shall ye find, for whom never
Hath the spousal-torch yet flashed bright.

Oh through the welkin on pinions to fleet (*Str.* 2)
Where from Libya far-soaring
The cranes by their armies flee fast from the sleet
And the storm-waters pouring,
By their shepherd, their chief many-wintered, on-led,
At his whistle swift-wheeling,
As o'er plains whereon never the rain-drops were shed,
Yet where vineyards are purple, where harvests are red,
His clarion is pealing :—
O winged ones, who, blent with the cloud-spirits' race,
With necks far-stretching fly on,

[1] The festival of the *Hyacinthia* was held yearly at Amyclae, in memory of Hyacinthus, who was accidentally killed by the quoit of Apollo, who loved him.

βᾶτε Πλειάδας ὑπὸ μέσας
Ὠρίωνά τ' ἐννύχιον·
καρύξατ' ἀγγελίαν,
Εὐρώταν ἐφεζόμεναι,
Μενέλαος ὅτι Δαρδάνου
πόλιν ἑλὼν δόμον ἥξει.

μόλοιτέ ποθ' ἵππιον ἅρμα ἀντ. β'
δι' αἰθέρος ἱέμενοι
παῖδες Τυνδαρίδαι,
λαμπρῶν ἄστρων ὑπ' ἀέλλαισιν
οἳ ναίετ' οὐράνιοι,
σωτῆρε τᾶσδ' Ἑλένας
γλαυκὸν ἐπ' οἶδμ' ἅλιον
κυανόχροά τε κυμάτων
ῥόθια πολιὰ θαλάσσας,
ναύταις εὐαεῖς ἀνέμων
πέμποντες Διόθεν πνοάς·
δύσκλειαν δ' ἀπὸ συγγόνου
βάλετε βαρβάρων λεχέων,
ἃν Ἰδαίων ἐρίδων
ποιναθεῖσ' ἐκτήσατο, γᾶν
οὐκ ἐλθοῦσά ποτ' Ἰλίου
Φοιβείους ἐπὶ πύργους.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

† ἄναξ, κάκιστά σ' ἐν δόμοις εὑρήκαμεν·
ὡς καίν' ἀκούσει πήματ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ τάχα.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἄλλης ἐκπόνει μνηστεύματα
γυναικός· Ἑλένη γὰρ βέβηκ' ἔξω χθονός.

'Neath the Pleiades plunge through abysses of space,
'Neath the night-king Orion:
Crying the tidings, down heaven's steep glide,
To Eurotas descending,—
Cry "Atreides hath brought low Ilium's pride,
And homeward is wending!"

(*Ant.* 2)

And ye, in your chariot o'er highways of sky
O haste from the far land
Where, Tyndarus' scions, your homes are on high
Mid the flashings of starland:
Ye who dwell in the halls of the Heavenly Home,
Be nigh her, safe guiding
Helen where seas heave, surges comb,
As o'er waves green-glimmering, crested with foam,
Her galley is riding.
To her crew send breezes from Zeus' hand sped
In the sails low-singing,
Your sister's reproach of an alien bed
Afar from her flinging,—
The reproach of the strife upon Ida, whose guilt
Unto her was requited,
Though on Ilium's towers, of Apollo upbuilt,
Her feet never lighted.

Enter, meeting, KING *from palace and* MESSENGER *from harbour.*

MESSENGER

King, all unwelcome in thine halls I meet thee,
Since thou must straightway hear of me ill-news.

THEOCLYMENUS

What now?

MESSENGER

The wooing of another bride
Speed thou, for Helen from the land is gone.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πτεροῖσιν ἀρθεῖσ' ἢ πεδοστιβεῖ ποδί ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Μενέλαος αὐτὴν ἐκπεπόρθμευται χθονός,
ὃς αὐτὸς αὑτὸν ἦλθεν ἀγγέλλων θανεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ὢ δεινὰ λέξας· τίς δέ νιν ναυκληρία
ἐκ τῆσδ' ἀπῆρε χθονός ; ἄπιστα γὰρ λέγεις.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἥν γε ξένῳ δίδως σὺ τούς τε σοὺς ἔχων
ναύτας βέβηκεν, ὡς ἂν ἐν βραχεῖ μάθῃς.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς ; εἰδέναι πρόθυμος· οὐ γὰρ ἐλπίδων
εἴσω βέβηκα μίαν ὑπερδραμεῖν χέρα
τοσούσδε ναύτας, ὧν ἀπεστάλης μέτα.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἐπεὶ λιποῦσα τούσδε βασιλικοὺς δόμους
ἡ τοῦ Διὸς παῖς πρὸς θάλασσαν ἐστάλη,
σοφώταθ' ἁβρὸν πόδα τιθεῖσ' ἀνέστενε
πόσιν πέλας παρόντα κοὐ τεθνηκότα.
ὡς δ' ἤλθομεν σῶν περίβολον νεωρίων,
Σιδωνίαν ναῦν πρωτόπλουν καθείλκομεν,
ζυγῶν τε πεντήκοντα κἀρετμῶν μέτρα
ἔχουσαν. ἔργου δ' ἔργον ἐξημείβετο·
ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἱστόν, ὁ δὲ πλάτην καθίστατο
ταρσόν τε χειρί, λευκά θ' ἱστί' εἰς ἓν ἦν,
πηδάλιά τε ζεύγλαισι παρακαθίετο.
κἀν τῷδε μόχθῳ, τοῦτ' ἄρα σκοπούμενοι,
Ἕλληνες ἄνδρες Μενέλεῳ ξυνέμποροι
προσῆλθον ἀκταῖς, ναυφθόροις ἠσθημένοι
πέπλοισιν, εὐειδεῖς μέν, αὐχμηροὶ δ' ὁρᾶν.
ἰδὼν δέ νιν παρόντας Ἀτρέως γόνος

THEOCLYMENUS

On wings upborne, or feet that trod the ground ?

MESSENGER

Menelaus from the land hath sailed with her,—
He who with tidings of his own death came.

THEOCLYMENUS

O monstrous tale !—what galley from this land
Bare her ?—for these thy words are past belief.

MESSENGER

Even that thou gavest : yea, with thine own men
The stranger went—that briefly thou mayst learn.

THEOCLYMENUS

How ?—I am fain to know. Never it came
Into my thought that one arm could o'ermatch
So great a crew, with whom thyself wast sent.

MESSENGER

Soon as, departing from these royal halls,
The child of Zeus passed down unto the sea,
Pacing with delicate feet, she subtly raised
Wails for the spouse beside her, and not dead.
When to thy docks' wide compass we were come,
The swiftest ship Sidonian launched we then
With full array of fifty thwarts and rowers.
And swiftly task succeeding task was done :
One set the mast up, one ran out the oars
Ready to hand ; the white sails folded lay ;
Dropped was the rudder, lashed unto its bands.
Amidst our toil, men watching all, I trow,
Shipmates of Menelaus, Hellenes they,
Came down the strand, in garb of shipwreck
    clad,
Stalwart, yet weather-beaten to behold.
And seeing these at hand, spake Atreus' seed

προσεῖπε, δόλιον οἶκτον εἰς μέσον φέρων·
ὦ τλήμονες, πῶς ἐκ τίνος νεὼς ποτε
Ἀχαιΐδος θραύσαντες ἥκετε σκάφος;
ἆρ' Ἀτρέως παῖδ' ὀλόμενον συνθάπτετε,
ὃν Τυνδαρὶς παῖς ἥδ' ἀπόντα κενοταφεῖ;
οἱ δ' ἐκβαλόντες δάκρυα ποιητῷ τρόπῳ
εἰς ναῦν ἐχώρουν Μενέλεῳ ποντίσματα
φέροντες. ἡμῖν δ' ἦν μὲν ἥδ' ὑποψία
λόγος τ' ἐν ἀλλήλοισι, τῶν ἐπεισβατῶν
ὡς πλῆθος εἴη· διεσιωπῶμεν δ' ὅμως
τοὺς σοὺς λόγους σῴζοντες· ἄρχειν γὰρ νεὼς
ξένον κελεύσας πάντα συνέχεας τάδε.
καὶ τἄλλα μὲν δὴ ῥᾳδίως εἴσω νεὼς
ἐθέμεθα κουφίζοντα· ταύρειος δὲποὺς
οὐκ ἤθελ' ὀρθὸς σανίδα προσβῆναι κάτα,
ἀλλ' ἐξεβρυχᾶτ' ὄμμ' ἀναστρέφων κύκλῳ,
κυρτῶν τε νῶτα κεἰς κέρας παρεμβλέπων
μὴ θιγγάνειν ἀπεῖργεν. ὁ δ' Ἑλένης πόσις
ἐκάλεσεν· ὦ πέρσαντες Ἰλίου πόλιν,
οὐκ εἶ' ἀναρπάσαντες Ἑλλήνων νόμῳ
νεανίαις ὤμοισι ταύρειον δέμας
εἰς πρῷραν ἐμβαλεῖτε (φάσγανόν θ' ἅμα
πρόχειρον ὤθει) σφάγια τῷ τεθνηκότι;
οἱ δ' εἰς κέλευσμ' ἐλθόντες ἐξανήρπασαν
ταῦρον, φέροντες δ' εἰσέθεντο σέλματα.
μονάμπυκος δὲ Μενέλεως ψήχων δέρην
μέτωπά τ' ἐξέπεισεν εἰσβῆναι δόρυ.
τέλος δ' ἐπειδὴ ναῦς τὰ πάντ' ἐδέξατο,
πλήσασα κλιμακτῆρας εὐσφύρου ποδὸς
Ἑλένη καθέζετ' ἐν μέσοις ἑδωλίοις
ὅ τ' οὐκέτ' ὢν λόγοισι Μενέλεως πέλας·
ἄλλοι δὲ τοίχους δεξιοὺς λαιούς τ' ἴσοι

Making a wily show of pity feigned :
" Hapless, from what Achaean bark, and how,
Come ye from making shipwreck of her hull ?
Would ye help bury Atreus' perished son,
To whom yon Tyndarid queen gives empty tomb ?"
They, shedding tears of counterfeited grief,
Drew nigh the ship, and bare the offerings
For Menelaus. Now mistrust awoke
In us, and murmurings for the added throng
Of passengers : yet still we held our peace,
Heeding thy words,—for thou didst ruin all
In bidding that the stranger captain us.

Now all the victims lightly in the ship
We set, unrestive ; only the bull strained
Backward, nor on the gangway would set foot,
But bellowed still, and, rolling fierce eyes round,
Arching his back, and levelling his horns,
Would let none touch him. Thereat Helen's lord
Cried, " Ye who laid the city of Ilium waste,
Come, hoist aloft in fashion of our Greeks
Yon bull's frame on your shoulders strong with youth,
And cast down in the prow"—and with the word
Drew ready his sword—" a victim to the dead."
They came, and at a signal hoisted high
The bull, and bare, and 'neath the half-deck thrust.
But Menelaus stroked the war-steed's neck
And forehead, and so gently drew it aboard.
When now the ship had gotten all her freight,
Helen with slim foot trod the ladder's rounds,
And midmost of the quarter-deck sat down,
And nigh her Menelaus, dead in name.
The rest along the ship's side left and right

ἀνὴρ παρ' ἄνδρ' ἕζονθ' ὑφ' εἵμασι ξίφη
λαθραῖ' ἔχοντες, ῥόθιά τ' ἐξεπίμπλατο
βοῆς, κελευστοῦ φθέγμαθ' ὡς ἠκούσαμεν.
ἐπεὶ δὲ γαίας ἦμεν οὔτ' ἄγαν πρόσω
οὔτ' ἐγγύς, οὕτως ἤρετ' οἰάκων φύλαξ·
ἔτ', ὦ ξέν', εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν, ἢ καλῶς ἔχει,
πλεύσωμεν ; ἀρχαὶ γὰρ νεὼς μέλουσί σοι.
ὁ δ' εἶφ'· ἅλις μοι. δεξιᾷ δ' ἑλὼν ξίφος
εἰς πρῷραν εἷρπε κἀπὶ ταυρείῳ σφαγῇ
σταθεὶς νεκρῶν μὲν οὐδενὸς μνήμην ἔχων,
τέμνων δὲ λαιμὸν ηὔχετ'· ὦ ναίων ἅλα
πόντιε Πόσειδον Νηρέως θ' ἁγναὶ κόραι,
σώσατέ μ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰς Ναυπλίας δάμαρτά τε
ἄσυλον ἐκ γῆς. αἵματος δ' ἀπορροαὶ
ἐς οἶδμ' ἐσηκόντιζον οὔριαι ξένῳ.
καί τις τόδ' εἶπε· δόλιος ἡ ναυκληρία·
τί νῦν πλέωμεν Ναυπλίαν ;[1] κέλευε σύ,
σὺ δὲ στρέφ' οἴακ'. ἐκ δὲ ταυρείου φόνου
'Ατρέως σταθεὶς παῖς ἀνεβόησε συμμάχους·
τί μέλλετ', ὦ γῆς 'Ελλάδος λωτίσματα,
σφάζειν, φονεύειν βαρβάρους, νεώς τ' ἄπο
ῥίπτειν ἐς οἶδμα ; ναυβάταις δὲ τοῖσι σοῖς
βοᾷ κελευστὴς τὴν ἐναντίαν ὄπα·
οὐκ εἶ' ὁ μέν τις λοῖσθον ἀρεῖται δόρυ,
ὁ δὲ ζύγ' ἄξας, ὁ δ' ἀφελὼν σκαλμοῦ πλάτην,
καθαιματώσει κρᾶτα πολεμίων ξένων ;
ὀρθοὶ δ' ἀνῇξαν πάντες, οἱ μὲν ἐν χεροῖν
κορμοὺς ἔχοντες ναυτικούς, οἱ δὲ ξίφη·
φόνῳ δὲ ναῦς ἐρρεῖτο. παρακέλευσμα δ' ἦν
πρύμνηθεν 'Ελένης· ποῦ τὸ Τρωικὸν κλέος ;

[1] Paley: for MSS. πάλιν πλέωμεν ἀξίαν ; Badham πάλ. πλ. δεξιάν.

Sat man by man, with swords beneath their cloaks
Hidden ; and o'er the surges rolled the chant
Of oarsmen, when we heard the boatswain's note.
But when from land we were not passing-far,
Nor nigh, thus spake the warder of the helm :
" Still onward sail we, or doth this suffice,
Stranger ?—for to command the ship is thine."
Then he, " Enough for me." Now, sword in hand,
Prow-ward he went, and stood to slay the bull.
But of no dead man spake he any word ;
But gashed the throat, and prayed—" O Sea-abider,
Poseidon, and ye, Nereus' daughters pure,
Me bring ye and my wife to Nauplia's shores,
Safe from this land." The blood-gush spurted forth—
Fair omen for the stranger— to the surge.
Then cried one, " 'Tis a voyage of treachery this !
Wherefore to Nauplia sail ? Take thou command,
Helmsman !—'bout ship !" But, over the dead bull
Towering, to his allies cried Atreus' son :
" Wherefore delay, O flower of Hellas-land,
To smite, to slay the aliens, and to hurl
Into the sea ?" Then to thy sailors cried
The boatswain overagainst him his command—
" Ho, catch up, some, what spar shall be to hand,
Some break up thwarts, some snatch from thole the oar,
And dash with blood the alien foemen's heads !"
Up started all, these grasping in their hands
The punt-poles of the ship, and those their swords ;
And all the ship ran blood. Then Helen's cry
Rang from the stern—" Where is your Trojan fame ?

δείξατε πρὸς ἄνδρας βαρβάρους. σπουδῆς δ᾽ ὕπο
ἔπιπτον, οἱ δ᾽ ὠρθοῦντο, τοὺς δὲ κειμένους
νεκροὺς ἂν εἶδες. Μενέλεως δ᾽ ἔχων ὅπλα,
ὅπῃ νοσοῖεν ξύμμαχοι κατασκοπῶν,
ταύτῃ προσῆγε χειρὶ δεξιᾷ ξίφος,
ὥστ᾽ ἐκκολυμβᾶν ναός· ἠρήμωσε δὲ
σῶν ναυβατῶν ἐρετμ᾽. ἐπ᾽ οἰάκων δὲ βὰς
ἄνακτ᾽ ἐς Ἑλλάδ᾽ εἶπεν εὐθύνειν δόρυ.
οἱ δ᾽ ἱστί᾽ ἦρον, οὔριαι δ᾽ ἧκον πνοαί,
βεβᾶσι δ᾽ ἐκ γῆς· διαφυγὼν δ᾽ ἐγὼ φόνον
καθῆκ᾽ ἐμαυτὸν εἰς ἅλ᾽ ἄγκυραν πάρα.
ἤδη δὲ κάμνονθ᾽ ὁρμιὰν τείνων μέ τις
ἀνείλετ᾽, εἰς δὲ γαῖαν ἐξέβησέ σοι
τάδ᾽ ἀγγελοῦντα. σώφρονος δ᾽ ἀπιστίας
οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν χρησιμώτερον βροτοῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἄν ποτ᾽ ηὔχουν οὔτε σ᾽ οὔθ᾽ ἡμᾶς λαθεῖν
Μενέλαον, ὦναξ, ὡς ἐλάνθανεν παρών.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ὢ γυναικείαις τέχναισιν αἱρεθεὶς ἐγὼ τάλας·
ἐκπεφεύγασιν γάμοι με. κεἰ μὲν ἦν ἁλώσιμος
ναῦς διώγμασιν, πονήσας εἷλον ἂν τάχα ξένους·
νῦν δὲ τὴν προδοῦσαν ἡμᾶς τισόμεσθα σύγγονον,
ἥτις ἐν δόμοις ὁρῶσα Μενέλεων, οὐκ εἶπέ μοι.
τοιγὰρ οὔποτ᾽ ἄλλον ἄνδρα ψεύσεται μαντεύμασιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὗτος ὤ, ποῖ σὸν πόδ᾽ αἴρεις, δέσποτ᾽, εἰς ποῖον φόνον;

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

οἷπερ ἡ δίκη κελεύει μ᾽· ἀλλ᾽ ἀφίστασ᾽ ἐκποδών.

Show it against the aliens!" Furious-grappling,
Men fell,—men struggled up,—some hadst thou seen
Laid dead. But Menelaus all in mail,
Marking where'er his helpers were hard pressed,
Thither in right hand ever bore his sword,
That from the ship we dived, and of thy men
He swept the thwarts: and, striding to the helm,
He bade the helmsman steer the ship for Greece.
They hoisted sail, the breezes favouring blew;
And they are gone. I, fleeing from the death,
Slid by the anchor down into the sea.
Even as my strength failed, one cast forth a rope,
And drew me aboard, so set me on the land,
To tell thee this. Nought is of more avail
For mortals' need than wise mistrustfulness.

CHORUS

King, I had dreamed not Menelaus had 'scaped
Thy ken or mine, here tarrying unknown.

THEOCLYMENUS

Woe is me, by wiles of woman cozened, caught as in the net! [taken yet
Lo, my bride hath fled me! If their galley might be
By pursuers, I had done mine utmost, had the aliens caught:— [geance wrought,—
Nay, but now upon my traitress sister be my ven-
She who in the palace saw Menelaus, spake no word to me: [prophecy!
Therefore never man hereafter shall she trick with

CHORUS

Master, whither art thou rushing?—to what deed of murderous wrath!

THEOCLYMENUS

Even whither justice biddeth follow:—cross not thou my path!

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἀφήσομαι πέπλων σῶν· μεγάλα γὰρ σπεύδεις
κακά.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ἀλλὰ δεσποτῶν κρατήσεις δοῦλος ὤν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φρονῶ γὰρ εὖ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐκ ἔμοιγ', εἰ μή μ' ἐάσεις—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐ μὲν οὖν σ' ἐάσομεν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

σύγγονον κτανεῖν κακίστην—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐσεβεστάτην μὲν οὖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ἥ με προὔδωκεν—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλήν γε προδοσίαν, δίκαια δρᾶν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

τἀμὰ λέκτρ' ἄλλῳ διδοῦσα—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τοῖς γε κυριωτέροις,

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

κύριος δὲ τῶν ἐμῶν τίς;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὃς ἔλαβεν πατρὸς πάρα.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἔδωκεν ἡ τύχη μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ δὲ χρεὼν ἀφείλετο.

CHORUS

Nay, I will not loose thy vesture: thou art set on grievous sin!

THEOCLYMENUS

Thou, a slave, control thy master!

CHORUS

Yea, my heart is right herein.

THEOCLYMENUS

Not to me-ward, if thou let me—

CHORUS

Nay, I needs must hinder thee!

THEOCLYMENUS

That I should not slay my wicked sister—

CHORUS

Nay, most righteous she!

THEOCLYMENUS

Who betrayed me,—

CHORUS

With betrayal honourable, in justice' cause.

THEOCLYMENUS

Gave my bride unto another!

CHORUS

Yea, to him whose right it was,—

THEOCLYMENUS

Who hath right o'er *my* possessions?

CHORUS

Who received her from her sire.

THEOCLYMENUS

Fortune gave her me.

CHORUS

But fate did from thine hand the gift require.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐ σὲ τἀμὰ χρὴ δικάζειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἤν γε βελτίω λέγω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ἀρχόμεσθ' ἄρ', οὐ κρατοῦμεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅσια δρᾶν, τὰ δ' ἔκδικ' οὔ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

κατθανεῖν ἐρᾶν ἔοικας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κτεῖνε· σύγγονον δὲ σὴν
οὐ κτενεῖς ἡμῶν ἑκόντων, ἀλλ' ἔμ'· ὡς πρὸ δεσποτῶν
τοῖσι γενναίοισι δούλοις εὐκλεέστατον θανεῖν.

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΟΙ

ἐπίσχες ὀργὰς αἷσιν οὐκ ὀρθῶς φέρει,
Θεοκλύμενε, γαίας τῆσδ' ἄναξ· δισσοὶ δέ σε
Διόσκοροι καλοῦμεν, οὓς Λήδα ποτὲ
ἔτικτεν Ἑλένην θ', ἣ πέφευγε σοὺς δόμους·
οὐ γὰρ πεπρωμένοισιν ὀργίζει γάμοις,
οὐδ' ἡ θεᾶς Νηρῇδος ἔκγονος κόρη
ἀδικεῖ σ' ἀδελφὴ Θεονόη τὰ τῶν θεῶν
τιμῶσα πατρός τ' ἐνδίκους ἐπιστολάς.
εἰς μὲν γὰρ ἀεὶ τὸν παρόντα νῦν χρόνον
κείνην κατοικεῖν σοῖσιν ἐν δόμοις ἐχρῆν·
ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροίας ἐξανεστάθη βάθρα,
καὶ τοῖς θεοῖς παρέσχε τοὔνομ', οὐκέτι·
ἐν τοῖσιν αὑτῆς δεῖ νιν ἐζεῦχθαι γάμοις,

THEOCLYMENUS

'Tis not thine to judge my cause!

CHORUS

O yea, if prudence prompt my tongue.

THEOCLYMENUS

Subject then am I, not king!

CHORUS.

For righteousness, and not for wrong.

THEOCLYMENUS

Fain thou art to die, methinks!

CHORUS

Ah slay me: but thy sister ne'er
Shalt thou kill, with my consent! Slay *me*! For noble slaves that dare
Death, to shield their lords, the doom of death is glorious past compare.

The TWIN-BRETHREN *appear in air above the stage.*

THE TWIN-BRETHREN

Refrain thy wrath whereby thou art folly-driven,
King of this land, Theoclymenus. Thee we name,
We the Twin-brethren, with whom Leda bare
Helen of yore, who now hath fled thine halls.
Thou art wroth for spousals destined not for thee:
Nor doth the Nereïd's daughter do thee wrong,
Theonoë thy sister, reverencing
The Gods' will and her father's just behests.
For this was fate, that to this present still
Within thy mansions Helen should abide:
But, now that Troy's foundations are destroyed,
And to the Gods she hath lent her name, no more
She tarries here. The old bond claimeth her;

ἐλθεῖν τ' ἐς οἴκους καὶ συνοικῆσαι πόσει.
ἀλλ' ἴσχε μὲν σῆς συγγόνου μέλαν ξίφος,
νόμιζε δ' αὐτὴν σωφρόνως πράσσειν τάδε.
πάλαι δ' ἀδελφὴν κἂν πρὶν ἐξεσώσαμεν,
ἐπείπερ ἡμᾶς Ζεὺς ἐποίησεν θεούς·
ἀλλ' ἥσσον' ἦμεν τοῦ πεπρωμένου θ' ἅμα
καὶ τῶν θεῶν, οἷς ταῦτ' ἔδοξεν ὧδ' ἔχειν.
σοὶ μὲν τάδ' αὐδῶ, συγγόνῳ δ' ἐμῇ λέγω·
πλεῖ ξὺν πόσει σῷ· πνεῦμα δ' ἕξετ' οὔριον·
σωτῆρε δ' ἡμεῖς σὼ κασιγνήτω διπλὼ
πόντον παριππεύοντε πέμψομεν πάτραν.
ὅταν δὲ κάμψῃς καὶ τελευτήσῃς βίον,
θεὸς κεκλήσει καὶ Διοσκόρων μέτα
σπονδῶν μεθέξεις ξένιά τ' ἀνθρώπων πάρα
ἕξεις μεθ' ἡμῶν· Ζεὺς γὰρ ὧδε βούλεται.
οὗ δ' ὥρισέν σε πρῶτα Μαιάδος τόκος
Σπάρτης, ἀπάρας τῶν κατ' οὐρανὸν δόμων
κλέψας δέμας σόν, μὴ Πάρις γήμειέ σε,
φρουρὸν παρ' Ἀκτῇ τεταμένην νῆσον λέγω,
Ἑλένη τὸ λοιπὸν ἐν βροτοῖς κεκλήσεται,
ἐπεὶ κλοπὰς σὰς ἐκ δόμων ἐδέξατο.
καὶ τῷ πλανήτῃ Μενέλεῳ θεῶν πάρα
μακάρων κατοικεῖν νῆσόν ἐστι μόρσιμον·
τοὺς εὐγενεῖς γὰρ οὐ στυγοῦσι δαίμονες,
τῶν δ' ἀναριθμήτων μᾶλλόν εἰσιν οἱ πόνοι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ὦ παῖδε Λήδας καὶ Διός, τὰ μὲν πάρος
νείκη μεθήσω σφῶν κασιγνήτης πέρι·
ἐγὼ δ' ἀδελφὴν οὐκέτ' ἂν κτάνοιμ' ἐμήν.
κείνη δ' ἴτω πρὸς οἶκον, εἰ θεοῖς δοκεῖ.
ἴστον δ' ἀρίστης σωφρονεστάτης θ' ἅμα
γεγῶτ' ἀδελφῆς ὁμογενοῦς ἀφ' αἵματος.

She must win home, and with her true lord dwell.
Hold from thy sister back thy murderous sword:
Be sure, herein she dealeth prudently.
Our sister had we rescued long ere this,
Seeing that Zeus hath made us to be Gods,
But all too weak were we to cope with fate,
And with the Gods, who willed it so to be.
This to thee:—to my sister now I speak:
Sail with thy lord on: ye shall have fair winds;
And, for thy guardians, we thy brethren twain
Riding the sea will bring thee to thy land.
And when thou hast reached the goal, the end of life,
Thou shalt be hailed a Goddess, with Zeus' sons
Shalt share oblations, and from men receive
Guest-gifts with us: this is the will of Zeus.
Where first, from Sparta wafted, thou wast lodged
Of Maia's son,—what time from heaven he stooped,
And stole thy form, that Paris might not wed thee,—
The sentinel isle that flanks the Attic coast
Shall be henceforth of men named *Helena*,
Since it received thee stolen from thine home.
To wanderer Menelaus Heaven's doom
Appoints for home the Island of the Blest:
For the Gods hate not princely-hearted men,
Though more they afflict them than the common throng.

THEOCLYMENUS

O Sons of Zeus and Leda, I forgo
My erstwhile quarrel for your sister's sake,
Nor think to slay my sister any more.
Let Helen, if it please the Gods, speed home.
Know ye yourselves the brethren by one blood
Of noblest sister and most virtuous.

καὶ χαίρεθ' Ἑλένης εἵνεκ' εὐγενεστάτης
γνώμης, ὃ πολλαῖς ἐν γυναιξὶν οὐκ ἔνι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλαὶ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων,
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραίνουσι θεοί·
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη,
τῶν δ' ἀδοκήτων πόρον εὗρε θεός.
τοιόνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.

All hail! for Helen's noble spirit's sake—
Which thing is not in many women found!

CHORUS

O the works of the Gods—in manifold wise they reveal them:
Manifold things unhoped-for the Gods to accomplishment bring.
And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign not to fulfil them;
And the paths undiscerned of our eyes, the Gods unseal them.
So fell this marvellous thing.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.

END OF VOL. I

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.